This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

✓ 270 d. 14.

DOMI NUS ILLU MINA TIO MEA

Taylor Institution.

~~243~~ ~~12~~

3694

THE Comical History OF *DON QUIXOTE.*

As it was Acted at the QUEEN'S THEATRE IN *DORSET GARDEN,* By Their Majesties Servants.

PART I.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON,
Printed for J. DARBY, in *Bartholomew-Close,* A. BETTESWORTH in *Pater-Noster-Row,* and F. CLAY without *Temple-Bar*; all in Trust for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WELLINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION
LIBRARY

To Her GRACE

THE

Dutcheſs of *Ormond.*

DON *Quixote* having not only been well receiv'd upon the Stage, but alſo having clear'd himſelf with Reputation from the Slander and Prejudice which malicious Criticks had reſolv'd upon, to ſully and blaſt him; I could not forbear ſuffering him to aſpire to this ſecond Honour, of dedicating himſelf to Your Grace, from whoſe noble and unbiaſs'd Judgment, he may aſſure himſelf of an obliging Reception, and a generous Security.

The Honour your Grace, and the reſt of the Nobility and Gentry did me, to ſee this Play in its Rehearſal or Undreſs, was a happy Preſage of its future good Fortune; the Stars were all in conjunction to do me Good; and, I think, I may ſafely ſay, without offence, That when the Ladies came to my Third Day, there never was at this time of the Year, in the Hemiſphere of the Play-houſe, ſo dazzling and numerous a Conſtellation ſeen before.

'Tis, Madam, from your Grace's proſperous Influence that I date my good Fortune; and I ſhall be very glad if this poor Offspring of my Brain has Merit enough to deſerve the Honour of a Smile from ſo great and ſo good a Patroneſs.

Farther I dare not proceed on this Subject, leſt I ſhould involve my ſelf raſhly, in praiſe of what is even too great for Praiſe it ſelf; and ſo only ſhew my own Ambition, in aſpiring to write on ſo glorious a Theme, without doing you any Juſtice, who are always infinitely

above whatever my Genius can ever pretend to in that nature.

The World, that knows the noble Stock from which you ſprung, are ſenſible that 'tis impoſſible for you to derogate from ſuch flouriſhing and ſignaliz'd Virtues: And thoſe likewiſe who conſider you, as the happy Conſort of the great *ORMOND*, whoſe indefatigable Zeal to ſerve his Majeſty, and his afflicted Country, with his deareſt Blood and Fortune abroad, leaves him ſcarce leiſure to dry your Tears up for the laſt parting, or pay his paternal Bleſſing to his dear Children at home, ought to behold your Grace with double Reverence, and unite their Prayers and Wiſhes, that all things in his abſence may tend to your Comfort, Satisfaction, and Honour; and that the troubleſom Hours may run ſwiftly off, to give way to the tranſporting News of his happy Return with Fame and Victory.

One of theſe general Admirers of both your matchleſs Deſerts and Virtues, I beſeech your Grace to believe me, whoſe duteous Wiſhes are conſtantly devoted to your Service, ——— And now particularly, may the whole Hierarchy of Angels protect you in the expected Hour of Trouble; and may the rejoicing worthy Part o'th' World be bleſs'd with another noble, loyal, and valiant *OSSORY*, great and admir'd as his illuſtrous and never-to-be-forgotten Grandfather. And that this unvalued Bleſſing, and all others that can make your Grace, and that *truly noble, and moſt dearly lov'd Hero abroad, happy in one another*, may ſucceed to your Deſire, is the Devotion and daily wiſh of,

MADAM,

Your Grace's moſt Faithful,

and moſt Humble Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton.*

IN Hopes the coming Scenes your Mirth will raiſe,
To you, the juſt Pretenders to the Bays,
The Poet humbly thus a Reverence pays.
And you, the Contraries, that hate the Pains
Of labour'd Senſe, or of improving Brains;
That feel the Laſhes in a well-writ Play,
He bids perk up and ſmile, the Satire ſleeps to day.
Our Sancho *bears no Rods to make ye ſmart;*
Proverbs and merry Jokes are all his Part.
The Modiſh Spark may paint, and lie in Paſte,
Wear a huge Steinkirk twiſted to his Waſte;
And not ſee here, how ſoppiſh he is dreſs'd.
The Country-Captain, that to Town does come,
From his Militia Troop and Spouſe at home,
To beat a London-Doxy's *Kettle-Drum;*
One, who not only the whole Pit can prove,
That ſhe for Braſs Half-Crowns has barter'd Love:
But th' Eighteenpenny Whoremaſter above,
With his Broad Gold may treat his pliant Dear,
Without being ſhown a bubbled Coxcomb here.
Grave Dons of Buſ'neſs may be Bulkers Cullies,
And crop-ear'd Prentices ſet up for Bullies,
And not one Horſewhip Laſh here ſlaug their Follies.
Nay, our hot Blades, whoſe Honour was ſo ſmall,
They'd not bear Arms, becauſe not Colonels all;
That wiſh the French *may have a mighty Slaughter;*
But wiſh it ſafely ——— *on this ſide o'th' Water:*
Yet when the King returns, are all prepar'd
To beg Commiſſions in the Standing Guard;
Even theſe, the Sons of Shame and Cowardice,
Will 'ſcape us now, tho 'tis a curſed Vice.

Our Author has a Famous Story chose,
Whose Comick Theme no Person does expose
But the Knights-Errant; and pray where are those?
There was an Age, when Knights with Lance and Shield
Would right a Lady's Honour in the Field;
To punish Ravishers, to Death would run:
But those Romantick Days——alas! are gone;
Some of our Knights now, rather would make one,
Who finding a young Virgin, by Disaster,
Ty'd to a Tree, would rather tie her faster.
Yet these must 'scape too; so indeed must all;
Court-Cuckold-makers now no Jest does maul;
Nor the Horn'd Herd within yon City Wall.
The Orange-Miss, that now cajoles the Duke,
May sell her rotten Ware without Rebuke.
The young Coquet, whose Cheats few Fools can dive at,
May trade, and th' old Tope Knipperkin in private.
The Atheist too an Laws Divine may trample,
And the Plump jolly Priest get drunk for Church-Example.

EPILOGUE.

By *SANCHO*, Riding upon his Ass.

'Mongst our Fore-fathers, that pure Wit profest,
There's an old Proverb, That two Heads are best.
Dapple *and I have therefore jogg'd this way,*
Thro' sheer good Nature, to defend this Play:
Tho I've no Friends, yet he (as proof may shew)
May have Relations here, for ought I know.
For in a Croud, where various Heads are addle,
May many an Ass be, that ne'er wore a Saddle.
'Tis then for him that I this Speech intend,
Because I know he is the Poet's Friend:
And, as 'tis said, a parlous Ass once spoke,
When Crab-tree Cudgel did his Rage provoke;

So

So if you are not civil, 'sbud, I fear,
He'll ſpeak again——
And tell the Ladies, every Dapple *here.*
Take good Advice then, and with kindneſs win him,
Tho he looks ſimply, you don't know what's in him:
He has ſhrewd Parts, and proper for his place,
And yet no Plotter, you may ſee by's Face;
He tells no Lyes, nor does Sedition vent,
Nor ever brays againſt the Government.
Then for his Garb, he's like the Spaniſh *Nation,*
Still the old Mode, he never changes Faſhion:
His ſober Carriage too you've ſeen to day;
But for's Religion, troth I cannot ſay
Whether for Maſon, Burgeſs, Muggleton,
The Houſe with Steeple, or the Houſe with none:
I rather think he's of your Pagan Crew,
For he ne'er goes to Church——no more than you.
Some that would, by his Looks, gueſs his Opinion,
Say, he's a Papiſh; *others, a* Socinian:
But I believe him, if the truth were know,
As th' reſt of the Town-Aſſes are, of none:
But for ſome other Gifts——mind what I ſay,
Never compare, each Dapple *has his Day,*
Nor anger him, but kindly uſe this Play;
For ſhould you, with him, conceal'd Parts diſcloſe,
Lord! how like Ninneys would look all the Beaus.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don Quixote, a frantick Gentleman of the *Mancha* in *Spain*, who fanſies himſelf a Knight-Errant.	Mr. *Bowen.*
Don Fernando, a young Nobleman.	Mr. *Powel.*
Cardenio, a Gentleman, who being treacherouſly depriv'd of *Luſcinda*, his betroth'd Miſtreſs, fell mad.	Mr. *Bowman.*
Ambroſio, a young Student, and Stranger, a Friend to *Chryſoſtom*, and a great Woman-hater.	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Perez, a Curate.	Mr. *Cibber.*
Nicholas, a merry drolling Barber.	Mr. *Harris.*
Sancho Panca, a dry ſhreud Country Fellow, Squire to *Don Quixote*, a great Speaker of Proverbs, which he blunders out upon all Occaſions, tho never ſo far from the purpoſe.	Mr. *Dogget.*
Gines de Paſſamonte.	Mr. *Haines.*
Palameque, *Lope Ruiz*, *Quartrenzo*, *Tenorio*, *Martinez*, Gally-Slaves.	
Officers guarding the Slaves.	
Second Barber.	
Vincent, a humourous Hoſt, or Inn-keeper.	Mr. *Bright.*

WOMEN.

Marcella, a young beautiful Shepherdeſs who hates Mankind, and by her Scorn occaſions the Death of *Chryſoſtom*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle.*
Dorothea, *alias* Princeſs *Micomicona*, a young Virgin betroth'd to Don *Fernando*, but deſerted by him for *Luſcinda*, tho afterwards reconcil'd.	Mrs. *Knight.*
Luſcinda, a young Lady betroth'd to *Cardenio*, ſtolen from a Nunnery by Don *Fernando*, whom ſhe fled thither to avoid.	Mrs. *Bowman.*
Tereſa Panca, Wife to *Sancho*, a ſilly credulous Country Creature.	Mrs. *Leigh.*
Mary the Buxom, *Sancho*'s Daughter, a rude, laughing, clowniſh Hoyden; incomparably acted by	Mrs. *Verbrugen.*
Hoſteſs, and	
Maritornes, her Daughter.	

The Body of *Chryſoſtom*. Knights of ſeveral Orders. Shepherds Shepherdeſſes, Inchanters, Inchantreſſes, Singers, Dancers, and Attendants.

The SCENE, *Mancha* in *Spain*. *A pleaſant Champian, with a Windmill in proſpect.*

THE
Comical Hiſtory
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Champian, with a Windmill at diſtance.

The Curtain drawn, Don Quixote *is ſeen arm'd* Cap-a-pee, *upon his Horſe* Roſinante; *and* Sancho *by him upon* Dapple *his Aſs, eating a Bunch of Haws.*

Don Quix. *Sancho.*

San. Sir.

Don. Qu. We are now in purſuit of valorous Adventures; enter'd into the pleaſant Fields of *Montiel*, the Air is fragrant and delightful, and the Valley, near yonder Tuft of verdant Trees, cool and ſhady; therefore let us alight — And prithee take the bridle from *Roſinante's* Head, that he may the better taſte the Refreſhment of this flowery paſture; and when thou haſt done ſo, ſhew

the same Courtesy to thy own friend *Dapple*, for they have born us this day with a Fortitude and Patience, that exact from us an answerable Return of Civility.

San. With all my Heart, Sir; and I wish that *Dapple*'s Generosity could be as civil to me, as I to him, and return me a good Refreshing too: for as the Case of my Belly now stands, I find my Fortitude and Patience, inclining to yield to the Giant Hunger; and methinks, I begin to wish my self an Ass too, that we might improve good fellowship, and lovingly dine together.

[*Kissing* Dapple.

Don Qu. Do not indulge thy self too much upon thy Belly, good *Sancho*; an Epicure contradicts the function of the Squire of a Knight-errant, entirely: go, do as I have order'd, and at thy return I will give thee the honour of a Conference.

San. If the Conference were to be over a good piece of Beef and Cabbage, I could confer now like any Clergyman; but I don't like these windy Exhortations without Meat,——[*Aside.* Now am I to be fed with a tedious Tale of Knight-Errantry, when my Guts are all in an uproar within me for want of better provision.

[*Exit with* Rosin. *and* Dapple.

Don Qu. The gross and sordid quality of this Fellow, gives me the better reflection upon my self; for as his Thoughts are groveling, like his Nature, so mine are elevate like my Profession: On which let me now consider a little. What art thou? And what wouldst thou be, Don *Quixote*? A Renown'd Knight-Errant, a Tamer of Giants, a Righter of Wrongs, a Defender of Virgins, a Protector of Justice; in fine, a Scourge to the infamous World, and a noble Retriever of the golden Age: But hold, Illustrious Don, you are not Knighted yet, and consequently incapable of these Performances. What then? as I have read in Books of Chivalry, I may still undertake an easy Adventure, under the Title of the Maiden-Knight, till I receive that Honour, and then proceed, the Glory of that Function, the Terror of all Miscreants, and the Delight and Wonder of ensuing Ages.

Re-enter

Re-enter Sancho.

San. So, thanks be to Lady *Flora*, the Beasts are well provided for, *Dapple* is happy, he is exercising his Grinders yonder, whilst I carry mine here only for shew; for the Devil of any other use will my Master let me have for 'em: See——now is he making his Dinner upon Cogitations, and I am to have the Scraps of 'em for mine; Honour and Air is always our fare. Oh *Sancho*, *Sancho*! What hast thou brought thy self to?

Don Qu. Oh *Dulcinea del Toboso*! Thou Light of all Eyes, Empress of my Soul, and Sovereign Princess of my Heart and Vitals.

San. Ay, 'tis so; Thought of his suppos'd Mistress, a Murrain take her, is the first Course; and no doubt a Conceit of the next beating for her will be the second. Gons, this is choice Diet, I grow damnable fat upon't. Oh Dunce! You must leave Wife and Children to go a Squiring, must ye? Well can you eat Grass, good Squire? Can your Worship dine upon Clover? you may find Sallads in abundance; but like the Spanish Boors, your Countrymen, the Devil of any Meat to 'em, most Noble Squire.

Don Qu. Now Animal of little Faith, and less Ingenuity, what are you grumbling at?

San. Why troth, Sir, if your Worship will needs know, my Belly and I have had a sharp Combat; it was grumbling at me for a good Dinner, and I was crramming it as well as I could with the good hopes of the Island your Worship has promis'd me, when you come to be Emperour of——what d'ye call it?

Don Qu. Empires, *Sancho*, have their Titles as various as the Ways to atchieve 'em; but let it suffice thee, that when I am dubb'd Knight, as with the first opportunity I mean to be, Adventures of that nature will flow in upon us: so that in the space that one may trim a Beard, an Empire may drop into my mouth, and an Island, or at least an Earldom, into thine.

San. Pray Heaven my Government afford me Beef enough, to make amends for all these Days of fasting!

But I have found to my ſorrow in your Service hitherto, that fair Words butter no Parſnips; he is blind enough that ſees not thro' the holes of a Sieve: Deſert and Reward ſeldom keep Company; and none are Fools always, tho every one ſometimes; better on bare Foot than no Foot at all; and thou art known by him that doth thee feed, not by him that doth thee breed; and he that——

Don Qu. Wheiw! a plague on thee, where the Devil art thou running with thy Flim-flams? What time of Year hence doſt think I ſhall anſwer thee, if thou runn'ſt on threading thy Proverbs at this rate?

San. Well, well, Sir, that's all one; let every one be the Son of his own Works, for under the name of a Man one may become Pope: for my part, I ſee Land every day more than other; you promis'd Iſlands and Earldoms; but how you ſhall get 'em, or I govern 'em, is the queſtion: the *Sanchos* know better how to govern a Plough than a Province; and ſince I have been your Squire, I have got no Preferment yet, but Cudgels and more Cudgels, Blows and more Blows: I have been but three days out a Squireing, and if drubbing could get me an Iſland, I have deſerv'd one as big as *Great Britain* already.

Don Qu. Battles of Honour, *Sancho*, ſhould not be diſparaged by the baſe Epithet of Drubbing; thou haſt done nobly, and as noble ſhall be thy Reward: therefore I once more tell thee, fear not thy Bones, and thou ſhalt be great; only becauſe I know thou art an Admirer of Proverbs, always remember this—— That Patience grows not in every one's Garden.

San. Ay, and pray, Sir, do you remember this, that there is not always good Chear where there's a ſmoking Chimney; and there's Proverb for Proverb.—— But yet a plague on't, this plaguy Government won't out of my head; and methinks he promiſes it with as much Confidence, as if he were Emperor already, and carry'd the Keys of it at his Girdle.—— Let me ſee—— to be *Don Sancho*,—— good; to ſit upon my Velvet Cuſhions of State, and look big upon my Vaſſals,——

good

good again; then to have my Wife be a Counteſs, and come to me in a Morning with ——Good morrow my Lord the Governor, hah, ha, ha, very good, faith —— Admirable! I am tranſported at the thoughts on't; therefore Bones ache, Guts grumble, I am reſolv'd to be great in defiance of ye both.

Don Qu. Hah! What do I ſee! ——Thanks to thoſe propitious Stars that uſher my Renown and Fortune: Occaſion offers it ſelf in a moſt glorious Adventure.

San. What's the matter now?

Don Qu. Seeſt thou that Giant, *Sancho?* [*Points at the Scene.*

San. Giant, Sir.

Don Qu. That monſtrous Giant, with Arms almoſt two Leagues long! See how he ſwings 'em about, and fans himſelf to cool his Head.

San. I ſee no Giant, not I. I ſee a Windmill.

Don Qu. 'Tis the dreadful Giant *Caraculiambro*, Tyrant of the Iſland *Mallindrania*, who devours every day to appeaſe his hunger, 12 new-born Children bak'd, whoſe Bones he grinds between his Teeth to powder.

San. Ha, ha, ha,——'Tis the Giant *Windmilliambro* you mean, Tyrant of the Iſland of Wheat, Barley, and Oats, twelve Buſhels of which he every Day devours, and grinds the Grains between the Stones to powder.

Don Qu. See there, an innocent Wretch dreſs'd all in White, whom the horrid Cannibal is juſt now drawing into his Mouth.

San. Oons! What Innocent? what Wretch? what Mouth? Why don't you ſee 'tis the Miller in his White Coat, going to carry a Sack into the Mill-Door?

Don Qu. I tell thee 'tis one of the Brood of *Antæus*, whom I am oblig'd to cut off from the face of the Earth: therefore ſaddle *Roſinante* inſtantly; and if thou art afraid, go aſide thy ſelf, and pray, whilſt I enter into cruel and unequal Battle.

San. Battle, Gadsbud, Sir, are ye blind? will ye battle a Windmill? have ye a mind your Brains ſhould be daſh'd out with the Sails?

Don Qu.

Don Qui. Jolt-head, to thee they may seem Sails, but to me they are like the hundred Arms of its Brother-Giant *Briareus*, whom I will instantly lop off and destroy, with whose Spoils we will begin to be rich:—— Away, I say, that I may perform an Exploit for After-times to wonder at —— Stand thou proud Miscreant, and fly me not; I will attack thee alone. Oh Beautiful and Ador'd *Dulcinea*, influence now thy Knight, I beseech thee! I come Cannibal, I come——Stay, stay, thou Monster.

[*Exit Don* Quixote.

San. Stay, stay; Ay you need not fear but the Windmill will stay for ye: D'sheart, he'll be knock'd o'th' Head now; and there's my Island gone before I come to't—— Why Sir, Sir, come back for shame: Ah Plague of his mad Pate! What a Devil shall I do with him!

[*Exit* Sancho *after him.*

SCENE II. *An Inn.*

Enter Perez *and* Nicholas.

Nicho. Gone from her Father's house?

Perez. Most certainly, and as 'tis thought in search of Don *Fernando*; who forgetting all his former Vows and Promises of Marriage to her, as common Fame reports, suddenly intends to wed *Luscinda*.

Nicho. Luscinda——Why 'tis in every one's mouth that she has long since been *Cardenio*'s Mistress.

Perez. Ay, and more than that——has been betroth'd to him: but that's all one, the old Man her Father's Love of Money, *Luscinda*'s Frailty——and Don *Fernando*'s Treachery, has it seems brought my poor Niece *Dorothea* to this Distress; and poor *Cardenio* to a worse; who, as 'tis said, stark mad, runs-wild amongst yonder Mountains of *Sierra Morena*.

Nicho. But leaving this discourse, now let's mind our new Affair that we agreed on last Night about Don *Quixote*, when we heard the two mad Fools, Master and Man, were gone a Knight-Erranting.

Perez. I have been cudgelling my Brains ever since, with studying how to retrieve 'em; for I confess it troubles

bles me, that a Man of clear Senſe, good Learning, and ſound Judgment, on all other Subjects and Affairs, ſhould be ſo ſtrangely bewitch'd upon the moſt ridiculous of all, Knight-Errantry.

Nicho. 'Tis indeed a ſtrange Infatuation.

Perez. But I think I have employ'd my time very well to day in your abſence; for whilſt you have been enquiring which way the whimſical Knight is gone, I, and the old Woman his Houſe-keeper, have been burning his Books.

Nicho. That was our laſt Reſolve, I remember, and will no doubt contribute to his Cure; for 'tis moſt certain, that thoſe Romantick Books of Knighthood and Poetry have been the main Cauſe of all his frantick Humours ——— But ſee, here comes mine Hoſt.

Enter Vincent *laughing.*

Vinc. Hah, hah, ha, ha, ha.

Nicho. How now mine Hoſt; What price bears Oats and Barley, hah? What new Ambaſſador, or noble Gueſt, with his large Pockets cram'd with Spaniſh Duckets, has made you ſo merry this morning?

Vinc. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ——— Oh my heart, Oh my Lungs, —ha, ha, ha, ha, Don *Quixote*, Don *Quixote*, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Perez. Why what of him———

Vinc. The mad Fool has been charging a Windmill yonder, and ſwears 'twas a Giant: The Sails whisk'd him about like a rat in a mill-wheel, indangering his Neck every minute, till at laſt Fortune unwilling to ſpill the ſmall quantity of Brains remaining, threw him ſome twenty yards off into a Fiſh-pond; ha, ha, ha, ha, Oh I ſhall burſt, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Nicho. And where is he, prithee?

Vinc. Here juſt by, with his Booby *Sancho*; but the beſt Jeſt is, he perſuades himſelf that 'tis all done by Inchantment of ſome Magician that owes him a ſpite, and that this Misfortune has happen'd only becauſe he was not Knighted; and therefore has intreated me to do that Honour for him; calls me, Sir Conſtable, and my

my Lord; and my Inn, a Caſtle: and I am now going to get my Wife, my Daughter, and two or three other merry Fellows to aſſiſt me in the Ceremony, for I'm reſolv'd to carry on the Jeſt; and if you'll ſtay with me till to morrow morning, you ſhall ſhare in't.

Perez. With all my heart, the Diverſion muſt needs be ſurprising. Come, prithee let's go and find him out. [*Exit* Vin.

Nicho. Oh yonder comes *Sancho*, firſt let's hear what he ſays.

Enter Sancho.

Sancho. Thanks be to good Luck——He has ſav'd his Neck, however. Gramercy Fiſh-pond, our Adventures had all been at an end elſe, Faith; and ſo had my Government too, with all the noble Hopes of *Sancho's* Preferment: Yonder he is; as wet as a Water-Spaniel that has juſt been diving; and as angry, as if the Windmill had call'd him Coward, or Son of a Whore; and to provoke him more, had rail'd againſt Knight-Errantry.

Nicho. Oh, Neighbour, well met——Well, how goes matters? How fares our noble Friend, your Maſter? mine hoſt tells us he has been fighting a deviliſh Giant yonder: Prithee how was't, for I am ſure you muſt know.

Sancho. Tho I know no ſuch matter, I'm reſolv'd to banter the Barber however. *Aſide.*] Why 'tis even too true, Friend, 'twas a damnable Giant, his Name was *Garlick de Gambo*; and would you believe it, Neighbour, each Eye of him was as big as one of your Baſons; each Tooth as long as one of your Poles, and as ſharp as a Razor; his Chin had Beard enough to ſerve a whole Pariſh with Bruſhes; and his Mouth was as wide as your Shop-door, Neighbour: This is Truth, upon my Squirehood, I ſaw him.

Nicho. Bleſs us! Why this was prodigious: Come, let's go and congratulate him immediately.

Perez. The Lye is prodigious indeed. *Aſide.*] Ay, come, with all my Heart.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt* Perez *and* Nich.

Enter

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſteſs. Good luck betide us, have I found ye ſo merry at laſt; there has been ſuch a Noiſe within yonder, the Houſe has been too hot to hold us: There's two Women, or Furies, (for I know not what to make of 'em) enquiring for ye: One of 'em has a Tongue louder than a ſow-gelder's Horn: She ſays, ſhe has come three Leagues after ye this Morning, and will have ye if ye are above Ground. She has a long lean wither'd Walnut-coloured Face; ſhe's as dirty as a Gipſy, and as ill-dreſs'd as a Rag-woman.

Sancho. Oh Plague, that muſt be my Wife by the Deſcription; and what kind of Creature is with her, prithee?

Hoſteſs. A young Todpole Dowdy, as freckled as a Raven's Egg, with matted Hair, ſnotty Noſe, and a Pair of Hands as black as the Skin of a Tortoiſe, with Nails as long as a Kite's Talons upon every Finger.

Sancho. Ay, that's my Daughter too, I know by her Cleanlineſs: I ſtole away from 'em with a deſign to my ſurprize Wife with a Counteſs-ſhip before ſhe was aware; but ſince they have found me out by the Scent, let 'em come in with a Pox to 'em. [*Exit* Hoſteſs.

Enter Tereſa *and* Mary, *weeping.*

Tereſ. Oh, Dromedary, thou founder'd Mule without a Pack-ſaddle; or what other foul Beaſt ſhall I call thee, for Man thou art not, nor haſt not been to me, Heaven knows the time when: Art not thou aſham'd to ſee me, thou Nincompoop?

Sancho. Why how now crooked Rib, how now Crocodile; Can your Tongue wag this Morning? Is the Matrimonial Horn-pipe tuning already?

Mary. O Lord, Vather, why would you run away ſo, Vather? And how do you think I ſhall get my new Pair of green Stockings home, and have my Sabbath-day Shoes mended, if you leave me and my Mother in this Faſhion? Oh, ho, oh. [*Howls out.*

Sancho. If any one wants a Pair of Marriage Bag-pipes,

I can ſell him now a rare Bargain: A Man that had her for a Wife, and an Acre of Thiſtles, need not care which he burnt firſt. Oons, what a Coil is here?

Teref. How have I deſerv'd this, thou Man of the Devil? Have not I been moſt true and loving to thee, mended thee weekly from Top to Toe, and taken as much Care of *Dapple* thy Aſs, as if he had been born of my own Body? Have I not clip'd the Briſtles of thy Beard with Wife-like Patience, that no filthy Vermin might breed there; and waſh'd thee with my own Hands when thou haſt been as full of Mire, as a Hog in a Highway? Nay, and what's more, the laſt Night we were in Bed together, would I may never drink more, if I did not move to thee in the way of Kindneſs, whilſt thou lay'ſt ſnoring like a drunken Carrier, and at laſt gav'ſt me a huge Thump, enough to ſpoil a Woman's Childing for ever after.

Sancho. Why, thou ſhe Cormorant, thou Man-devourer, have I been beating the Conjugal Drum this twenty years, and doſt thou blame me now for Snoring? Oh Conſcience, Conſcience, where art thou?

Mary. You don't do well, Vather, ſo you don't, to call my Mother ſuch Names, ſhe's no Drum; lookee, ſlidikins, if any one elſe had call'd her a Drum, I'd ha' ſet my Nails in the Jaws of un.

Sancho. Here's a mettled Whore too; 'ſbud, a word or two more would make that young Cat ſet her Claws in my Face indeed.

Teref. Ay, you ſee the Child will take her Mother's part, however. Go to him *Mary*, ſpeak to him Child, don't be afraid of his Whittle: Truth has a good Face, tho the Quoif be torn; ſpeak to him I ſay, *Mary*.

Sancho. Nay, *Mary*'s an admirable Speaker, I'll ſay that for her; Well, Offspring mine, *Mary* the Buxom, what ſay you, Humph?

Mary. Why, I ſay, you ſhall go home with us now we have found ye, Vather; I can't get the Cow home to night without ye: And there's a Bag of Barley muſt be carried to the Mill too: Gadſniggers, I'll hold faſt by this Arm. [*Takes hold of his Arm.*

Teresa.

Teref. And I'll ſtick cloſe to t'other. [*Takes the other.*

Sancho. So, now is here the true ſign of the Marriage Mouſe-trap; and I, a Pox on me, am the unlucky Vermin that's caught in't: I'm a notable Figure now, I believe, if my Picture were drawn: 'Sbud, you Man-Leaches, let go my hand; or, by my Hollidame——

Mary. O Lord you may'nt ſwear, Vather, the Devil will have you if you ſwear.

Sancho. And his Dam, there, will have thee, if thou follow'ſt her Advice, ye young Oaf. Here am I, that by ſeeking noble Adventures, am going to be an Earl; and in the twinkling of a Star to be able to make ye both Counteſſes: and yet this Devil of a Woman will be always croſſing me, and damning her ſelf to Clouted Shoes, and a Canvas Smock all days of her Life.

Mary. A Counteſs! O Lord, is that true Mother?

Teref. Pſhaw, waw, ne'er mind thoſe great ſounding Titles, Fool, they are a great deal too big for our Mouths, *Mary*; my Name has been always *Tereſa*, and Goodwife *Panca*; and thou, time out of mind, haſt been called *Moll*, or *Mary*; and at the latter end of my days to be called Counteſs, and I know not what, I ſhall die, I ſhall ne'er be able to bear it. [*Weeps.*

Sancho. Why, there 'tis now; A Plague on't, who would put Hony into an Aſſes Mouth? I am making my ſelf a Governor, and ſetting her upon Velvet Cuſhions of State, and this plaguy Woman of *Barrabas*, in ſpite of me, will ſit bare buttock'd upon a Dunghill.

Mary. And do you ſay, that I ſhould be a Governor's Daughter, and ſit upon a Cuſhion too, Vather?

Sancho. Wowns, thou ſhalt be a Counteſs I tell thee in a Month's time, if that Adder there would leave her Hiſſing, and let me be quiet: I would marry thee in an inſtant to the great Lord Don *Whirligigario*, Son and Heir to the t'other great Lord Don *Waſham*: Thou ſhouldſt walk in the Streets with thy Train held up, and two embroidered Lacqueys holding an Umbrel over thee, to keep thy amiable Phiz from Tanning.

Mary. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——oh Gemini, and that will ſit my Humour to a Button, Vather; Well, the firſt

firſt thing I would do, ſhould be to learn to be proud, and look ſcornfully; I warrant I'd carry my ſelf like a Counteſs quickly.

Tereſa. Alas, poor Mawkin, ſhe's bewitch'd already; I find this Earldom will be the undoing of the poor Jade, do what I can: Why hear me, thou Father of Folly, thou wilful Corrupter of thy own Fleſh and Blood: Does that Child look as if ſhe could walk in State with her Train held up? 'Diſheart, 'twill give me the Gripes to hear how the Folks will laugh at her: Look how ſtately the Hoggruber goes, ſays one; ſhe that was yeſterday at her ſpinning Wheel, and went to Church with the Skirt of her Coat over her Head, to keep her from the Rain, has now a Tail three yards long, ſays another; and an Umbrel to defend her Olive-coloured Countenance, with a Pox to her, ſays a third. This will be the cry all the Village over; therefore come away *Mary*, and don't be a Counteſs, Child.

Sancho. Call thy Mother Fool, *Mary* the Buxom, and be a Counteſs in ſpite of her: Remember thou art to be married, and breed a Race for the Honour of the *Paneas*; think upon the young Lord *Whirligigario*, Child.

Tereſ. Think upon thy ſelf, *Mary*, remember thou haſt ſometimes worn Shoes, and ſometimes none, Child.

Sancho. Crooked Logs make good Fires; think upon Don *Whirligigario*, *Moll*.

Mary. Ay, ay, Vather, I'm for Don *Whirligigario*, and there's no more to be ſaid; but let my Mother ſit bare buttock'd upon a Dunghil, if ſhe will, I'll be a Counteſs.

Sancho. That's my good Girl; look'ee *Tereſa*, the Court has given their Judgment, your Cauſe is loſt in Courſe.

Tereſ. Well Satan, I know thou doſt it to break my Heart, thou cruel Man; for the very hour that I ſhall ſee that Girl a Counteſs, will be the hour of my Death; I'm ſure, the Jade will never be able to know her ſelf, ſhe'll be every minute hoydning and diſcovering her coarſe Thread: Well, ſhe's thy own, do what thou wilt

with

with her; but for my part, I'll ne'er consent to it, and so farewel: A Countess! O Lord, I've no Patience to think on't. [*Exit* Teresa.

Mary. Good Lord, now is my Mother as rusty as an old Cow that has got the Belly-Ach, but I care not; she dares not beat me, because she knows I'll beat her again. Well, de hear Vather, be sure you make me a Countess as soon as ever you can.

Sancho. I warrant thee, Girl; and let thy Mother go and fume at home with the Smoke in the Chimney-corner: He that loses his Wife and Six Pence loses a Tester: Thou art my Darling, and shalt ere long be a Lady; for she that has Luck has better than a good Estate in Reversion; and the full Bags of Fools command Wise-Men for Followers. I by following Adventures intend to be a Governor; and when I am so, I intend to make thee rich; and when thou art rich, no body will say thou art Freckled, nor think thee a Dowdy.

For Gold makes Country Joan *look fare and bonny,*
Tho old and chop'd, and skinn'd like Orange Tawny.

ACT II. SCENE I. *Continues.*

Enter Perez *with a Letter, and* Nicholas.

Nicho. AND are you sure, Mr. *Curate*, that your Letter is authentick, and that it says positively, your Niece *Dorothea* lives disguis'd amongst the Shepherds of *Cardona?*

Perez. 'Tis most certain, for the Discoverer of her is my particular Friend; one of the best of that Quality too in all the Country, and has been often with me at her Father's House.

Nicho.

Nicho. 'Tis very odd, when this Devil Love gets once into a young Female Noddle, what Tricks and Gambols will it make her play: I had rather be oblig'd to tame a Hare in the beginning of *March*, and make it come to my hand, than any Woman in her Pride of Eighteen, if once she be touch'd with this loving Fury.

Perez. He writes me word here, he discover'd her one Evening by her Singing, for she can sing too like an Arch-Angle. The pretty Rogue was washing her Feet in a little Brook that runs just by his Cottage; the Whiteness of which made him at first suspect her Sex, till viewing her Face nearer, he knew her perfectly, yet discover'd not himself, but follow'd her, and by that means found her Abode among the Shepherds.

Nicho. And how d'ye intend to get her thence?

Perez. Occasion offers fitly; to morrow will be the Funeral of *Chrysostom*, a young, witty and learned *English* Gentleman, that for the Love of a coy beautiful Virgin of these Precincts, call'd *Marcella*, put on a Shepherd's Habit to court her; but she disdaining him, he despair'd and dy'd. At this Ceremony will attend all the Shepherds hereabouts, and there will be a Dirge sung, with other Rural Games, made by a dear Friend and Country-man of his, call'd *Ambrosio*, in honour of the dead Man's Memory. Now among this Troop 'tis probable she comes, and I may then surprize her.

Nicho. 'Tis likely enough I confess; and to assist a little, good Mr. *Curate*, I'll be there too; and if the Clergy miss her, perhaps the Laity may come in for a Snack. But come, let's mind our present Diversion; here comes mine Host, the Antick Ceremony of the Knighthood will be perform'd immediately.

Enter Vincent, Hostess, *and* Maritorness.

Ah! the Devil take all mad Fools: Was ever Man so plagu'd? Come Wife, Daughter, and Gentleman, pray mind all your Instructions, that I may humour this frantick Ass with a sham Knighthood, and so get him out of my House, for I shall be undone if he stays a day longer in't——He rose up in a Dream just now, and fansying

fanſying he was fighting with Giants, falls a flaſhing two Bags of Red Wine, that flood up in a Corner, and has ſpilt twenty Gallons on't about the Floor. D'ſheart! he has made me almoſt as mad as himſelf; therefore Wife, be ſure you make haſte, and remember your Part of the Ceremony.

Hoſteſs. Ceremony? Hang him; Gad I'll charge him with a Conſtable, if he does not pay me for my Wine.

Perez. Ha, ha. O Neighbour! you muſt conſider he's a mad Man.

Nicho. And ſuch are not only excus'd from Civility but Law too.

Marit. He calls me Princeſs, Radiant, and Incomparable; and told me my Eyes glitter'd brighter than *Venus* or *Mercury*, with a World more of ſuch Gibberiſh, that for my part, I thought the Devil was in the Man.

Vincent. Ay Gad, I'll get clear of him preſently—— Oh, yonder I ſee him; He's coming with his Armour to this Well, which he takes to be a conſecrated Fountain, and therefore a Place fit to be Knighted in. Come, come all in, let's leave him to himſelf a little, whilſt I go and get all my merry Grigs ready for the Song and Dance; we'll fool him methodically however. [*Exeunt.*

Enter D. Quix. *ſtrip'd, and* San. *following, carrying his Armour, and laughing at him.*

Don Q. Set down the Shell of my Renown, my Armour, that wondrous Caſe, that muſt defend this Body from vile Inchanters, Monſters, Giants, Furies; there, ſet 'em down by that moſt Holy Fountain, whilſt, like a Tortoiſe, ſtrip'd of her defence, I crawl about, and grovelling, kiſs the Earth, till Fate ordains the Honour to retrieve 'em. Go *Sancho*, go thou aſide, my faithful Squire, and pray; Squires have no other Office in this Ceremony.

[San. *lays down the Armour.*

Sancho. Why the truth on't is, Sir, you have nick'd me there to a Hair, for my whole Office has been to pray and faſt ever ſince I came into your Service: I have told my Wife *Tereſa* Wonders of ye, that I am to be an Earl and Governor, and the Devil and all; but the

the Horſe next the Mill carries the Griſt: Miſchiefs come by the Pound, and go away by the Ounce: God ſend me a good Deliverance, I ſay; I am a Fool, I find it.

Don Qu. No, if thou would'ſt have thy ſelf unravel'd, thou art a Mixture of Knave and Fool; the Weights are often equal, but now, I think, the Fool weighs down the Balance: thou art now a ſilly deſponding Varlet.

Sancho. Well, well, where nothing is, a little goes a great way; and an old Dog will learn no Tricks. What a Devil d'ye call this Well a Fountain for? And who the Devil conſecrated it, unleſs it be two or three dozen of bald-pate Frogs I heard croaking in't?

Don Qu. Hark, I hear 'em coming.

[*A Martial Noiſe of Drums and Trumpets are heard within.*

Away, I ſay, and do as I command thee; and if thou haſt a Prayer better than ordinary, that treats of Knighthood, and of brave Exploits, perform it with a Stomach; do it, as thou uſeſt to eat, voraciouſly.

Sancho. Why there's another very pretty Task too, a thing that would baffle the whole Clergy, as I'm a true Squire, to pray as heartily as one can eat; ds'bud, there's ne'er a Prieſt in Chriſtendom can do't.

Don Qu. I have a ſhrewd Suſpicion that this Belly of thine, *Sancho*, will hinder thy Preferment; whenever the Squire of a Knight-Errant gives himſelf to Eating, Honours fall off inſenſibly.

Sancho. Why then the Devil take all Honours; a hungry Horſe makes an ill Journey; and half a Loaf is better than no Bread: rather than ſtarve for a Governorſhip, I'll be plain with you, Sir——

Don Qu. Away, thou Prater; I'll hear no more; away, I ſay. [*Exit* San. *grumbling.*

[*Enter*

Enter Drums and Trumpets ſounding. Then enter Vincent, *crowned with Laurel, and a Scutcheon in his Hand. Then* Perez, Nicholas, Hoſteſs, Maritornes, *with Scutcheons. Then Singers and Dancers, repreſenting Knights of ſeveral Orders, two and two, carrying Branches of Laurel. They march ſolemnly round* Don Quixote, *who kneels, whilſt* Vincent *puts a Circle about his Head, and then ſpeaks.*

Vincent. Thou God that lov'ſt loud Drums that rattle,
Raw-Heads and Bloody-Bones, and Battle;
That try'ſt with Blows our Senſe of Feeling,
Look down upon this Mortal kneeling;
Grant him Honours, with Redundance,
Thumps, and Blows, and Kicks abundance;
And when his Bones all broken be,
Be this the Type of Victory.

[*Sticks the Scutcheon in his Circle.* Don Quixote *bows.*

Perez. Proud Giants let him better quell,
Than when he from the Windmill fell:
No more may Fiſh-ponds drench his Carcaſe,
Nor waggiſh Hoſts make him a ſtark Aſs.

[*Sticks his Scutcheon.* Don Quixote *bows.*

Nicho. Let no Soul-broker have a Hand in
The Shaving of his Underſtanding.
Fame let him get at Tilt and Barriers,
And never more be ſwing'd by Carriers.

[*Sticks his Scutcheon.* Don Quixote *bows.*

Hoſteſs. Claret no more for Blood be ſpilling,
Nor no more coſtly Wine-bags killing;
Leſt ſome hard-fiſted Oſtler flys out,
Or angry Hoſteſs ſcratch his Eyes out.

[*Sticks her Scutcheon.* Don Quixote *bows.*

Maritor. May *Dulcinea del Toboſo*,
That likes his tawny Phiz but ſo ſo,
By being in her Rigour laſting,
Get him more Honour, and more Baſting.

[*Sticks her Scutcheon, and now all together round his Head, bear theſe Words.* The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.

Vincent. So, now remove him, whilſt theſe Sons of Fame, theſe Knights that preſent the Times paſt Glory, perform the reſt of this high Ceremony.

Here Hoſteſs *and* Maritornes *raiſe up* Don Quixote, *and lead him to the farther part of the Stage, and arm him. Then a Dance is perform'd, repreſenting Knights Errant killing a Dragon: Which ended, they bring* Don Quixote *to the Front of the Stage.*

Vincent. Now ſing the Song in Praiſe of Arms and Soldiery.

SONG.

SING all ye Muſes, your Lutes ſtrike around;
When a Soldier's the Story, what Tongue can want Sound?
Who Danger diſdains, Wounds, Bruiſes and Pains,
When the Honour of Fighting is all that he gains.
Rich Profit comes eaſy in Cities of Store,
But the Gold is earn'd hard where the Cannons do roar.
Yet ſee how they run at the Storming a Town,
Thro' Blood and thro' Fire to take the Half-Moon.
They ſcale the High Wall,
Whence they ſee others fall;
Their Hearts precious Darling, bright Glory purſuing,
Tho Death's under foot, and the Mine is juſt blowing.
It ſprings, up they fly, yet more ſtill ſupply,
As Bridegrooms to marry, they haſten to die:
Till Fate claps her Wings, and the glad Tidings brings,
Of the Breach being enter'd, and then they're all Kings.
Then happy's ſhe whoſe Face
Can win a Soldier's Grace;
They range about in State,
Like Gods diſpoſing Fate:
No Luxury in Peace,
Nor Pleaſure in Exceſs,
Can parallel the Joys the Martial Hero crown,
When flaſh'd with Rage, and fir'd by Want, he ſtorms a wealthy Town.

Vincent.

Vincent. Ladies, the laſt great Honour now afford,
And arm the Champion with the Spurs and Sword.

Hoſteſs. Let this bright Spur, with prickly Rowels,
That wounds thy Courſer near the Bowels,
[*Putting on the Spurs.*
Mind thee, in thy Adventures thick,
How thou for Womens Rights ſhould kick.
So Fortune, thou bold Knightly Tony,
Send thee more Wit, and me more Money.

Maritor. About thy Loins I gird this doughty Blade,
To fights thy Battels, and make Foes afraid:
Cudgel, and cudgell'd be, be no Man's Debtor;
The more that ſtupid Pate is maul'd, the better.
Thy Fate defends thee from the Pains of Killing;
Who has no Brains, is paſt all Senſe of Feeling.

Vincent. Then laſtly, with this Knightly Thwack,
[*Draws the Sword, and ſtrikes him.*
And theſe about thy Sides and Back,
I Dub thee for an Arms Profeſſor,
Champion for War, and Wrongs Redreſſor.
Once, twice, and thrice, now riſe with Grace,
The Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.
[Don Quixote *Riſes.*

Don Q. Sir Conſtable, the Honour you have done me devotes me to your Service during Life; ſhew me a Monſter, Giant, or Inchanter, tho ne'er ſo huge or terrible, that has wrong'd ye, and you ſhall ſee me make him do you Juſtice, and lay his Recreant Head beneath your Feet. And you great Princeſſes and Illuſtrious Beauties, that this great Hour have done Don *Quixote* Honour, low at your Feet your Knight offers his Homage. My grateful Thanks likewiſe to you my Friends, by whom this Sword and Arm ſhall always be commanded.
[To Perez *and* Nicho.

Perez. All Honour to the Son of Fame, and brighteſt Planet of Knight Errantry, Don *Quixote de la Manclha.*

Nicho. May his Heroick Deeds make *Amadis du Gaul* a Trifler.

Vicent. Don *Bellianis* of *Greece*, and *Elismente* of *Thriania*, be Muſhrooms to the Pine of his tall Glory.

Don Qu. Good my Lord, your Excellence too much honours me; and ſo does your fair Lady —— of whom I muſt preſume to beg one Courteſy —— additional —— which is —— a Plaiſter —— for with your Lordſhip's too much Zeal in Dubbing me, I humbly do conceive —— my Head is broke.

Vincent. Moſt happy Omen!

Perez. Yes, if it bled three Drops.

Don Qu. It has three hundred, I feel 'em in my Collar.

Hoſteſs. Run *Maritornes*, fetch the *Unguentum Album*.

Don Qu. Moſt Radiant Princeſs! I ſhall trouble ye.

Marit. Why truly Sir, ſince you have made me a great Lady, I can't help being as proud as one; and to ſend a Princeſs for a Plaiſter, is, in my Opinion, a little undecent.

Nicho. Oh, Madam, your Highneſs ſhall not need, I have one ready here in my Pocket. [*Pulls out his Box.*

Enter Sancho *haſtily.*

Sancho. Odsbodikins! if ever you'll ſee a fine Sight as long as you live, come away quickly to the Inn-Door.

Perez. How now *Sancho*? Where's your Obeiſance to this Noble Knight?

Sancho. Mum, Mum, I underſtand ye —— Moſt Noble Emperor, that is to be, I kiſs your Majeſty's Foot.

Don Qu. 'Tis well, my Squire —— but prithee what Sight is this thou haſt ſeen at the Caſtle-Gate?

Sancho. Why at the Caſtle-Gate then, ſince you will have it ſo, there's a dead Man walk'd by in more State, and with greater Noiſe after him, than a *London* Alderman, whoſe Soul is gone to Hell for Uſury; than he has, I ſay, when his Son and Heir hires a whole Troop of Blue-Coat-Boys to ſing Pſalms, and try if they can bawl it out again.

Vincent.

Vincent. Oh! 'tis the Funeral of *Chryſoſtom*, that dy'd for Love. My Lord Don *Quixote*, 'tis fit you ſhould be there, perhaps ſome Adventure may ſhew it ſelf.

Don Qu. Your Excellence counſels well; there may indeed; for now methinks I'm weary of ſoft Eaſe, and long for ſome Exploits to rouſe my Valour. Now Giants, Monſters, tremble for I come,

[*They put on his Helmet.*

To purge the World of Vice by powerful Arms,
In ſpite of Hell, and Necromantick Charms.

[*Ex. Don Qu.* and *Sancho.*

Hoſteſs. The Devil go with him: Muſt we loſe our Money for our Wine after all then, for a Jeſt? Ds'life, I'll run after him, and fetch him back.

Perez. No, no prithee good Hoſteſs let him alone now, I'll ſee thee paid upon the Word of a Prieſt; I'll be his Pledge for once: for out of Kindneſs to his Family, I intend very ſuddenly, by a Trick, to cure his Frenzy, and bring him home again.

Hoſteſs. The word of a Prieſt; thank'ee good Sir, I deſire no better Security for all the Wine in my Cellar.

Nicho. If there be any ſport in't, you are ſure of me, Mr. *Curate.*

Perez. Oh, thou art to be my chief Engine——but more of that another time; now let's to the Funeral, and if I can but find my Niece there.

Nicho. We'll fuddle mine Hoſt to night in his own Caſtle, as Don *Quixote* calls it.

Vincent. Ah, wou'd I cou'd ſee that, my jolly Lads, I'd try your Forces, i'faith.

Maritor. And did not I do my Speeches purely, Mr. *Curate*?

Perez. Ay, little *Maritornes*, that thou didſt, I aſſure thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A deep Grove.*

Enter Dorothea *alone, dreſs'd like a Shepherd in Mourning, and crown'd with a Cypreſs Garland.*

Doroth. They come with Sighs, and as half dead with Sorrow,
Attend the Body of the wretched *Chryſoſtom*;
Whilſt I, that ſeem to mourn another's Fate,
Diſſolve in real Tears, to know my own.
Poor *Dorothea!* Where are now the Comforts
That us'd to make thy Days divinely happy?
Where now are Bleſſings from indulgent Parents,
That us'd to ſmile upon thy Morning Duty,
Kiſs thy refreſhing Cheeks, lean on thy Boſom,
And in ſoft Rapture, invoke Heav'n to guard thee?
All gone, quite loſt, thou'rt now a friendleſs Vagabond;
Undone by Love, and by a Man betray'd;
For who could elſe undo an innocent Maid?
Forc'd in theſe Groves among the ſtranger Swains
To waſte a woful Life,——Oh falſe *Fernando!*
But huſh——no more, they come.——
[*Goes to meet 'em.*

Then re-enter Dorothea *with* Ambroſio, *and other Shepherds and Sheperdeſſes crown'd with Cypreſs; then the Body of* Chryſoſtom *follows on a Bier, crown'd with a Wreath, and cover'd with Flowers: They march in ſolemn Proceſſion round the Stage; then the Bier being ſet down in the midſt of it,* Ambroſio *ſpeaks.*

Ambroſ. Thus to the Grave, the laſt Retreat of Mortals,
Has ſad *Ambroſio* brought his deareſt Friend:
Oh that he could revenge his hapleſs Death upon the cruel Tigreſs that has caus'd it! With what a pleaſure would I fly to execute! Or could my Breath blow Plagues among the Sex, and only amongſt them, no Male thing ſuffering, what Rapture ſhould I feel! But alas! I wiſh in vain; no Peſtilence can hurt 'em: One poiſonous

poiſonous Viper cannot hurt another; A Woman is the Plague, the hotteſt Plague; and where they harbour, breed Contagion round 'em.

Doroth. To me I'm ſure a Man has been a greater, and bred more deſolation. [*Aſide.*

Enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho.

But good *Ambroſio*, was this fair Murdreſs thorowly ſatisfy'd of your dead Friend's Affection?

Ambroſ. Too too well, there paſt no Minute of ſtealing time, that he paſt unimploy'd to do her ſervice; he was a Man, the brighteſt of her Sex, if they cou'd e'er conſider, would be proud of; an admirable Scholar, rare Muſician, Learn'd without Pride, and Valiant without Paſſion: The Elements were all ſo temper'd in him, that, except Love, his Breaſt was ſtill and calm; no Guſt within to ruffle his rare Judgment; ſo knowing too, and yet withal ſo modeſt, that tho his Reaſon could inſtruct great Teachers, he never thought himſelf the wiſer Man.

1 *Shep.* He was indeed the Wonder of his Time.

Ambroſ. Oh ye immortal Powers! How comes it then that all this Worth is thrown away on Woman? Woman; that as the Poet nobly tells us,

Deceitful Woman, that will in time foreſtall
The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

[Don Quixote *comes up to* Ambroſio.

2 *Shep.* Bleſs us! What Romantick thing have we got here?

1 *Shep.* I know not, he looks like the Ghoſt of ſome murder'd King in a Tragedy: Prithee obſerve the tother too that comes ſlouching after him, that muſt be ſome rare Fellow by his Look.

2 *Shep.* By the Maſs I admire him, I muſt go ſtare at 'em. [*They ſtare at* Sancho, *and* Sancho *at them.*

Don Qu. I am, Sir, by Profeſſion a Knight Errant, renown'd for righting Wrongs; my Name's *Don Quixote*, otherwiſe call'd the *Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face.*

1 *Shep.* Faith 'tis I'll-favour'd indeed; there you are in the right, in troth, Sir Knight.

Sancho. And you muſt know I am the Renowned *Sancho Panca*, this Renowned Knight's Renowned Squire; and, all in good time, am to be a Renowned Governour.

Don Qu. I have with wonder heard ſome part of your Diſcourſe, and therefore, as it is my Duty, make Requeſt to know if you are wrong'd.

Doroth. Some Madman, ſure.

Ambroſ. He looks no better. Sir Knight, who-e'er you are, if you'll have patience till we have perform'd the Funeral Ceremonies, I ſhall have time to anſwer, but till then———

Don Qu. With all my heart, moſt courteous Knight, and will aſſiſt my ſelf.

Enter Perez *and* Nicholas.

Perez. He's got hither before us, I ſee.

Nicho. And I warrant they take him for ſome ſtrange Monſter: How they ſtare and grin at *Sancho?*

Ambroſ. Perform the Dirge, and let all other Rites be done in ſolemn Order: And oh thou dear beſt Pattern of true Friendſhip, accept this poor laſt Tribute from a Friend, whoſe Love to thee was boundleſs as thy Merit! [*Kiſſes* Chryſoſtom.

Here a Song is ſung by a young Shepherdeſs; then they all dance a Solemn Dance, expreſſing deſpairing Love; then Ambroſio, *and others, lay* Chryſoſtom *in the Grave; mean while a Dirge is ſung by a Shepherd and Shepherdeſs.*

SONG.

I.

YOUNG Chryſoſtom *had Virtue, Senſe,*
Renown, and manly Grace;
Yet all, alas! were no Defence
Againſt Marcella's *Face:*

His

His Love, that long had taken Root,
In Doubt's cold Bed was laid,
Where she not warming it to shoot,
The lovely Plant decay'd.

II.

Had coy Marcella *own'd a Soul,*
Half beauteous as her Eyes;
Her Judgment had her Soul controul'd,
And taught her how to prize:
But Providence, that form'd the Fair
In such a charming Skin,
Their Outside made their only Care,
And never look'd within.

DIRGE.

Sleep, poor Youth, sleep in Peace,
Reliev'd from Love and mortal Care;
Whilst we that pine in Life's Disease,
Uncertain Blest'dest happy are.
Couch'd in the dark and silent Grave,
No Ills of Fate thou now canst fear;
In vain woo'd Tyrant Pow'r enslave,
Or scornful Beauty be severe.

Wars, that do fatal Storms disperse,
Far from thy happy Mansion keep;
Earthquakes that shake the Universe,
Can't rock thee into sounder Sleep.
With all the Charms of Peace possest,
Secure from Life's Torment or Pain,
Sleep and indulge thy self with Rest,
Nor dream thou e'er shalt rise again.

CHORUS.

Past is thy fear of future Doubt,
The Sun is from the Dial gone,
The Sands are sunk, the Glass is out,
The Folly of the Farce is done.

Ambroſ. Oh, I ſhall choak with a revengeful Spleen, againſt that curſt She that robb'd me of this Jewel; each ſingle Ray of whoſe tranſparent Virtue, out-ſhin'd a Million of thoſe Counterfeits, thoſe dull falſe Pebbles Women.

Doroth. My Uncle, as I live; how ſhall I ſhun him? [*Exit.*

Perez. I'm ſure 'tis She, I know her by that Bluſh.

Nicho. Follow her cloſe, then the Game lies juſt before ye. [*Exeunt.*

Don Qu. Sir, to me, there is no brighter Jewel than a Woman; and he that dares affirm my peerleſs Miſtreſs, ſweet *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, is a Pebble, is but a Turf himſelf, and holds his Soul at nothing.

1 *Shep.* Ha, ha, ha, ha, this is rare ſtuff.

Ambroſ. Some Officer ſure grown frantick.

2 *Shep.* The Squire-Governour too looks with the ſame Air, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sancho. What a Plague do theſe Frogs in green Liveries grin at? A Knight Errant to theſe Fools now, I warrant, is as ſtrange a Sight as a *Rhinoceros*: hoh, hoh, ha, ha. Laugh on, laugh on, Boobys; there's ſome difference ſure between a Kite and a Piſmire: What a Pox, Earldoms are not got by keeping of Sheep—— hoh, hoh, hoh, hah.

Enter Marcella.

Don Qu. Hah, here's ſome wonderful Adventure. What beauteous Viſion's this?

Sancho. Oons, if this ſhould be ſome Empreſs or Queen now, and my Government at my Elbow before I'm aware.

Ambroſ. By Heaven 'tis She; the very charming Devil, that has done all this miſchief.

Marcel. Great cauſe thou haſt to wonder, raſh *Ambroſio*, that I, who from my Infancy devoted to Solitude, have ſhunn'd all human Converſe, ſhould now un-ask'd, expoſe my Perſon here; but know I do it to defend my Honour againſt the poiſonous ſlander of vile

vile Tongues, who render me the Cauſe of their Un-reſt, and the late Death of thy ill-fated Friend.

Ambroſ. Oh! Tigreſs of more cruel and fell kind, than ever yet in *Africk* Deſarts bred, canſt thou defend thy ſelf?

Marcel. Yes, and with Juſtice too; his Death was caus'd by his obſtinate Folly.

Ambroſ. Of loving thee too well. Oh barbarous Women! The Sacred Powers above lent ye Beauty to give Delight, not kill, tho it had Power; yet you all, fill'd with the old Serpent's primitive Miſchief, knowing that Power——convert it to our Ruin.

Marcel. Oh, ſilly Men, that knowing then our Miſchiefs, will yet turn amorous Coxcombs to provoke us.

Ambroſ. Thou very Devil in an Angel's Shape, thou know'ſt it was the Fate of my dear Friend, he could not help his loving thee.

Marcel. Why then, thou very Fool in thy own ſhape, the leſs my Obligation; who is oblig'd to one for any Courteſy, that cannot help the doing it?

Ambroſ. Yet doſt not pity him?

Marcel. Pity's the Child of Love; and I ne'er yet lov'd any of your Sex: I might have ſome Compaſſion for his Death; but ſtill the Occaſion of it moves my Mirth.

Ambroſ. The Occaſion of it! Why then ſtrange Cruelty! Art thou not the Occaſion? Did he not die for thee?

Marcel. For me! No, certainly. Was he not a Man, one grounded too in Knowledge, a Philoſopher, dreſs'd in the Pride of all thoſe glittering Arts that raiſe your Sex, you think, ſo much above us? Poor ignorant Women, I warrant he deſpis'd us in his Heart; Toys, Puppets, faſhion'd only for the Pleaſure, Mirth, and Convenience of lordly Man; and could he die for Love? Fie! 'tis impoſſible! Who ever knew a Wit do ſuch a thing?

Ambroſ. Triumphant Miſchief, have you no Remorſe?

Marcel.

Marcel. I rather look on him as a good Actor;
That practising the Art of deep Deceit,
As Whining, Swearing, Dying at your Feet,
Crack'd some Life Artery with an Overstrain,
And dy'd of some Male Mischief in the Brain.

Sir. Ah plague, I find now this is no Queen; this Woman is too much a Tattler to be of any great Quality.

Don Qui. Peace, Bottlehead.

Ambros. Oh! that some Power wou'd bless me with a Charm, to plague thy Heart as thou hast tortur'd his; that thou might'st feel the force of those hot Flames, that burnt the Life out of the Noble *Chrysostom*.

Marcel. But since your Words have no bewitching Arts,
No Charm your Person, nor your Eyes no Darts;
Happy *Marcella*, who no Danger sees,
Untouch'd by Love, does neither burn nor freeze.

Ambros. His Merit, tho not mine, would inspire Love In any generous Woman.

Marcel. That's as she priz'd it:
Men will be vain, and value their own Parts;
But 'tis our Fancy that bestows our Hearts.
Merit is what we love; sometimes a Fool
Out-does the Philosopher in a Woman's School;
But if she's wilful, and has no Remorse,
Believe me, Fool, 'twill be in vain to force.

Ambros. Heaven! Why did our Creation come by Women?
Can Mankind be no other way increas'd?

Marcel. No other way; so set your heart at rest.

Ambros. We doubt 'em, even whilst in their Arms we lie;
Prospect of Cares we find, but none of Joy.

Marcel. Pish——Now I laugh at ye, you know you lye: [*Smiling scornfully.*
Beauty, you as your greatest Bliss pursue,
Feign what you can; nay, Fool, we know it too.

Fair

Fair is my Face, my Liberty my own;
I will accept no Love, nor promiſe none:
Nor pity any would my Peace betray,
Tho there ſhould die ten thouſand in a Day.

Ambroſ. Once to revenge this Lover that lies dead,
Grant ye, Immortal Powers, that I may wed;
I'll quell the Pride of your Rebellious Race,
Form Woman new, and make her know her Place.

Marcel. Hear him, ſweet Heaven, and let his Comfort be
Arm'd with another Soul like that in me;
A Soul that too fond Paſſion ne'er confin'd,
But knows the Cheats of all his cozening Kind:
Your Rage, weak Sir, will ſlenderly prevail,
My Rule's effectual, and it cannot fail.
Our eaſy Natures oft with Pride you vex;
But know that I was born to plague your Sex,
Form'd to attract, and featur'd to excel:
Beauty's a Charm 'gainſt which you want a Spell.
When Heaven conveys ſuch Influence to you,
Correct with awful Frowns, and make me ſue;
But whilſt your Fate's ſubmitted to my Sway,
I know my Power, and Men ſhall obey. [*Exit.*

Ambroſ. D'ye hear the Inſolent, Shepherds, you that were Friends to the brave *Chryſoſtom?* 'Sdeath! Shall ſhe brave us thus! For ſhame run ſome of ye, and bring her back; let's make her have ſome Senſe of her Barbarity, at leaſt.

[*They offer to follow her, and* Don Quixote *draws and oppoſeth.*

Don Qu. Let no one dare to follow her on his Life: I find ſhe does but Juſtice to her Sex, that are too often much abus'd by ours; therefore, as I profeſs my ſelf Knight-Errant, 'tis fit that I protect her.

2 *Shep.* You protect her, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don Qu. Knights, I will do't, and more than that againſt ye all.

San. That he will, Frogs, and againſt a hundred more of ye, for all your grinning.

facrilegiously steal her from a Nunnery, to which she fled for Sanctuary, is such a Stain to his Nobility, as wants Example; and rather than not have Justice done thee, Girl, I resolve the Court shall know it.

Doroth. To marry *Luscinda*, there's the Dart that stung me! Oh, let all Virgins by my Fate take Warning, and never more believe they faithless Sex.

Perez. Come, no more Tears; a Cause so just as thine can never want an Advocate.

Doroth. 'Twas that Heart-breaking News that stabb'd me most; so that forgetting Father, Sex, and Honour, in this Disguise I was resolv'd to seek him, and either cause him to perform his Vows, or die in the pursuit of my Desire.

Enter Nicholas.

Perez. The Lady *Luscinda* shall be instantly inform'd of his Treachery; and what Interest I can make against him, thou art assur'd of: Come let's about it——How now, thy Face seems to have some surprize in't. Is there any News stirring?

Nicho. Yes, and some that will surprize you indeed, or I'm mistaken: As I was standing at my Post without, to give you the better opportunity of Discourse, who should I see below at the Inn-door, but Don *Fernando*, and in the Habit of a Nun, a Lady with him?

Perez. Strange Fortune! Art thou sure 'twas he?

Doroth. Oh Heaven, how my Heart throbs?

Nicho. I saw his Face, and also guess the Lady to be the Fair *Luscinda*; there's some strange difference between 'em, for by her Actions she seem'd much dissatisfy'd: hark, they are coming up this way; step but into the next Room, you may discover more.

Perez. Do so, good Niece, and let's observe 'em; then when thou seest thy opportunity——appear, and charge him boldly; I'll not be far off.

Doroth. Nay, I'll will speak to him, tho Death attends it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Fernando, *and* Luſcinda *in the Habit of a Nun.*

Luſcin. Is there no end of your Impiety? Have Nunnery Walls, ſtrong Gates, nor Iron Bars, nay, nor the Deity ador'd within, to whom I fled for help in my Diſtreſs, not Power enough to hinder one Man's Wickedneſs? You ſacred Powers, have you forgot your Juſtice, that you ſend none to ſuccour poor *Luſcinda*!

Fernand. The Powers you ſpeak of, Madam, that knew what's better for ye than you did for your ſelf, you ſee aſſiſted me in my Deſign.

Luſcind. Oh impious Wretch! Dare you think Heaven aſſiſting in wicked Actions? No, 'twas the Aid of Hell, in ſome curſt Minute, when all good Angels ſlept, or elſe ſtood neuter.

Fernand. Hell, Madam; what has Hell to do in Love-affairs? The Devil is Foe profeſs'd to Amity; no, my ſole Aid was my own proſperous Genius, Courage t'attempt, and Fortune to ſucceed; this gave me power to ſcale your Nunnery Walls, and recompenſe my Love with ſpoils of Beauty.

Luſcind. Have you no Conſcience. You are of noble Blood, and in your Veins ſhould run a ſtream of Virtue, that ſhould diſtribute Juſtice thro' your Soul; *Cardenio* was your Friend, my betroth'd Husband, and in ſevering us, you do not only fix a foul Stain upon your Houſe's Honour, but violate the Laws of all Humanity.

Fernand. Why then let that moſt great and ſtrong Omnipotence, that, to my Fame's Confuſion, makes me love, anſwer for all my Crimes: I love *Luſcinda*, and 'tis in vain to tell me the Miſchiefs I have done, I know 'em all; I know I have been treacherous to *Cardenio*, falſe to my Friend, but 'twas for Love of thee; I own I forg'd a Letter in thy Name, which cauſ'd his ſad Diſtraction and Ruin, but thou wer't ſtill the Cauſe; nay, more than that thy Beauty, made me a Traitor to an innocent Virgin; forget my Vows, break all my Oaths and Promiſes, and leave her pregnant with heart-breaking Sorrow, and Love's dear Load, the Trophy of my Conqueſt, to follow ſtill my headlong Fate and Thee.

Luſcind.

Luſcind. Oh Heaven! And can you own all this without a Bluſh, a ſcarlet Bluſh, to ſtain your Cheeks for ever?

Fernand. Why ſhould I deny it? I ſtill have too much Honour to diſſemble: I've told this Truth only to thee, let thee ſee, the power of thy Attractions and my Love. Think what the Man would do for thee, when his, that could do all theſe mighty Ills to get thee. If thou wouldſt have me virtuous, do but love me, the Miracle is wrought; for, 'tis a ſacred Verity, What Sins ſoe'er Love drives me to commit, thou art the certain Cauſe. And ſince I know the Scruple, which the Prieſts call honourable, affects you Women more than Love or Fortune; take there my hand, and be this hour my Wife; I vow it moſt religiouſly.

Luſcind. No, kill me rather, and wed me to the Grave. I'll die a thouſand Deaths, rather than falſify one Sacred Vow, or the leaſt Particle of plighted Faith to my beloved *Cardenio*.

Fernand. Keep then that Faith for him, give me but the Reward that my Deſire and Services deſerv'd, and I'll be ſatisfied.

Luſcind. Vile Wretch, would you diſhonour me?

Fernand. Not I, by Heaven; your ſtubborn Obſtinacy and faulty Noiſe, theſe may perhaps diſhonour ye? not I; I'll be as ſecret as the Virgin's Bluſh, that with a roſy Tincture paints her Cheeks, when trembling ſhe conſents.

Luſcind. You will not force me, raſh as you are, young and ungovernable; you dare not be ſo baſe?

Fernand. O thou needſt not fear it, thou wilt be kind and give me no occaſion: I muſt confeſs, it is not with my liking to cater for my Love as Satyrs do; Beauty's moſt ſweet to me that's won with Patience, Heart-burnings, Dangers, Plottings, and Contrivances: I'll wait on thee and watch thee into yielding, tire thee with Sighs, and mould thee ſoft with Kiſſes; dreſs the dear Banquet with induſtrious skill, that I may hereafter feed with greater pleaſure.

Luſcind.

Luſcind. Come, come my Lord, let Reaſon take its place, and let theſe flowing Tears quench your hot Blood; remember who you are, what I am too, then you muſt do me Juſtice.

Fernand. And you muſt do it me. Remember who thou art: I do moſt ſenſibly; thou art mine by a double Right, by your Father's Conſent firſt, and next by Stratagem. You'll urge, perhaps, you are betroth'd t'another, fled to a Nunnery to perform your Vow; and I that forc'd you from it, act ſtrange Sacrilege: but I, ſweet Creature, am not of that opinion. Are thoſe dear Eyes that warm all Hearts——with Paſſion, that lovely Face and Body, fit for a Nunnery? Fie, Sweet, 'tis Contradiction to the Intent of Providence, that gave thee Beauty to delight and love. A Nunnery Air in two days time would kill thee, make thy plump Youth lean as Anatomy, and Prayer would waſte thee into a Conſumption.

Luſcind. Ah! never think to move me with your Fallacies. I'm fix'd as Fate.

Fernand. 'Twas Sacrilege to Love, not to have freed thee; and Treaſon to my ſelf, had not I lov'd: As for the Failure to my Friend, 'tis trivial; when Beauty charms, Friendſhip avails but little; and, I may think, had the occaſion offer'd, *Cardenio* would have done the ſame to me.

Luſcind. Oh no, he was too good, too true a Friend. See me, my Lord, thus proſtrate at your Feet; if ever Pity lodg'd within your Boſom, if Human Nature, or the Senſe of Honour, have not quite left your Soul, and the Brute enter'd, by all the Sacred Powers I do implore ye to deſiſt from your bad purpoſe; for be aſſur'd, I never will conſent. [Luſcinda *kneels and weeps.*

Fernand. What ſudden ſhock was that? A Bolt of Ice, methought, ſhot thro' my Heart: I'm cold, as if an Ague Fit had ſeiz'd me; Hah, What am I doing? What lovely Tears are thoſe? I find I'm but a ſqueamiſh Whore-maſter, I am not harden'd enough to go thro' with't.——Ah! that ſparkling Glance has ſhot new Fire again into my Soul, and I would dwell upon this Breaſt

Breast for ever. Oh thou great God of Love, that rul'ſt our Paſſions, command'ſt our Wills to baffle Reaſon, Honour, Virtue, Religion, Fame and all Morality, influence her Boſom with thy hotteſt Flame, and let her feel thy Power!

Enter Dorothea.

Doroth. I am come.

Fernand. Hah——What art thou?

Doroth. I am what you call'd for, Love; or if you pleaſe to have me uſe another Nomination, to expreſs all tender Attributes of Paſſion, in Sorrows, Sighs and Tears; I'm *Dorothea.*

Fernand. Dorothea! By Heaven, 'tis ſhe dropt out o'th' Clouds, I think!

Luſcind. A very Angel, ſure, ſent to relieve me.

Doroth. I am a Meſſenger from him you invok'd, who gives you ſtrict Commands to obey his Laws, and, in a more ſpecial manner, Conſtancy; for Breach of that his dreadful Vengeance punniſhes much more than all the reſt: this I am come to tell ye.

Fernand. You are come very opportunely indeed, you have nick'd the time, that I muſt needs ſay.

Doroth. Oh my dear Lord! the Joy I have to ſee ye, exceeds my Sorrow to have heard what's paſt, for I have heard it all.

Fernand. Why then you have heard enough in Conſcience; a Plague of my hot Head, that could not conſider the Inconvenience of a damn'd Inn, when a Love-Intrigue was going forward——ſo then I know I muſt expect your Hatred.

Doroth. Oh Heaven! my Hatred? What for a ſmall Frailty, a ſlight Forgetfulneſs, which all young Men have naturally, when their Loves are abſent? To remedy which, and to prevent ſuch Danger, in this Diſguiſe, thro' Groves and Plains I've follow'd ye; left Parents, Kindred, Friends, and all the World, to follow my dear Lord.

Fernand.

Fernand. And now ye have found me, shall I beg one Favour?

Doroth. You may command my Life.

Fernand. 'Tis this then——— to leave me instantly.

Doroth. Ah, that's not in my power till I am dead; I'm bound by Oath, as you are, to the contrary: but that I e'er can hate ye, is impossible; no, no, my Lord, what would make other Women loath and desert, has no effect on me; what tho I see you cling to that young Beauty, doat on her Looks, and languish for her Favours, it moves not me, I know too well my Power; I am as fair as she, as young, as charming, form'd for the Pleasure of my dearest Lord; bless'd too with Virtue, Constancy, and Duty equal to her, or any of my Sex; and when he pleases, he'll return to me: in the mean time, I will not grudge the Kisses he gives others, but love him for my own.

Luscind. You shall have small occasion, Madam, to grutch me.

Doroth. I know it, Madam, for you are wise and fair, and know to take another's Right's injurious; this is my Lord, my Dear, my betroth'd Husband.

Fernand. So, now all's out; I never was so trick'd in all my life; I know not what to say to her.

Doroth. Madam, I hope you will not think me rude, if I desire a little Privacy; I have a thousand passionate things to say, fit for no Ear but his.

Luscind. With all my Soul. [*Is going, and he stops her.*

Fernand. Oh! I must beg your pardon, the Jest must not go so far neither.

Doroth. Nay, let her go, my Lord, am not I here, the happy she that you were once fond of? What can you seek from her I cannot give you? Remember, oh remember, the dear Hours, when with transporting Passion you have sued for such an opportunity, when every Visitant was irksome as a Fever, each flying Minute tedious and too long, and all your Prayers and Wishes were address'd to invoke Night, that we might be alone; and can I now be troublesome?

Fernand.

Fernand. S'death I ſhall ne'er hold out: I find I'm ſoftning; her pretty pleading Eyes and charming Tongue melt me, I know not how.

Luſcind. Bleſs'd Accident! there's Pity in his Look; ſhe wins upon him. [*Aſide.*

Doroth. Madam, my Lord has thought on't now, and you may retire, if you pleaſe.

Fernand. Art thou reſolv'd to ruin thy ſelf? Dareſt thou provoke my Anger?

Doroth. Not by my Will, Heaven knows: I'd loſe my Life to pleaſe ye.

Fernand. Too credulous Fool! How couldſt thou believe I would affront my Quality, by mixing with thy Lowneſs?

Doroth. I was not baſely born; beſides, could boaſt a noble Value in my Face and Virtue, which made Don *Fernando* think me worthy of him, and raiſe me to his Love, which, while Life laſts, I will preſerve for ever.

Fernand. Why, wilt thou add to my Miſery by obſtinacy? Poor Creature, I ſhall kill thee.

Doroth. Why then, no harmleſs Dove, or tender Infant, will ever die ſo patient: Death I long have courted, and ſhould you ſtab my too fond Heart this inſtant, you ſhould perceive me ſmile to meet the Blow; make me your Slave, put round my Neck a Chain, wear my poor Arms with Fetters to the Bone, torture this Body where your Image lies with Cruelties unpractiſed; and what's worſe than all, before my Face, act Kindneſs to another.

You are my Fate, which ſtill I muſt purſue.
To ſhew the World what conſtant Love can do.

Fernand. And might I chuſe a Wife 'mongſt yon bright Hoſt of radiant Angels, thee I'd prefer before 'em: [*Runs and embraces her.*
Oh thou dear Charmer, thou haſt once more won me, cur'd my dull Sight, and made me ſee my Folly; ſhot thy Perfections to my Heart ſo ſtrongly, they ſhall live there for ever!

Doroth. Oh killing Joy!

Luſcind.

Luſcind. Ay, now, my Lord, I honour ye, this was a noble Conqueſt o'er your Paſſions.

Fernand. Ah, Madam, 'tis with ſhame I bend my Knee to beg your Pardon for my brutal Folly; I was inchanted, mad.

Luſcind. Not more my Lord, you have it.

Fernand. Heaven! what a thing is Man when Reaſon leaves him? But I'll retrieve my Fame by my new Services; I'll ſeek *Cardenio* out, heal his Love-ſick Frenzy, and fraught with Joys, preſent him to your Arms.

Doroth. Sure without ſome allay, my heart can't bear theſe Tranſports of true Pleaſure.

Fernand. By Heaven, my Breaſt is ſo overcharged with Joy, there is no room for Thought: Call all below there, I'll have a thouſand Witneſſes of my new Contract and repeated Vows.

Doroth. My Uncle *Perez*, that with diligent Care found me among the Shepherds, is within, and waits with Impatience, I know, my coming out.

Fernand. That good Man then ſhall join our Hands this Inſtant faſt, faſt, for ever: Lead the way, *Luſcinda*, whilſt I and my unvalued Bleſſings follow. Oh my beſt Life! How could I talk of killing thee, thou tendereſt ſweeteſt Good! but with Love's Balm

I'll heal the Hurt my rude Expreſſions gave;
I was thy Tyrant, but am now thy Slave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Mountains and Rocks at the end of the Deep Grove.

Enter a Barber with a Baſon on's Head, and carrying Trimming Inſtruments, followed by Don Quixote, *and* Sancho *mounted at diſtance.*

Barber Sings, *With my Strings of ſmall Wire*, &c. Odsdiggers——This was a rare Contrivance to keep me from the Rain, the Shower would have pepper'd me elſe, Faith.

Don

Don Qu. Stand, inſolent Knight, and yield that precious Helmet, or thou dieſt.

Barber. Helmet! O Lord? what d'you mean, Sir? what Helmet?

Don Qu. That which thou beareſt, Wretch; the golden Helmet of *Mambrino*.

Barber. *Mambrino*! Ds'heart, Sir, I know no ſuch Man; I am a Barber, Sir, and going to trim a Gentleman in the next Town here; I never uſe a Helmet; this is nothing but a Baſon, Sir.

Don Qu. Hah, dareſt thou diſpute? Prepare then for the Combat. [*Goes to thruſt at him.*

Barber. Help; Murder, Murder; ds'heartlickins, is the Devil in the Man? [*Runs off, and let's the Baſon fall, and* Don Quixote *takes it up.*

Sancho. Hey day, what a Plague are you doing now? Zoons! will he rob the poor Barber?

Don Qu. What Barber, Jolthead? Do'ſt not ſee the Treaſure I am Maſter of, for which I've watch'd ſo many Nights and Days, and oft reſolv'd to loſe my Life, or purchaſe? This is the precious Helmet of *Mambrino*, Raſcal, which I have got as the ſpoils of Victory, from the Renown'd Knight of the Three Roſes.

Sancho. From the Knight of the three Razors, you have indeed.

Don Qu. Is it not rare? Do'ſt not admire the Workmanſhip.

Sancho. Why, troth Sir, the Baſon I muſt needs ſay is as clever a Baſon as a Man would deſire to be lather'd in; but as for any great Workmanſhip that I ſee in the Baſon——

Don Qu. Baſon! what Baſon, Sot? I tell thee 'tis a Helmet.

Sancho. A Helmet, ha, ha, ha, ha, what, is this a Helmet?

Don Qu. A famous one, and made of *Spaniſh* Gold, in Value worth a Province, only there wants a Beaver.

Sancho. Only you want Brains rather, ſay, ha, ha, ha, ha. And ſo this Helmet, you ſay, is all Gold, ſo it is

Don Qu. Of pureſt Gold, by Art too made impenetrable.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, very good; why then I know where the Wind ſits: but, Of little medling comes great Eaſe; Let not the Fault of the Aſs be laid upon the Pack-ſaddle; Every Herring muſt hang by it's one Gills; and He that hears much, and ſpeaks not at all, is welcom both in Bower and Hall; and, He that——

Don Qu. And he that has the Tail and Cloven Feet, take thee for a Block-head: Art thou ſtringing thy Proverbs again, and a Pox take thee, without Head or Tail to 'em? Look out there, *Dolt*, and ſee who's coming; if my Eyes dazzle not, here's an Adventure will give occaſion to employ this Helmet.

Sancho. Pray Heaven we meet no more Carriers; my Bones ake ſtill with the laſt Combat of Honour: but I think, if my Eyes inform right, here's no great fear of a Quarrel, theſe People are all bound to the Peace already.

Enter Palameque, Quartrezzo, Lope Ruez, Marinez, Tenorio, *and* Gines de Paſſamonte, *chain'd as Galley-Slaves, with two Officers, and other Soldiers, guarding them.*

Don Qu. Bleſs me; what Scene of Cruelty is this? Doſt thou obſerve how they have chain'd and bound theſe honeſt People?

Sancho. Honeſt People! What a Plague, are ye blind again? Zoons! don't you ſee that theſe are Rogues, condemn'd for ſome notorious Crimes, and forc'd by the King to ſerve in the Galleys?

Don Qu. Force, *Sancho*; the King can force no Body; I muſt examine this.

Sancho. Nay, if you come to examining once, here's like to be fine Work.

1 *Officer. Pedro*, go before to the Inn, at the bottom of the Hill yonder, and bring hither ſome Wine and a Manchet, that we may refreſh a little; the Heat of the Day, and the Duſt have almoſt choak'd me. [*Ex. Pedro.* Come you, Sir Thief, of more than common mark,

what [*To Gines*] are you employing your self about? What are you gnawing of your Chain, hah?

Gines. Gnawing it? Why d'ye make an Ostrich of me? Dy'e think I can digest Iron? Confound the World, you know well enough, I suppose, the strength of the Necklace I wear here, or you would not be so rusty; I should teach you another manner of Speech, if my ten Pickers were at Liberty: But come 'tis well enough, there's no more to be said.

1 *Offic.* Sirrah, hold your Tongue, and leave swelling, lest I make St. *Andrew's* Cross upon your Pate.

Don Qu. By this Man's Inhumanity, *Sancho*, I do perceive these Wretches have great need of my Assistance; therefore I have some thoughts to free 'em.

Sancho. The Devil you will.

Don Qu. It falls out fitly for my Knightly Function to succour the Distressed; therefore no more of your Proverbial Fooleries. I tell thee, I'll make them free as Air.

Sancho. O Lord, O Lord! Why, pray, Sir, consider a little; you are going to free these Rogues from the Galleys, and the Holy Brotherhood will send us thither in their places; oh that ever I was born! Oons, consider, good Sir, consider what you are doing.

Don Qu. Thou foulest Insect, canst thou fear the Brotherhood, when I am by thee? Follow me, I say, and courageously too, or by the Star of my Hopes, my fairest *Dulcinea del Toboso*, I'll spit thee like a Frog.

Sancho. Oh what will become of me? 'sheart, I shall have that grim Fellow's Sword in my Guts within this two Minutes.

Don Qu. Captain, as a Knight-Errant, on whose Sacred Office depends the Laws of executing Justice, and consequently to be well informed in the Case of the Afflicted, I request to know the reason why these Men are carried thus; for if my Judgment has inform'd me right, 'tis much against their Wills.

1 *Offic.* Against their Wills, Sir, why troth, I think there need no great dispute to be made of that: I suppose there are few Malefactors so very stoutheerted to go to the Galleys with their own Consent.

Don Qu. Generous Sir, your Answer is ingenuous; and I beseech you therefore, give me leave to add a little to this Obligation, and know from you, before you pass on farther, the nature of their several Crimes.

Sancho. So, he's got into his Examinations, and the Devil can't hinder him.

1 *Offic.* The Nature of their Crimes, ha, ha, ha; [*Viewing Don Qu.* What has he got on his Head there, a Bason? Who the Devil is this Scare-crow, I wonder? a Man would take him for one of the Knights of the Round-Table, if 'twere not for his Brazen Head-piece there. [*Aside.* The nature of their Crimes, ha, ha, ha, ha; why faith, Sir Knight, or Sir Errant, or what you please to call your self, I'm not at leisure to give you a six hours Information of their several Affairs; but if you think fit to take a brief Relation from themselves, there they are, I shall have patience till my Comrade comes; and so your Servant, good Knight of the Bason; ha, ha ha.

Don Qu. Captain, your Courtesy obliges me. Well Friend, [*To Palam.*] what adverse Planet, or odd turn of Fortune, has made thee wear that Collar, hah?

Palam. Love, Sir.

Don Qu. Love! Can there be such Barbarity in Nature, to chain the Brave, and make 'em Slaves, for Loving? Heavens, I my self had been long since in the Galleys if Love had been a Crime that could condemn me: No, no, dear Brother, set thy Heart at rest, whilst there's a Lover's Arm, and conqu'ring Sword to strike in thy Defence, for this thou shalt not suffer.

[*Embracing the Slave.*

Palam. Ay, but good Sir, your Patience; my Love, was not the sort that you conjecture, for you must know, Sir, I was in love with a Parcel of Gold Plate, and that so desperately, that hugging on't too closely, had not the Commissary took me napping, I believe we had joined Affections till this hour.

Sancho. Look'e, Sir, the Lover there has open'd his Case very plainly; *He that handles a Thorn shall prick his*

Fingers: Your dear Brother has told ye he's no better than a Thief, in few words.

Don Qu. The Function discovers Wit in't however, Blockhead; and History tells us, some have made themselves great by't. The wise *Lacedæmonians* had none but Thieves in their Privy-Council; but let that pass now. My young Stripling, what say you to th' matter? How came you strung here? What brought your Neck to th' Yoke? [*To* Lope Ruez.

Lope. The King's Evil, Sir.

Don Qu. How so? Can the Law punish thee for a Disease.

Lop. No, no, Sir, want of Money and ill Friends, that's the Evil I mean.

Don Qu. Gad thou'rt in the right, Brother, that's a King's Evil indeed.

Sancho. So, that's his Brother too, he'll pick up a World of Relations amongst these honest People.

Lope. My fault was nothing, only a slip o'th' Tongue, a little Perjury, or so; but having no Money, and a damn'd covetous Lawyer, that would let no Man swear falsly but himself, I could not get it off, so was sent hither.

Don Qu. 'Twas hard, truth Brother; but come to the next, in Order. What says your thoughtful Neighbour here? What's he in for? [*To* Quartrezzo.

Quart. Why, for a few hot Words the Law call'd Treason; I hate the Government, and I spoke my Mind.

Don Qu. There's a brave Fellow for ye now!

Sancho. Oh! a very brave Fellow indeed!——damn'd Rogue, I warrant; the Gallows groans for him. [*Aside.*

1 *Offic.* His Brother, there too, has the self-same Kidney; there are not two such Traitors in all *Spain.*

Don Qu. Gad a mettled Fellow that too, I warrant him; and who knows but some villainous Lye of some Court Pimp or other, has brought him into this Condition? Gad, I have seen many a Priest that has not had so honest a Look.

Sancho.

Sancho. Nay, he's an extreme honeſt Perſon without doubt——Oh Lord, now do I begin to tremble.

Don Qu. But come to the Text: What ſays my old Friend here? What unkind Star, what ſtrange Malevolence brings that grey Beard to this Calamity? Thy Aſpect does ſeem wiſe, and I ſhould gueſs thy Occupation has been noble too.

Tenorio. It has, Sir, and moſt antient: I have been now this fifty years a Bawd, but that brought me not here, Sir; 'twas fooliſh Curioſity to know Simples, dealing in Herbs, Wax, crooked Pins, and Needles, which the Vulgar ſaid they found in Sheep and Children; this brought me hither. To be plain, Sir, I am hamper'd now for Witchcraft.

Sancho. Oh! A ſmall matter, a thing of nothing.

Don Qu. For Witchcraft, Umph! 'Twas there then the Devil ow'd thee an ill turn: Thy Bawding Trade was honourable enough; great Miniſters and Court-Matrons have been Bawds; the Occupation is of antient ſtanding. But now to th' laſt; here is, methinks, a Fellow that has a written Volume in his Face of Actions wonderful, chain'd more too than the reſt: The Reaſon, Captain?

1 *Offic.* The Reaſon: Why, the Reaſon is, becauſe that's the very Devil of a Fellow; his Name is *Gines de Paſſamonte*, a moſt notorious Villain, that has done more Miſchief alone than all the reſt have: and, beſides, ſo plaguy ſtrong, that we are not ſure he's faſt enough, for all he's chain'd ſo.

Don Qu. 'Faith he's a fine Perſon to look on; his Face and Whiskers wou'd become Knight-Errantry extremely: pray look up, Sir, and as the reſt have done, be pleaſed to tell me how the Galleys chance to be honour'd with your Company.

Gines. Oh, Sir, for that your humble Servant; 'tis no new thing to me: they have been honour'd with that before now, Sir; I know how the Water and Bucket will agree with my hot Stomach.

Don Qu. What! for ſome Duel of Honour, I warrant? Some Governor's proud Nephew kill'd by thy noble Hand.

Gines. No, no, Sir, my Hand was imploy'd another way; I was condemn'd for ſeven Years the firſt time, for raviſhing my Siſter: Confound the World, I lik'd her; and there's an end on't.

Sancho. Oh! there's another very honeſt Fellow too.

Gines. And now I'm going thither for robbing a Church: I had occaſion for the Plate and Ornaments, to raiſe ſome Money to buy my Whore a Petticoat; and, juſt as I had got 'em, the Devil ſent the Prieſt to ſtop me: but I ſoon gagg'd and hamſtring'd that poor Fool, fought thro' the Town; and had not a whole Troop of Dragoons that were by chance a muſt'ring, fall'n upon me, I and my Purchaſe had been now at liberty.

Sancho. Very good: Did you never hear of a thing call'd Conſcience, pray Friend?

Gines. Conſcience! What's that, the Itch? I had it when I was a Boy, I remember.

Sancho. O Lord, Conſcience the Itch!——here's a damn'd Son of a Whore for ye. [*Aſide.*] And ſo then I warrant, honeſt *Gines*, you wou'd fleece me too upon occaſion, were you looſe, and I had a good Booty?

Gines. No, no; thou look'ſt too much like a Thief thy ſelf, thou ſhouldſt paſs free; we always ſpare one another.

Don Qu. Ha, ha, ha, ha, there's for you, Buffle; by the Honour of Knight-hood, thou deſerv'ſt thy Freedom, if 'twere but for that Jeſt——Give me thy Hand,

Gines. I have uſe for them; but there's my Foot at your Service. [*Kicks him.*

Don Qu. Oh, I cry thee Mercy, I ſee thou art manacled.——But prithee don't be angry, Friend; hark ye, what wou'd ſay now if I ſhou'd give thee Liberty?

Gines. Nothing.

Don Qu. Why ſo?

Gines.

Gines. Because an Impossibility offer'd by a Fool, deserves no Answer from a wise Man.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha; there I think, Sir, your Brother *Gines* was even with you too.

Don Qu. That thou shalt see presently; and whether to our Profession any thing is impossible. Sir Captain, I have with Care examin'd all you Prisoners, and find, tho there are several heinous Faults committed, for which the Law shou'd punish 'em, yet the main Stroke of Justice belongs to Heaven, to Heaven's Vengeance therefore let us leave 'em. And, since I am by Oath bound to relieve 'em, as Wretches and distressed, let me intreat you, as a Respect to me, to give 'em Liberty.

1 *Offic.* Liberty! what a Plague, would you have me set the King's Prisoners at Liberty? Oons, who would be mad then? No, no, good Sir *Errant*, march on your way, and settle your Reason right there——Free the King's Prisoners! That were a good one, faith.

Don Qu. Your Pate shall want a Reason, Captain *Scoundrel.* [*Knocks him down, and disarms him.*] Run *Sancho*, and help *Gines*; now, powlefs *Dulcinea*, aid thy Knight to unfetter *Gines*, dear *Sancho.*

Sancho. Now can't I deny him for the Soul of me, tho Heaven knows what Mischief will come on't.

Here Sancho *trips up another's Heels, then unfetters* Gines; *then they all release one another; then they strip the Captain, who runs off: Then enter second* Officer *with Wine;* Gines *seizes it, strips him, throws all the rest down on one another, and beats 'em.*

2 *Offic.* Oh, the Devil! what's here to do? Treason, Treason! Murder, Murder!

Don Qu. Now let the World declare, whether Knight-Errantry is not the noblest of all Sciences! [*Struts about.*

Sancho. Or, whether noble Squires of Knight-Errants ought not to be Earls and Governors of Islands!

[*Struts about.*

Omnes. Huzza, Liberty, Liberty! Thanks to the noble Knight-Errant; Liberty, Liberty! Huzza.

Gines. Thanks to our noble and valiant Redeemer; here's to his Health; and, Brothers, let's entertain him with a Song. Confound the World. Dear Redeemer, we are no more Rogues than the reſt of Mankind; all the World are Rogues, and deſerve the Galleys as much as we. Come ſing the Song to that purpoſe, Brother.

SONG.

WHEN the World firſt knew Creation,
A Rogue was a top Profeſſion;
When there were no more in all Nature but Four,
There were Two of them in Tranſgreſſion:
And the Seeds are no leſs,
Since that you may gueſs,
But have in all Ages been growing apace;
There's Lying and Thieving,
Craft, Pride, and Deceiving,
Rage, Murder, and Roaring,
Rape, Inceſt, and Whoring,
Branch out from one Stock, the rank Vices in Vogue,
And make all Mankind one Gigantical Rogue.

View all Humane Generation,
You'll find in every Station,
Lean Virtue decays, whilſt Intereſt ſways
The ill Genius of the Nation.
All are Rogues in degrees,
The Lawyer for Fees,
The Courtier Le Cringe, *and Alderman* Squeeze,
The Canter, the Toper,
The Church Interloper,
The Punk, and the Practice-of-Piety Groper;
But of all, he that fails our true Rights to maintain,
And deſerts the Cauſe Royal, is deepeſt in grain.

He

He that firſt to mend the matter,
Made Laws to bind our Nature,
Shou'd have found a way
To make Wills obey,
And have model'd new the Creature;
For the Savage in Man
From Original ran,
And in ſpite of Confinement now reigns as't began:
Here's Preaching and Praying, and Reaſon diſplaying,
Yet Brother with Brother is killing and ſlaying:
Then blame not the Rogue that free Senſe does enjoy,
Then falls like a Log, and believes——he ſhall lie.

Don Qu. I do acknowledge, Sir, your Muſical Courteſy, and am well pleas'd to ſee your Gratitude; yet one thing more I muſt enjoin, without which the reſt appears as nothing.

Gines. Any thing: Confound the World: Dear Redeemer, command any thing.

Don Qu. 'Tis this; That you all, loaden with that Chain from which I now have freed ye, go inſtantly to the great City of *Toboſo*, and there, before my Miſtreſs *Dulcinea*, preſent your ſelves, letting her know, her Beauty's Slave, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, has ſent you to her, to enquire her Health.

Palam. Toboſo!

Quart. Dulcinea!

Mart. Enquire her Health!

Gines. And how far is this *Toboſo* off, good Sir?

Sancho. Not above a thouſand Leagues; not very far; 'tis a very pretty Meſſage truly.

Gines. Confound the World; d'ye know what you ſay, Sir, to deſire us to go a thouſand Leagues? Oons, we muſt hide our ſelves in the Mountains here by, for fear of being taken; we muſt ſhun all Roads and Cities.

Don Qu. How's that? Dare you diſobey my Commands, Raſcal?

Gines. Rascal! Keep good Words in your Mouth. D'ye hear, Friend, we are no Sheep.

Sancho. Good Sir, come away whilst you are well; that Devilish *Gines* has Mischief in's Heart, I see by's Looks.

Lops. We can't go to *Toboso*, not we; that's in short, Knight.

Gines. No, Knight, we'll go to no *Toboso*; if you have a Wench there, and any News for her, you may send it by your Booby there; we thank ye for your Kindness, but——

Don Qu. But——Ungrateful Slave, I'll make thee go thy self; and, like a Cur too, with thy Chain betwixt thy Legs—— Fall on, *Sancho*, let's chastise these Villains.

Sancho. Oh mercy on us, what will become of us now?

Here Don Quixote *sets upon 'em; they run to a Heap of Stones, and knock both him and* Sancho *down, and beat 'em.*

Palam. Come, Sirs, the Coast is clear; now let's away.

Gines. Follow me, Boys; I'll carry ye where ye may sculk securely,

To a plump Doxy here hard by of mine,
Shall chear your Hearts with Kisses and good Wine.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Mountain of Sierra Morena *continues.*

Don Quixote *and* Sancho *appear lying along on the Ground.*

Don Qu. *Ancho.*

Sancho. Umph. [*Groans.*

Don Qu. Son *Sancho*, art thou aſleep?

Sancho. Oh, yes, upon a Down Bed the Governor lies, as you ſee here, ſtretch'd at his Eaſe, thanks to your moſt invincible Arm, only with ſome two or three hundred Bruiſes of Sticks upon his Bones. I have got my Earldom, and a Load of Honour now, or elſe the Devil's in't.

Don Qu. Look ye, *Sancho*, I have often told thee, theſe Succeſſes of Chivalry cannot always be of one Degree or Value; ſo that tho naturally, as it may happen, a Kingdom or a Continent may drop into a Knight-Errant's Mouth, and an Earldom or a Province into his Squire's; ſo ſometimes too they may chance to meet with Carrier's Pickſtaves, Giants like Windmills, Thumps with Stones, and the like; nor are they to grumble or repine at the Vanity of Accidents, becauſe they are liable to our Profeſſion.

Sancho. Profeſſion! Qons, yours is the Devil of a Profeſſion; beſides, all your Accidents, I mean yours ill ones (for good ones I deſpair of) are a Plague on't, all of your own making. Would any one with an ounce of Brains, after he had miraculouſly done ſuch

an

an Exploit, have pretended to force thoſe rude Rogues to go a thouſand Leagues off, upon a ſleeveleſs Errand to the Devil, to *Toboſo?*——I know not where, Ah.

Don Qu. Very well, *Sancho*; talk on again; the ſmarting of thy Bones, I do perceive, has made thee ſharp and witty. [Sancho *grins at him.*

Sancho. Come, come, Sir, Babling Curs never want ſore Ears: 'Tis but an ill Proceſſion where the Devil carries the Candle: He that ſpeaks does ſow, and he that holds his Tongue may reap. I think I pay dear enough for't, if I do talk.

Don Qu. I confeſs thou haſt Reaſon, as I have, to reſent it; but who could expect ſuch Ingratitude after ſo good a Turn?

Sancho. Who? Woons! Who could expect otherwiſe from ſuch honeſt People? Han't you heard often enough the old Proverb, *Save a Thief from the Gallows, and he ſhall be the firſt to hang ye?*—— Ah plague of your Brethren, your Brother *Gines* of *Paſſamonte*, the Devil paſs him, h'as made me black and blue on my left Side here: But let it go, the Governor will be wiſer one day.

Don Qu. If a deſponding Puppy were fit to make a Governor of, I ſay that for thee, *Sancho*, thou wouldſt make a rare one: But come, I'll not anger thee now, becauſe I know thou art in pain. Prithee come hither, and ſee how many Cheek-Teeth, and others, they have beaten out here; for it ſeems to me that my Mouth is quite empty.

Sancho. Ay, there's ſome other part of your Head empty too beſides your Mouth, if I am not miſtaken: But come, let's ſee; O monſtrous! here's ſix Grinders wanting on one [*Peeps in's Mouth*] ſide: Oh unfortunate and deplorable State of Knights-Errant! that wander over Mountains and Valleys, committing Omicids and Slaughters, not heeding the Sun, the Moon, nor the 'Clipſes, or the wild Campaigns, tho never ſo Eſtill, for the reward of broken Teeth and Bruiſes.

Don Qu. Oh Profanation to all Learning and Sciences! Omicils, 'Clipſes, Campaigne and Eſtill, for Homicides Eclipſes,

Eclipſes, Champion and Steril! Be dumb, thou Earth-worm, or ſpeak in thy own Style, on pain of Annihilation. A plague on thee, thou confounded Prevaricator of Language. [Cardenio *Sings within.*

Sancho. Why then in my own Style, for you know well enough that I'm no Schollard, I believe here's another Adventure coming, and I hope 'twill end better than the laſt, becauſe it begins Muſically.

Don Qu. Ha! who have we here?

[Cardenio *enters in ragged Clothes, and in a wild Poſture ſings a Song. Then Exit.*

SONG.

LET the dreadful Engines of Eternal Will,
The Thunder roar, and crooked Lightning kill;
My Rage is hot as theirs, as fatal too,
And dares as horrid Execution do.
Or let the Frozen North its Rancour ſhow,
Within my Breaſt far greater Tempeſts grow;
Deſpair's more cold than all the Winds can blow.

Can nothing, nothing warm me?
Yes, Luſcinda's *Eyes;*
There Ætna, *there, there* Veſuvio *lies,*
To fuiniſh Hell with Flames,
That mounting reach the Skies.

Ye Pow'rs, I did but uſe her Name,
And ſee how all the Meteors flame;
Blue Lightning flaſhes round the Court of Sol,
And now the Globe more fiercely burns
Than once at Phaeton's *Fall.*

Ah!. where are now thoſe flow'ry Groves,
Where Zephyr's *fragrant Winds did play?*
Where, guarded by a Troop of Loves,
The fair Luſcinda *ſleeping lay:*

There

There sung the Nightingale and Lark,
Around us all was sweet and gay;
We ne'er grew sad till it grew dark,
Nor nothing fear'd but shorning Day.

Glow, I glow, but 'tis with Hate;
Why must I burn for this Ingrate?
Cool, cool it then, and rail,
Since nothing will prevail.
When a Woman Love pretends, 'tis but till she gain her Ends,
And for better, and for worse, 'tis for Marrow of the Purse,
Where she sits you o'er and o'er, proves a Slattern or a Whore.

This Hour will teaze and vex,
And will cuckold ye the next:
They were all contriv'd in spite:
To torment us, not delight;
But to scold, and scratch and bite,
And not one of them proves right;
But all are Witches by this Light:
And so I fairly bid 'em, and the World, Good Night.

Don Qu. By the Matter delivered in this Song, I perceive this poor Gentleman's Distress was occasioned by Love; therefore 'tis fit I follow and relieve him.

Sancho. You relieve him! 'Sbud, why don't you see the Man's mad? How the Devil can you relieve him, unless you could give him Physick? Pray, Sir, hold your self contented; you may be a good Knight Errant, but for a Braincurer, the Lord have mercy upon ye.

Don Qu. Thou art a Clod, *Sancho*, and hast not Soul enough to fathom the depth of my Understanding; but know, thou Lump unform'd, that our Profession extends to aid the Mind, as well as Body: were he as mad as *Ajax*, or that stout Peer of *France*, *Orlando Furioso*, with one hour's Conference, I'd make him spout Politicks with a Secretary of State, Law with a Judge at the Assizes,

Aſſizes, and Theology with a Convocation of Biſhops; therefore follow me, and ſaddle *Roſinants* immediately, for I intend to overtake him, and then thou ſhalt ſee this done in an inſtant. [*Exit Don* Qu.

Sancho. I ſhall ſee my ſelf well thraſh'd again, I believe; and ſo 'tis likely will end the Adventure of the Madman: But hang't the Devil is not always at one door, *He that is in is half way over*; there's no help for't now. I muſt follow him, tho my Government come at laſt to be no better than to govern a Herd of Cattle. Well, *He that blows in the Duſt will make himſelf blind*; and, *If it were not for Hope, the Heart would break*; there's three Proverbs left yet to comfort me.

[*Exit after him.*

Enter Don Fernando, Luſcinda, *dreſs'd like a Nun*, Dorothea *in her Shepherdeſs Clothes, with* Perez *and* Nicholas.

Doroth. Can you then be ſo good? Do I not dream that you have repented of your late Unkindneſs, and now reſolve to own poor *Dorothea?*

Don Fern. The Reſolution is as firm as Fate; thou're now my own for ever.

Luſcind. Bleſs'd Accent! And now, my Lord, I honour ye: This was a noble Conqueſt o'er your Paſſions.

Perez. 'Tis great and worthy, like himſelf.

Don Fern. Ah! Madam, 'tis with ſhame I bend my Knee to beg your Pardon for my brutal Folly: But I'll retrieve my Credit by my new Service, in preſenting to your Arms the wrong'd *Cardenio.*

Luſcind. All Honour and Happineſs attend your Lordſhip; and pray Heaven we may find him quickly: Oh how I long to give that Heart a Remedy, that loſt its Peace for me!

Perez. He cannot be far off; for, as the Shepherds have directed us, yonder's the Rock wherein he ſleeps by Night, and where 'tis likely we may find him.

Nichol. And did they ſay *Don Quixote* was here too?

Perez. Both he and *Sancho:* Therefore, my Lord, if you are reſolv'd to further the Contrivance I lately told ye,

ye of, and do an Act of Charity, by getting the poor Lunatick Gentleman home to his Houſe, this is the Place and Juncture.

Don Fern. Moſt willingly, and will make one my ſelf: For the Scene well acted, muſt needs create Diverſion. Come, my ſweet Love, you muſt have your part too.

Perez. Oh! my Lord, ſhe is to be the principal Actreſs, and we have a Dreſs ready for her: She's to perſonate the Princeſs *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*; who being depos'd and driven from thence by a monſtrous Giant called *Pandafilando of the Dusky Sight*, comes ſome three thouſand Leagues to the fam'd *Don Quixote*, to redreſs her Wrongs, and re-inſtate her: This Plot will doubtleſs draw the frantick Fool from theſe wild Deſarts, and we ſhall ſhare the Mirth.

Doroth. Let's about it preſently: And for your Princeſs, let me alone to divert my deareſt Lord here; you ſhall ſee me act it like any Player.

Don Fern. Ha, ha, ha, ha! I ſhall die with laughing ——— I'll be ſome Don to uſher in your Majeſty,

Nichol. And I'll be your old Squire to introduce your coming: I have the Tail of mine Hoſt's Mare to make me a Beard ſhall reach to my Knees.

Don Fern. 'Twill be rare Sport; my Servants ſhall all be diſguis'd too for the Buſineſs. Come, Madam, pray be merry with us, all will be well; I warrant ye, we ſhall ſoon find your Love *Cardenio*, and cure him of his Frenzy: I have already ſent for a Doctor, and given order what to do: And, Madam, doubt not but you ſhall meet with Joy.

Luſcind. Heaven grant we may; let me but ſee *Cardenio* once more mine, I'll envy not the reſt of the World's Pleaſures. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Quixote, Cardenio, *and* Sancho.

Carden. You much amaze me, Sir, in this wild Deſart; a Place that only ſuits the Miſerable, where People

ple civilized never inhabit, to meet ſuch Courteſy as yours.

Don Qu. Sir, Humanity is one of the beſt Rules of my Profeſſion; and I ſhall be highly pleas'd, if my good Fortune [*Salute here*] has led me to be any way a means that may contribute to your Satisfaction.

Carden. Your Perſon I am wholly a Stranger to, and cannot but admire, why in this Country, ſo bleſt with Peace, you practiſe Arts of War, and travel thus in Armour: But perhaps there is a Secret in't not proper for my knowledge; I'll therefore ſtint my Curioſity, and beg you, if you know where there is any thing to drink, to give a little to aſſuage my Thirſt; for in this ſlender interval of Senſe, I can make uſe on't; but if my Fit ſhould take me, as at uncertain times it often does, all Charity were loſt.

Don Qu. Run *Sancho* and ſearch the Wallet; there *is*, I think, ſome Wine; bring it hither preſently.

[Sancho *ſtares at* Cardenio.

Sancho. Why, here's another of the Starving too; a Knight-Errant, I warrant him, by his Tatters: What a devouring meagre Look he has! 'Sbud, he makes me hungry at the very ſight of him. [*Exit.*

Carden. And now to ſatisfy your Curioſity, Sir, of knowing what I am, and how I came thus wretched, I will relate my Story, but with this Condition, that you will promiſe me upon your Honour, during the time of telling, not to interrupt me, nor by a Queſtion or Contradiction ſtop me; for if you ſhould, my Accident of Madneſs would return, and I ſhould then do things extravagant.

Re-enter Sancho *with Wine.*

Don Qu. Oh! fear not, Sir, you ſhall find me more attentive; Come, fill a Cup, *Sancho*——— Here, Sir, here's to your better Fortune. [*Drinks.*

Carden. May yours be happy, Sir, with perpetual Bleſſings, whatever becomes of me.

Sancho. Why then, by my Governorſhip, I believe this plaguy Devil my Maſter can conjure in good earneſt:

to

to my thinking the Madman talks as wisely as any Bishop of 'em all already.

[Cardenio *drinks*; *they sit down.*

Don Qu. Now pray begin, Sir, I am silent as a Dormouse; sit down, *Sancho.*

Carden. Know then, good Sir, my Name's *Cardenio*, a Gentleman of *Arragon*, well descended, who, from my Childhood to my riper Years, liv'd with a Credit and Content unparallel'd, till Love, that fatal Bane to human Happiness, subdued my Senses to bewitching Beauty, and forc'd my Soul to doat upon *Luscinda*, a noble Virgin of unmatch'd Perfection.

Don Qu. Hum, hum, hum.

[Don Quixote *makes signs of applauding his Story* [*without speaking.*

Sancho. Come, Sir, Sorrow's dry, and before you go any farther, here's your Lady *Sindy*'s Health.

[*Drinks, and fills to* Cardenio.

Don Qu. Peace, Blockhead; or if you must be mannerly, with a pox t'ye——do it by Signs as I do.

[Don Quixote *seems to threaten* Sancho.

Carden. Take heed, good Friend; pray remember the Conditions. Sir, I lov'd her, and was lov'd with that Success, nothing was wanting but the happy Day to crown our Wishes, which was at last appointed.

Don Qu. Hum, hum, hum. [*Makes Signs.*

Carden. And because Love's best Guard is Secrecy, I trusted my Affair only to one, the Son of a Grandee, his Name *Fernando*, my Youth's Companion, and, as I thought, my Friend; him I entrusted with my dearest Treasure, and in his Honour thought my self secure.

Don Qu. Hum, hum, hum.

Sancho. Hey, hoe, hum. [*Drinks.*

Carden. But ah, let none depend on the Heart's Sincerity, because the Face seems honest; for some few days after, *Luscinda* having a great Wit and Genius, and one that still delighted much in Reading, I sent to her, by my false Friend *Fernando*, a foolish Book of Chivalry call'd *Amadis du Gaul*; not that she valu'd it for the Contents, for she had Sense to know 'twas all ridiculous,

calous, the Exploits of the Knights-Errant all Romantick? and their whole Volumes fill'd with lying Fables. But——

Sancho. But! A plague on your Buts——[Don Qu. *ſtarts and ſtares*] you have done your Buſineſs: Gadzooks, here will be Murder preſently; my Maſter will tear out the Soul of him, if he ſpeaks a Word more againſt Knights-Errant.

Carden. But that before, we had a rallying Argument upon a modern Madman, call'd *Don Quixote*, a ſtrange whimſical Monſter, in [Don. Qu. *frowns*] which I affirm'd, That the Bright, Renowned, and Peerleſs *Dulcinea*, fam'd Miſtreſs of that fooliſh frantick Ideot, had once a Baſtard by her Apothecary.

[Don Qu. *riſes ſuddenly*: Sancho *trembles*.

Don Qu. Oh Fire, and Furies! Oh ſhame to Arms and Honour!

Sancho. Nay then, the Storm comes with a Vengeance: Fire, Fire, Murder, Murder!

Don Qu. Am I a Knight, and hear this helliſh Slander?——Awake, *Don Quixote*, thou ſleep'ſt, awake I ſay——Hark'e, doſt hear me? Madman, Fool or Devil, if thou hereafter dareſt but move my Lips againſt ſweet *Dulcinea*, or but ſo much as name that curſed Pothecary, with peerleſs *Dulcinea*, or think of any of his Tools, or Implements——*Storax*, or *Lavins*, get thee each Day a Heart, for I will be as cruel in the tearing it, as is that abhorr'd Tongue, that ſlanderous Viper, in poiſoning the Fame of Radiant *Dulcinea*——

[*Here* Card. *throws the Wine in's Face ſuddenly*.

Sancho. So, there's the firſt Gun, the Broad-ſide's coming; here will be deviliſh Work between the two Madmen preſently.

Carden. The Rack's a fooliſh Torture, *Phalaris's* [Carden. *falls into his mad Fit*] Bull, or the Iron Wheel of witty *Dionyſius*, that were proper for him——Hah! What art thou! The Traitor *Fernando!* And thou art his Catamite, his Pimp, art thou? [*To* Sancho.

Sancho. Not I, Sir; I'm none of his Pimp, not I. Would I were a Mouſe for two Minutes, ſo I had but e'er a Hole to creep into.

Carden.

Garden. Oh, that I now had thirty Rows of Teeth, or were an Eagle with an hundred pair of Claws, that I might tear and eat this Traitor, Traitor.

[*Falls upon* Don Qu. *and* Sancho, *throws 'em down; beats and kicks 'em, and then* Exit.

Don Qu. Oh *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, pardon my Negligence, I beſeech thee; I had forgot to invoke thy Influence when firſt I roſe this Morning, and ſee what comes on't——Is the Madman gone, *Sancho?*

Sancho. Yes, yes, and wonderfully recovered; you have been as good as your Word, you have cur'd him to a Miracle. Whether he can ſpout Politicks like a Stateſman, or Law like a Judge, I know not; but he can kick and cuff like a Devil, that I'm ſure of. [*Weeps.*

Don Qu. A Plague of his mad Pate, the Fit was a little too far gone upon him.

Sancho. A Plague of Radiant *Dulcinea*, I ſay; would the Pothecary had poiſon'd her; or would her Nurſe—*had drown'd* her——in her Cradle——with a Water of her own making——rather than my *Bones* had been concern'd about her; or her *Baſtard* either——But come, *Better late than never*; I'm reſolv'd now to retire in time from this Highway to Battoons and Bruiſes, and viſit my Wife and Children again, whilſt I can make ſhift to crawl to 'em; for to that Scantity of Travelling my Squireſhip has brought me. [San. *ſpeaks ſobbing.*

Don. Qu. Wilt thou then leave me, *Sancho?*

Sancho. Leave ye? Ay, and 'tis high time, I think, Sir: 'Tis an old Saying, *The Ant had Wings to do her hurt:* Farewel Knight-Errantry, i'faith: And to begin to get rid on't, there, Sir——there's the dudgeon Dagger you gave me, the Ruſt upon't has kept it warm and quiet; beſides, I never ſhew'd it the Sun to tan it, not I: There's the Murrion too, that did Service at the Siege of *Golletta*; this Jerkin likewiſe, that has defied all Weathers; pray give 'em your next Squire, together with ſome hard Cruſts here to keep his Teeth going, leſt he forget to uſe 'em: Theſe, I think, are the main part of my Equipage, and ſo part fair.

Don. Qu. 'Tis very well.

Sancho.

Sancho. As for the Government of the Iſland you promiſed me, e'en let that hang a drying a little, for ſome more able Earl than I to manage; for I'm ſatisfied now, *That the Hen lays as well upon one Egg as upon many*; and *Several come for Wool that return ſhorn*; *So much thou'rt worth as thou haſt, and ſo much thou haſt as thou'rt worth.* I know you don't like my Proverbs, but now 'tis as broad as long. *Better play a Card too much than too little: A good Pay-maſter needs no Surety:* And my Grannum us'd to ſay, *The Legs carry the Belly, and not the Belly the Legs*; and there's an end on't.

Don. Qu. Oh Pox! Nay go on, go on, thread 'em, ſtring 'em, away with 'em, take thy Belly-full of Proverbs at parting however; but remember this when I am an Emperor, Dogbolt.

Sancho. An Emperor, ah! Gad ſave your hot Head, you had better go home along with me, and look to your Ploughmen.

Don. Qu. 'Tis very well, Clodpole.

Enter Nicholas, *diſguiſed with a long white Beard.*

Nicho. Know thou moſt doughty and renown'd Knight-Errant, that I am call'd the Squire of the White Beard, Servant to the mighty Princeſs *Micomicona*, Queen of the great Kingdom of *Micomicon* in *Æthiopia*; who, by the Fame of thy moſt noble Deeds, has travel'd from her Country to this Place, to beg a Boon of thee; and now, behind yon Buſh ſhe ſtands on foot, and begs admittance to thy Lordly Preſence. [*Bowing.*

Don Qu. Friend, go and tell the Queen, *Don Quixote's* at her Service, and will attend her here——Hum Hum. [*Looking ſcornfully on* Sancho.

Sancho. How's this? A great Queen come from her Country to beg a Boon of him: 'Sbud, if this Squire of the Beard ſhould ſpeak Truth now, I have made a fine buſineſs on't. Zookers, here ſhe comes as fair as a Church-Saint, as bright as a Cherubim; 'sdheartlikins, I ne'er ſaw ſuch a Creature in my Life.

Enter

Enter Don Fernando *leading* Dorothea *as the Princess* Micomicona, *with a Retinue of Servants dress after the* Moorish *Fashion.* [*She kneels.*

Don Qu. By the Honour of Knighthood, Madam, 'tis too much; your Greatness must not kneel to your unworthy Servant; nay, I beseech your Majesty.

Doroth. Thrice Valiant Knight, thou Flower of Chivalry, Soul of true Lovers, and Quintessence of Courtesy, I've sworn to live for ever in this Posture, and make my bended Knees one piece with the Earth, unless you grant me the Request I come for.

Don Qu. Madam, I'll do't, whate'er it be; therefore pray rise: Let me but know what Miscreant has wrong'd ye, this powerful Arm shall thunder in your Quarrel more swift than the hot Bolts that split the Clouds.

Don Fern. I see, most Renowned Sir, loud Fame has done you Justice in sounding thro' the World your Courtesy.

Doroth. Assur'd of this, I now may rise with Comfort. [*Rises.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. All Honour to the blazing Comet of Knight-Errantry, the Rose and Tulip of Fame and Fortitude, my noble Country-man *Don Quixote de la Mancha*; the Report of this great Queen's coming being spread already thro' our Neighbourhood, so far increas'd my Joy and Wonder, that I could not contain my self from seeking you out, and being an Eye-witness.

Sancho. Ay, 'tis so; I am utterly undone, a most miserable Rogue: Stay, is there no way to rig my self without his taking notice? [Sancho *steals on his things again.*

Don Qu. I am glad to see your Reverence well, good Mr. *Curate*, and would entertain ye longer, but that I thirst to receive the Queen's Commands.

Perez. The Trick takes rarely, I see. [*Aside.*

Don Fern. As we could wish; but how thrives our Affair? Have my Servants found *Cardenio?*

Perez.

Perez. Just as I came hither, as he was lying fast asleep under a Cork-Tree: He was very unruly at first; but being overpower'd by Numbers, they soon bound him, and carried him to the Inn you order'd.

Don Fern. And has *Luscinda* seen him?

Perez. Not yet, I have advis'd the contrary, till he has taken the Medicine the Doctor order'd, and slept upon't.

Don Fern. 'Tis well; in the morning I my self will be his Doctor: At present let's mind the Game on foot.

Doroth. To be brief then, brave Sir: In *Ethiopia*, where the Sun sheds his swarthy Influence, making my Natives all of sable Hue, as I had been, had not the Skill in Charms of my kind Father, wise *Finacrio*, hindred it in those Dominions: You must know, I'm call'd —— I'm call'd —— most Generous Knight —— I fay I'm call'd —— O Heavens! The memory of my Griefs hinder my very Speech! What am I call'd? Quickly, 'dslife I've forgot. [*To* Perez *aside.*

Perez. The Princess *Micomicona!*

Doroth. I'm call'd, the Princess *Micomicona*, so nam'd from the Kindom of *Micomicon*, late left me by my Father.

Sancho. How proud he looks already? There's some great Honour coming to him, I see't in's Face: —— O Dog, Dog *Sancho!* Don't you deserve to be hang'd? [*Aside.*

Doroth. The good old King knew by his Skill in Magick what would befal me after he was dead; how *Pandafilando of the Dusky Sight*, a horrid brutal and misshapen Giant, should treat of Marriage with me; which refus'd, should then make War, and drive me from my Kingdom; to relieve me from which distress, he told me at his death, that I must travel into *Spain*, where I should happily meet with a Knight-Errant, the Honour of his Country and that Order, the Valour of whose Arms should kill the Giant, and presently restore me to my Kingdom; which Knight must be your self, to whom (my Father has commanded me) after the Giant's Death,

if you think fitting, to give my self in Marriage, and make you Monarch of *Micomicon*.

Don Qu. Oh Madam, your Father was too gracious—What think you now, Hog-grubber? Is Knight-Errantry worth chawing, hah?——Which had I better do now, be an Emperor, or go home and mind the Ploughmen, umph, Jolthead? [*To* Sancho.

Sancho. Ah, dear Sir, consider, No man is born wise; A Bishop is no more than another Man without Grace and good Breeding. Alas, I confess my self a Booby, Sir, a fearful Scoundrel: There's my Head; I beseech ye, Sir, break it across; or if you please to honour me with a dozen or two of Kicks, Sir, I shall think my self highly obliged, so you assuage your Anger, and forgive me.

Nicho. Her Majesty I hope remembers likewise, that the wise King, to reward my Fidelity, when this good Knight had slain *Pandafilando*, gave charge to make her Suit to him, that I might be an Earl or Governor of some Island.

Sancho. You an Earl! Hark'e Friend, *Slow Fire makes sweet Malt. There may be more than one Egg in a Hen-Roost. If you meddle with my Mouth, I shall snap at your Fingers*; d'ye see, therefore look to your self; what a Plague, all is not got by wearing of long Beards.

Don Qu. No, no, Friend, you know you must go visit your Wife and Children.

Sancho. Ah Sir, if you mention that, you slay me—— you flea me alive. Alas, Sir, I dare as well hang my self as go home without my Government; my Wife, and the young Cockatrice my Daughter, now I have put this plaguy Countess-ship into her Head, will worry me if I fail her.

Don Qu. Well, Vermin, for some good Service past, in consideration too of some late Drubbings, I will once more take thee into Grace; but if again I catch thee grumbling, thou art no more my Squire: There are others would be Earls too, you see, *Sancho*.

Sancho. What, that dry old Kex? 'Gad, I'd have throtled him with his own Whiskers if he had said three Words

Words more.——But come, 'tis well enough now; and ſince we are reconcil'd, as ſoon as ever you marry that delicate fine Queen there——my Iſland will be within an Inch of me in a twinkling.

Nicho. I ſhall laugh out; I'm not able to hold. [*Aſide.*

Perez. Was ever Fool ſo tranſported? [*Aſide.*

Fern. Huſh; look grave; his Maſter turns this way. [*Aſide.*

Doroth. You have rais'd me from the loweſt Vale of Sorrow, to the higheſt Mountain, Sir, of humane Happineſs: I'm all Air methinks. Let Muſick ſound there; and let my menial Slaves begin a Dance to entertain this Wonder of Knight-Errantry. [*Dance here.*

Sancho. This will I make my Black Subjects do every Morning to divert me—I'll ſing a Song that was made at *Tereſa*'s and my Wedding, that her Majeſty may know my Parts.

[Sancho *ſings a Song, and then dances ridiculouſly.*

SONG.

'Twas early one Morning, the Cock had juſt crow'd,
Sing hey ding, hoe ding, langtridown derry;
My Holiday Clothes on, and Face newly mow'd,
With a hey down, hoe down, drink up your brown Berry.
The Sky was all painted, no Scarlet ſo red,
For the Sun was juſt then getting out of his Bed,
When Tereſa *and I went to Church to be ſped,*
With a hey ding, hoe ding, ſhall I come to woo thee;
Hey ding, hoe ding, will ye buckle to me,
Ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, ding derry, derry, derry ding, ding, ding, ding, ding, hey langtridown derry.

II.

Her Face was as fair as if't had been in Print;
Sing hey ding, *&c.*

And her ſmall Ferret Eyes did lovingly ſquint,
With a hey down, *&c.*
Yet her Mouth had been damag'd with Comfits and Plumbs,
And her Teeth that were uſeleſs for biting her Thumbs,
Had late, like ill Tenants, forſaken her Gums,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, *&c.*

III.

But when Night came on, and we both were a Bed,
Sing hey ding, *&c.*
Such ſtrange things were done, there's no more to be ſaid;
With a hey down, *&c.*
Next Morning her Head ran of mending her Gown;
And mine was plagu'd, how to pay Piper a Crown,
And ſo we roſe up, the ſame Fools we lay down,
With a hey ding, hoe ding, *&c.*

Doroth. This is unexpected.

Don Qu. My Squire, Madam——honeſt and truſty, but no great Head-piece.

Doroth. He has perform'd to a miracle, and I reſolve to do him grace. [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Sancho. Now Spawn of old Father Time, let me ſee your Beard do as much.

Nicho. Her Majeſty values me more for my Head than my Heels, Skip-Jack.

Don Fern. Madam, you muſt needs have heard of the Renowned *Sancho Panca*; his Fame ſounds almoſt as loudly as *Don Quixote's*: This is the famous Squire, Madam,

That by his Maſter's ſide defies Battoons and Clubs,
Whoſe Back and Sides, both Black and Blue, now wear the honour'd Drubs.

Sancho. That I do, by my Faith, Madam; which, if your Majeſty will give me leave to ſtrip, you ſhall ſee if you pleaſe.

Doroth. I know him now, he's juſt the very Perſon my Father once deſcribed, who, I alſo remember, was ſorry for a Misfortune, which he knew by his Art had happen'd to him, which is, that *Sancho's* married, to whom

whom I elſe had been obliged to give one of my Maids of Honour.

Sancho. Why then, the Devil take all Ill Luck; now I ſee that old Saw is true, that ſays, *Every Man once in his Life will find a minute to curſe his Marriage.* If I had not been yoak'd now to my Blouze at home, a Pox take her, I might have had a *May* Lady, a *Virga tactas* with a Head as gawdy as a Tulip, and a Shape as ſlender: Odzooks, I've no patience to think on't; I'll go and hire ſome Rat-catcher to poiſon the Cups and Diſhes at home: Who the Devil would loſe Preferment for the ſake of Two-peny-worth of Ratsbane?

Perez. In troth, my good Friend and Neighbour, honeſt *Sancho*, I am ſorry to hear this; for as I remember, 'twas my luck to give *Teresa* and you the Bleſſing.

Sancho. A Plague on your Bleſſing; I perceive I ſhall have occaſion to wiſh you hang'd for your Bleſſing—— Good Finiſher of Fornication, good Conjunction Copulative.

Nicho. The profane Wretch defames the holy Ordinance of Marriage, and ought to be preſented to the Inquiſition.

Perez. Speak reverently of our Function, *Sancho*, or I'll excommunicate you the Church.

Sancho. I care not; I ſhould loſe nothing by it, if you ſhould, but my Nap in an Afternoon.

Doroth. Is your Valour, Sir, at leiſure to begin the Journey towards the Giant?

Don Qu. Madam, I am. *Sancho*, a word with thee: I've been conſidering on this Adventure, and muſt confeſs, tho I may be an Emperor, my Head runs more on Honours Eccleſiaſtical; a Pope methinks, or Cardinal; I'm for ſome grave and ſolid Dignity that tends towards Religion.

Sancho. Religion! Oh Gadzooks, Sir, never mind it; take care of being Prieſt-ridden, good Sir, whatever you do, unleſs you have a mind to loſe all your Dominions aſſoon as you come to 'em.

Don Qu. I muſt reflect upon't. Now, Madam, pleaſe your Majeſty to ſet forward.

Lead me where-e'er you pleaſe; 'tis ſtill my Duty
To right a Lady's Wrongs, and fight for Fame and Beauty.

Don Fern. Long live the Illuſtrious and Incomparable Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

[*Exit* Don Quixote, *leading* Dorothea, *and* Fernando *following.*

Perez. How I admire his Fortitude and Virtue!—— Well Neighbour, what's your buſineſs?

[Perez *going out,* Sancho *ſtops him.*

Sancho. Why look'e Neighbour, tho I wiſh'd you hanged juſt now, 'twas only in my Paſſion, d'ye ſee—— and never the ſooner for a haſty Word——you know; and therefore becauſe I know you can forget and forgive, I'll make bold to deſire a Favour of you.

Perez. Well, Neighbour, tho you were a little hard upon the Prieſt-hood; yet, becauſe I know 'twas done without any intention of harm, I'll paſs it by for once: come, come, what is it?

Sancho. Why, you muſt know that my Maſter, *Don Quixote,* is juſt now breeding a new Maggot in his Pate, not to be an Emperor, but a Pope, or a Cardinal: And if ſo, my Preferment's gone again, for I am wholly unfit for any (what d'e call it) Eccleziaskical Dignity, becauſe I am a married Man; and for me to be every foot hunting for Diſpenſations to enjoy Church-Livings, were to pound a Snow-ball in a Mortar, with deſign to make Powder on't: therefore I would deſire you as his Friend, to adviſe him to be an Emperor by all means, that I may have an Office proper; for to ſay the truth, I may chance to make an Angel of a Governor, but I ſhall be a very Devil of a Church-man.

Nicho. How's this? Have I caught thee a ſecond time villifying the Church? Nay, now the Inquiſition ſhall know it, and the Maid of Honour be mine for my good ſervice; I'll about it inſtantly: you are a precious Rogue indeed.

Sancho. Will ye ſo, ye old Bearded Goat? I'll have a Tuft on you firſt, i'faith; I'll ſend ye mark'd to the Inquiſition however. How now! What a Plague, does

he ſhed his Beard as Snakes do their Skins? Hey day, [Sancho *goes to take him by the Beard, and pulls it off.* who the Devil have we here? our merry Neighbour and Towns-man, *Mr. Nicholas* the Barber?

Nicho. The Planets have decreed it——Sword, [*Stares as if mad.*] Fire, Ruin, Plague and Deſolation. Woe be to *Spain!* the fatal Beard is off. [*Exit* Nicho.

Perez. I muſt ſecond the Barber——or this Accident will——diſcover us—— [*Aſide.*] The great Eclipſe is coming; Dooms-day too is too near! Woe, Woe, to *Spain!* the fatal Beard is off. [*Exit* Perez.

Sancho. The Beard is off indeed, and as cleverly as the Wearer himſelf could have ſhaved it: But what this is to *Spain*, and Eclipſes, and Dooms-day, there I am puzzl'd again. The Beard has diſcovered the Barber, and if the Barber don't diſcover the Trick of the Inchanted Beard, I ſhall begin to fear there's ſome Dog-trick in the buſineſs; I knew him for an arch Rogue when he was at home, and therefore doubt him the more now: Gad I muſt after him, and know the Truth. ——But ſtay, firſt let's take a Dram of Conſideration, Friend *Sancho*——Let me ſee——

The Fortunes of this Day are worth repeating:
My Morning's Breakfaſt was a luſty beating;
My Nooning time, more lucky tho by far,
Cramm'd then with hopes to be a Governor.
But now, this Evening Whim has chang'd it ſo,
That what I am, Plague take me, if I know;
Whether an Earl, fit to wear Pearl and Ruby;
Or *Sancho*, as I was——a Country Booby. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Ordinary.

Enter Fernando *and* Luscinda.

Fernan. HE's dress'd, and ready to come out; the Doctor tells me too his Sense is perfectly recovered, the Phrensy being only continued by Colds and ill Dyet; the Medicine has taken effect; which, assisted by his gentle Sleeps, have quite restor'd him.

Luscind. The Sorrow and Distresses he has suffer'd, have chang'd him so, I fear he has forgot me.

Fernan. Never fear it, Madam——Here he comes, pray step in there till I am ready for ye. [*Exit* Luscin.

Enter Cardenio *new dress'd.*

Carden. My Lord, it seems I stand indebted to ye for Courtesies relating to my Health of Brain and Body; but my wounded Soul, in its most dear and tender part, my Love, stabb'd by your Falshood and unnatural Cruelty, stands yet unsuccour'd, that is, unreveng'd: therefore as I must thank ye for the one, my Sword for th' other demands Satisfaction. [Cardenio *draws.*

Fernan. Hold, pause a little: The sacred Blood of Friends is of more value than to be shed rashly without debate or reasoning. What's your Quarrel to me?

Carden. Oh, bring me not to my mad Fit again, from whence I'm just reliev'd, by such a curs'd Repetition. *Luscinda!* think on *Luscinda.*

Fernan. Well, I'll speak the rest; I know I took her from thee.

Carden.

Carden. And can'ſt thou hope to live? [*Offers to fight.*

Fernan. Hold yet, and hear me ſpeak: 'Twas my reſiſtleſs Love, not I, betray'd thee; the God of Amity oppos'd in vain; all the ſoft Bonds of our endearing Friendſhip were ſcorch'd and burnt, by her bright Eyes, to Aſhes.

Carden. I'll hear no more; defend thy ſelf, or die. [*Offers again.*

Fernan. I will not fight with thee. Is this obſcure Cottage a proper Stage to drink the Blood of Friends? No, I'll reſerve it for ſome Amphitheatre, that when we play the Prize for fatal Beauty, no leſs than Thouſands may admire the Action.

Carden. Away thou Triffer, I am loth to call thee Coward.

Fernan. I believe thee, and know thou can'ſt not do it with a ſafe Conſcience; for I, too often in our Days of Friendſhip, have proved my ſelf ſo contrary, that well thou knoweſt I fear thee not, *Cardenio*: no, the reaſon why I refuſe, is——I have wrong'd thee; and by my good Will, I would have my Blood be the laſt means of giving Satisfaction: therefore I charge thee firſt mark my Propoſals: I took a Lady from thee—Well, to atone it, here is one in Exchange, whom, if you uſe ill, or with undecent Obſtinacy ſlight, we then muſt fight indeed. [*Brings in* Luſcinda *veil'd.*

Carden. And ſo we muſt, Sir; your Women ſhall not be your Bucklers long——Hah!——This is a Face indeed that my Heart bows to, whoſe Eyes, tho guilty, are too fierce for mine. [*She unveils and embraces him.*

Luſcind. My dear *Cardenio*, I am thine for ever; cheer thy ſad Looks, and ſmile with Joy upon me; for Fate ſhall never, never part us more.

Carden. Oh thou ſweet Viſion, get thee from my ſight, for I muſt love thee, tho I know thee falſe.

Luſcind. By Heaven I am as true as Truth it ſelf; the Letter thou receiv'ſt, was none of mine, but of *Don Fernando's* counterfeiting.

Carden. Hah! What is't I hear! *Don Fernando's* counterfeiting?

Fernan. I muſt confeſs it was, Sir, for which I ask your Pardon; my headlong, raſh, and moſt ungovern'd Paſſion, check'd at no Crime that would indulge my Wiſhes: This caus'd her flight into a Nunnery, from whence I forced her, and had no doubt proceeded, had not my Guardian Angel, my dear *Dorothea*, prov'd my good Genius to prevent my Miſchief.

Enter Dorothea.

Carden. Oh Heaven! is this *Dorothea!*

Luſcind. The very ſame, Sir.

Fernan. Let this atone then for my raſh Offence, that I ſurrender back this precious Jewel, bright and unſullied; and for my Sin in ſeeking to corrupt her, with Shame and Sorrow once more beg your Pardon.

Carden. My Lord, you've done me Juſtice, and I thank ye. Oh my ſweet Life! I ſhall grow wild with Joy, ſuch vaſt Content crouds in, I cannot bear it. Oh, Madam! How ſhall I repay your Goodneſs too?

[*To* Dorothea.

Doroth. Let me be happy in the re-uniting my Lord and you, I then am over-paid.

Carden. Let this declare my willingneſs, I have forgot what's paſt.

Fernand. And this mine——We will be Friends for ever. [*They embrace.*

Enter Perez *and* Nicholas.

Carden. Oh, my honeſt and worthy Friend, I am thy Debtor too.

Perez. My Care, Sir, was my Duty, and I'm heartily glad to ſee my Diligence ſo well ſucceed. And now if you pleaſe to change the Scene, and give your ſelves a little Diverſion, there's Matter working within, will occaſion it, I'm ſure.

Doroth. Ha, ha, ha, ha——what, *Sancho* has told his Maſter, I ſuppoſe the Accident of the Beard?

Nicho. Yes, and in the horribleſt Fright you ever knew; he is now with him; the Rogue begins to ſtumble

ble upon our Contrivance of the Princeſs too, Madam; ſo that we muſt ſet more Wheels a-going.

Fernan. But prithee how wilt thou top upon him now, for he muſt needs know thee now thy Face is bare?

Perez. We'll make him believe that all things are governed by Inchantment. The Inn-keeper has provided half a dozen merry Fellows, with Magicians and Devils Vizards, ſuch as are uſed in *Carnival* time, with other rare Anticks, and all to aſſiſt in the Frolick. He alſo has a rare Contrivance to carry him off, which is, a great wooden Cage, in which two Eagles formerly were kept; the uſe of it, if you pleaſe to be preſent, you'll ſee with Satisfaction; and if you can laugh, you'll have cauſe, I warrant you.

Nicho. Your Lordſhip muſt take no notice that you know me, but look and ſpeak as if you ne'er had ſeen me.

Fernan. I'll warrant thee, my merry Face-ſmoother, I'll humour the Jeſt.

Doroth. And to confound *Sancho* the more, I'll go to his Maſter preſently, and preſs him to go on with his Journey towards the Giant.

Perez. I'll wait on ye, and ſecond what you ſay.

Nicho. And then come I inchanted.

Luſcind. We muſt be Spectators of the Sport too, one way or other.

Carden. Oh, that may be eaſily done; and to help forward with the Jeſt, I'll act the part of an Inchanter, and aſſiſt in the Song. I long methinks to ſee this ſtrange Knight-Errant, for I remember him not; tho once in my Diſtreſs, I'm told I met him to his coſt.

Fernan. Ha, ha, ha—— I heard indeed you ſwing'd him once confoundedly. But come, prithee, let's make haſte to him, and ſee this rare Performance of Inchantment.

Doroth. 'Tis time we were there. Come, Uncle, you are to ſecond me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Town with the Inn.

Enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho *with the Beard.*

Don Qu. Thou tell'ſt me Wonders, *Sancho.*

Sancho. Strange, and true, Sir——There's the Beard, and within is the Barber; I am ſure theſe Eyes ſaw him; and I think I know his ſniveling, Sheep-ſtealing Phiz too well, to be miſtaken in him.

Don Qu. I am not a jot the more of thy Opinion, becauſe thou ſay'ſt thou haſt ſeen him; for, *Sancho*, I am ſatisfied thou canſt not ſee.

Sancho. Not ſee!

Don Qu. No, thy Senſe is often blind——thy Reaſon always; beſides, a thouſand ſtrange Defects brood in thee to clog thy Underſtanding.

Sancho. Very good: Well, will you do me the Favour to let me feel then, if I can't ſee? Will you let me be ſenſible of the Daſh in the Chops, that damn'd Squire of the *Horſe-Tail* gave me before I unbearded him; I hope I may with ſome aſſurance ſay I felt that, mayn't I?

Don Qu. Why, according to the Stoical Philoſopher——no.

Sancho. No? 'Gadsbud, what a ſtrange kind of a Creature am I then, that can neither feel nor ſee! But whatever you ſay of my Underſtanding, I'm ſure I know this, *That a Man's Life is a Winter's Day, and a Winter's Way: A Cudgel that bruiſes, is a thing that contuſes:* I have a ſore place here in my Shoulder, occaſion'd by a Stone from one of the Galley-Slaves, ſhall make me believe I can feel, whatever your damn'd Stokick or Philoſopher, with a Pox to him, ſays to the contrary.

Don. Qu. I tell thee, Clod-pate, there is no certainty in Nature; ſo that if thy Noſe were batter'd flat with a Smith's

Smith's Hammer, or thy Head open'd with a Church-Key, ſo that one might ſee thy Brains, thou ought'ſt not unlearnedly to ſay, thy Head is really broke, but that thou ſuppoſeſt it to be ſo.

Sancho. Ah, the Devil take your Suppoſes; will you make me mad? Won't you let me feel I am beaten, when the Cudgel is upon me? Nor ſee that the Sham Squire yonder, is that cunning Rogue *Nicholas* the Barber of our Town, that comes to put a trick upon ye? And that the Beard you hold in your Hand there, is a white Horſe-Tail ty'd on to play the Prank in?

Don Qu. Why, Faith, as to the Beard, it may ſeem to thee a Horſe-Tail indeed, as I confeſs it does to me; but 'tis Obſtinacy to be poſitive in't, becauſe thou knoweſt too well how theſe Inchanters perſecute me.

Sancho. Ah plague; nay, if that Whim poſſeſs your Brain again, you will find a number of Inchantments within yonder: There's your Lady *Miſriſoma*, what a Devil do you call her, is as much a King's Daughter too, as I am Knight of the Garter, or Golden Fleece; the Giant *Dandipratdando* may dance a Jig in her Dominions as long as he pleaſes, for all your Proweſs: For Curioſity tempting me to peep thro' the Key-hole of a Door this Morning, who ſhould I ſee but your chaſte delicate *Miſrimoſa*, ſitting in the Lap of the young rampant *Spaniſh* Don that came with her, and clinging as cloſe as two Faces in a Medal.

Don Qu. How's this!——O excommunicated Raſcal! dar'ſt thou affront the Queen?

Sancho. Queen! Oons, what Queen? 'Tis a hopeful Queen that will let one of her Subjects ruffle her like a Bulker in a Bawdy-houſe. 'Sbud, I ſaw him bruſh his Whiskers upon her Face twenty times one after another.

Don Qu. Oh ſlanderous Villain, thou haſt liv'd too long. [*Beats him.*

Sancho. Oh, Good Sir, Mercy, Mercy, I may be miſtaken——I do but ſuppoſe I ſaw all this——I do but ſuppoſe it, Sir.

Don

Don Qu. Suppoſe this then too, Raſcal——to confirm ye. [*Beats him.*

Enter Dorothea.

Doroth. Hold thy dead-doing Hand, moſt noble Errant: Wonder of Wonders! What Empire's Revolution, or other Accident of vaſt and mighty Moment, could raiſe the Anger of the great *Don Quixote?*

Don Qu. That Rat, that Vermin there, that but for the Reverence I bear to your Majeſty's Perſon, my Foot ſhall tread into his primitive Clod, amongſt his fellow Worms that there inhabit: Would you believe it, Madam, the blaſphemous Varlet had the Impudence to tell me you were no Queen; and that you were as familiar with the Maſter of your Ceremonies, as if he had been privy to your Intellect, and had gotten you an Heir to the Kingdom of *Micomicon?*

Doroth. Oh, I forgive him freely; his Error, no doubt, is caus'd by ſome Illuſion, that often happens in my Affairs: Therefore, Noble Sir, let's go with our beſt Speed to attack the Giant; when he is dead, all theſe Chimera's vaniſh.

Don Qu. Deſponding hang-dog, what ſay you to this now? Is ſhe a Queen, or no?

Sancho. Why, as well as a beaten Governor can give his Judgment, I do ſuppoſe ſhe is.

Enter Perez *and* Nicholas.

Perez. Miracles! Miracles! Bold Knight, ſtand on thy Guard, for here's a wonderful Adventure coming; the Inn's all in Confuſion; and by the ſeveral Transformations there, we find the Inchanters are in ſearch for thee: My Hoſteſs within mews like a Cat, and *Maritornes* anſwers like a Screech-Owl; two bawling Carriers are turn'd into He-Aſſes, and bray inceſſantly; and the good Reverend Squire here to this ſage Princeſs, ſeems, in my Eyes, chang'd like to our Town-Barber.

Don Qu. Oh Power of ſtrong Inchantment! Is this poſſible? But that I know how I am perſecuted, I ſhould have ſworn this was my very Neighbour, that oft with Razor

Razor keen and lathering Wash-ball mow'd the rough Stubble from my dented Chin, and snapp'd his Fingers with acute Agility.

Doroth. This cannot be my Squire, I know him not.

Sancho. Hah——ah——

[Sancho *grins, and shakes his Head.*

Nichol. I am thy Squire, O Queen, but now inchanted by the sage *Merlin*, who is coming hither, for endeavouring to deprive great *Sancho Panca* of the Wife the Fates allot him, the Maid of Honour; for in short time the Destinies so order, *Teresa* shall bequeath to Death her Beauties, and he survive with the fair *Rumpibella*.

Don Qu. D'y hear this, Bacon-face? Are not you a damn'd desponding Son of a Whore, hah? What can you say now?

Sancho. Why, I say, Good News and a Bag-pudding, is better than Ill with nothing to Dinner: If *Mrs. Rump*, what d'ye call her, fall to my lot by your means, you shall suppose me another Drubbing as soon as you please; and as for *Teresa*'s Beauty, let her bequeath it to the Devil, or where she pleases: All Shoes fit not all Feet; *Sancho* shall bear the Loss of that well enough.

Enter Don Fernando *and* Luscinda.

Fernan. Prodigy on Prodigy! Stand forth, thou most Renowned, for an Adventure's coming hither to thee, has struck us blind with gazing: A Golden Chariot drawn by fiery Horses, descended from the Sky, out of which came forth an Aged Man with a Majestick Form.

Luscind. He comes, he comes; O how I tremble!

Don Qu. Madam, dismis your Fear; whilst I am by ye, you are safe as in a Sanctuary.

Enter Vincent *disguis'd like* Merlin.

Vincent. To thee, O Knight of the *Ill-favour'd Face*, from my low Cell near hot *Vesuvio*'s Mouth, where our black Spirits with perpetual labour, surrounded with blue Flames and sulphurous Smoke, with horrid silence, forge our Magick Spells; I, the sage *Merlin*, come, sent by the Fates to hinder, for a time, thy present Enterprize:

The

The Queen muſt Patience have, and *Pandiſilando* revel and range within her large Dominions, till it ſhall come, that the *Manchegan* Lion and the *Toboſian* Dove are join'd in Wedlock; for ſo 'tis fix'd, ſpite of *Trimacrio* and his priſtine Charms: Therefore, all you my Partners in the ſecret, dark and myſterious Art of *Necromancy*, appear, and with a Charm as ſtrong as Deſtiny, ſeize on the moſt Illuſtrious Knight and Squire, and in the Inchanted Chariot bear 'em hence to th' Place the Fates have ordered. [*Dreadful Sounds of Muſick heard.*

Enter two Women repreſenting Urganda *and* Meliſſa, *two Inchantreſſes, led by* Monteſmo, *another Inchanter: They ſeize* Don Quixote *and* Sancho Panca.

Don Qu. I feel the Charm already; my Blood freezes, and my enervate Arms, enur'd to Battle, grow weak and ſpiritleſs.

Sancho. What d'ye feel? 'Sbud, Sir, you only fanſy ſo; for my part I feel nothing, not I, only my Fingers itch to be battering that old Fellow; who for all his diſguiſe there, is as like mine Hoſt of that plaguy Inn, where I was toſſed in a Blanket t'other day, as one Thumb is like another: Ay, and now I look nearer him, 'tis he, Sir, 'tis he.——A Trick, a Trick; Gadzooks, I know him.

Don Qu. Peace, ſordid Wretch.

Nicho. Oh impudent Scoundrel! Dareſt thou affront the Great *Merlin*, that deſign'd ſo well for thee?

[*The Inchantreſſes ſeize him, he ſtruggles to get looſe.*

Fernand. See, *Merlin* frowns; wo, wo be to thee, *Sancho*!

Doroth. I fear we ſhall be puniſh'd for his ſake.

Luſcind. Oh, naughty *Sancho*, haſt thou no ſenſe of Fear, when thou ſeeſt the very Offſpring of the Devil before thy Eyes? I ſhall laugh out; I am ſcarce able to contain——Lord, how the Fools look!

[*Aſide to* Doroth.

[*Muſick ſounds in Recitative, then an Inchanter and two Inchantreſſes ſing in parts this Song.*

SONG.

SONG.

Monteſmo. *With this, this ſacred charming Wand;*
I can Heaven and Earth command;
Huſh all the Winds that curl the angry Sea,
And make the rolling Waves obey.

Urganda. *I from the Clouds can conjure down the Rain,*
And make it Deluge once again.

Meliſſa. *I when I pleaſe make Nature ſmile as gay,*
As at firſt ſhe did on her Creation-Day:
Groves with eternal Sweets ſhall fragrant grow,
And make a true Elyſium *here below.*

Chorus. Groves with eternal Sweets ſhall fragrant grow,
And make a true *Elyſium* here below.

Meliſſa. *I can give Beauty, make the Aged young,*
And Love's dear momentary Rapture long.

Urganda. *Nature reſtore, and Life, when ſpent, renew;*
All this by Art can great Urganda *do.*
Why then will Mortals dare
To urge a Fate, and Juſtice ſo ſevere?
See there a Wretch, in's own Opinion wiſe,
Laughs at our Charms, and mocks our Myſteries.

Meliſſa. *I've a little Spirit yonder,*
Where the Clouds do part aſunder,
Lies basking his Limbs
In the warm Sun-Beams,
Shall his Soul from his Body plunder.

Urganda. *Speak, ſhall it be ſo? No,*
That Fate's too high; I'll give him one more low,

Meliſſa. *Let it be ſo,* &c.

Then

Then enter Furies bearing a great Cage, into which they put Don Quixote; Sancho *ſtruggles to get off; the Inchantreſſes wave their Wands, and then there is an Antick Dance of Spirits to fright* Sancho, *who at laſt drive him into the Cage by* Don Quixote.

Vincent. You Mortals that have view'd our Magick Skill,
As you would 'ſcape our dreadful Charms, be ſtill:
Whilſt we our ſecret Conſultations make,
None but th' Inchanted muſt have leave to ſpeak:
For *Sancho*'s Fault you all had felt his Caſe,
Had you not been reliev'd by *Merlin*'s Grace.

[*Magicians go aſide and conſult.*

Don Qu. You muſt be ſaucy, with a Pox t'ye, and now ſee what comes on't? Had not *Merlin* been gracious, the Queen and all this Company had been inchanted thro' your Inſolence; you ſee how narrowly they have 'ſcap'd.

Sancho. I ſee! 'Sbud, why, don't you ſay I can ſee nothing? I ſuppoſe I am in a Cage now, coop'd up like a green Gooſe with your wiſe Worſhip: But to ſay I ſee this were Madneſs, unleſs I reſolve to have my Bones broke.

Don Qu. A Cage! Oh blind Stupidity! Now I will refer my ſelf to any thing that's wiſe, to know if thou doſt not deſerve to have thy Bones broke, to call th' Inchanted Chariot here a Cage?

Sancho. Oh——ſo then, this is a Chariot, is it?

Don Qu. Yes, Raſcal, what elſe can it be? Did not the great *Merlin* call it ſo?

Sancho. Oh, very good—— Nay, nay, I ſuppoſe it.

[*Shaking his Head at* Don Qu.

Don Qu. 'Tis ſomething odd, I confeſs: The Knights of old, that ſuffer'd on theſe occaſions, were carried thro' the Air in ſome ſtrange Cloud, or mounted on a flying *Hippogryphis*——But perhaps the Method's chang'd.

Sancho. 'Tis chang'd to a very pretty Method, truly —— If any one would ſee a Raree-Show, let him come hither: Here's the Emperor and the Governor

Cheek

Cheek by Jole, like too Paraguites hung up in a Hall-Window: Lord, if we were in *England* now, what a World of Fools Six-pences we ſhould get for a ſight of us! A Groat to ſee the Emperor, and Two-pence the Earl; 'Oons, we ſhould put down all the Holiday Monſters clearly.

Don Qu. Well well, Dog-bolt; you are witty again, are ye? and, I ſuppoſe, know the Privilege of the Place you are in.

Sancho. The Narrowneſs of the Place I'm in, I ſuppoſe I do; 'tis in vain to be angry here, Sir, here's no room for drubbing.

Don Qu. No, I forgive thee, becauſe I perceive the Inchantment works upon thee; beſides the Fable ſays, *That in the Toil, once the Wolf and the Sheep were Friends*: Then I know thou art nettled too about the delay of thy Preferment; which troth, as things ſtand, I muſt needs ſay I cannot now prefix a time to.

Sancho. Why troth, I as faithfully believe ye.

Don Qu. What grieves me moſt, is to ſee the trouble the Queen is in yonder: But Madam, I beſeech ye don't deſpair, theſe Accidents are common to Knights-Errant; but 'tis only for a time, for I ſhall ſoon be free again to aid ye——till when, confirm your hopes in my paſt Promiſe——She thanks me with a Sign; but the reſt, that by thy Fault are now deprived of Speech, by their Actions, *Sancho*, ſeem to threaten thee.

Sancho. Why, let 'em threaten; if they will help me out of my Inchanted Caſtle here, I'll give 'em leave to take their Revenge: But a pox on my ill breeding and folly, old Father *Merlin* has found another way, and there's no more to be done but Patience, and be wiſer another time——*A ſcalded Cat fears cold Water: If Wiſhes could bide, then Beggars would ride: The Worth of a thing is beſt known by its Want*; and *One Nightingale in a Buſh, ſings better than two Jackdaws in a Cage*: And ſo, Sir; *let's behold our ſelves*, as one blind Fool ſaid to t'other.

Don Qu. Oh Plague! why, thou art in thy Kingdom, I ſee now; this is the rareſt place to ſtring thy Proverbs and

and thy Flim-flams in; I must get *Merlin* to inchant that Tongue of thine a little, I find there will be no peace else.

Musick sounds again; the Magicians return; then a Dance of Furies; which ended, they take up the Cage, and prepare to go out.

Vincent. The Hour is come, and all the Sons of Art in Council sit; haste and set forward there.

Enter Hostess *and* Maritornes.

Hostess. Why Dolt, Madman, Ass; a Murrain take thee, whither wilt thou let them carry thee——thus like a Fool? 'D'sheartlinks, hast not Brains enough to see 'tis only a Trick upon thee to make thee a——mew——mew——

[*Mews like a Cat, when* Vincent *waves his Rod.*

Maritor. And you, Jole-head Governor, don't you know a Proverb, that says, *Bray a Fool in a Mortar, and you'll find all of him but his Brains.* Where the Devil are you riding like a——whoo, whoo, whoo, whoo—— [*Shrieks like an Owl.*

Don Sig. Alas, sweet Ladies, I pity ye; I see you feel my Fate, but cannot help me.

Till *Merlin* does ordain I shall be freed,
Valour's in Bonds, and Chivalry lies dead.

Sancho. Earl *Sancho* is cag'd past all relief,
Not like a Governor, but like a Thief.

[*They are carry'd off.*

Don Fern. Ha, ha, ha, ha——rarely perform'd of all hands: Grammercy mine Host, thou hast acted thy Part like any Comedian.

Vincent. Ah, to divert your Lordship and the good Company here, I could do twice as much as this is.

Perez. There was no way to get him home but this, which has been excellently well-humour'd on all sides.

Lucian. The Princess *Micomicona* deserves a real Kingdom for the Wit she has shown in't.

Carden. She has indeed done it to a Miracle; and manag'd, not only the Action, but the Romantick Style so

ſo naturally, that a wiſer Head than *Don Quixote*'s might have been deceived.

Doroth. Not unleſs he had ſome Sparks of his Phrenſy. But what pleaſes me moſt *is Sancho*, who *is* every foot at a loſs, whether he ſhall be a Governor or nothing.

Fernan. Ha, ha, ha——Come now, let's go dine, and laugh an Hour away about it within.

Nicho. Ay, ay, a Jeſt ſounds always moſt merrily at a good Dinner, my Lord; and to ſay the truth, the Squire of the Beard has been inchanted ſo long, that he begins to be hungry.

Fernan. Oh, thy Mirth ſhall begin preſently then; were thy Hunger as ſharp as one of thy own Razors, it ſhould be blunted——Come, mine Hoſteſs too, and little *Maritornes*——y' have all done admirably. Oh, how every little Subject pleaſes us, when Love has tun'd our Souls by his ſweet Harmony! [*Embracing* Dorothea.] Now my dear Friend, I hope your Joys are perfect too.

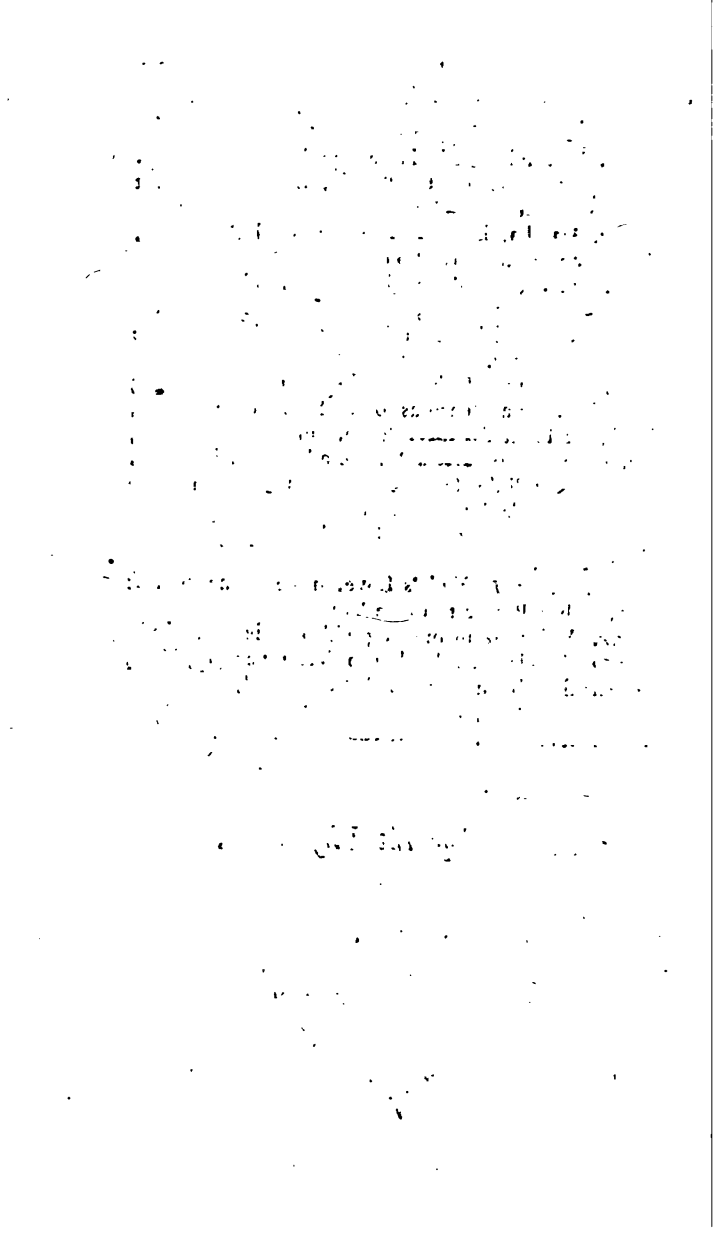
Carden. In my *Luſcinda*'s Love, mine are as perfect as Heaven has Power to make 'em.

Luſcin. And mine in meeting with my dear *Cardenio*.

Doroth. And let each kind, too late repenting, Maid,
That fears ſhe's by unconſtant Man betray'd,
Yet by peculiar Fate, and Grace Divine,
At laſt retrieves her Lover——gueſs at mine!

[*Exeunt omnes.*

The End of the Firſt Part.



THE
Comical Hiſtory
OF
DON QUIXOTE.

As it is Acted at both Theatres,

By Their Majeſties Servants.

PART II.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON,

Printed for JACOB TONSON; and for JOHN DARBY, ARTHUR BETTESWORTH, and FRANCIS CLAY, in Truſt for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WELLINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.

M
1895

To the Right Honourable

CHARLES,

Earl of *Dorſet* and *Middleſex*, Lord Chamberlain of their Majeſties Houſhold, and Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

MY LORD,

AS in old Times, when Wit had flouriſh'd long,
And *Rome* was famous for Poetick Song,
The Learned *Bards* did round *Mecænas* throng;
To him, as Wit's Dictator, brought their Store
And Standard, that beſt try'd the Muſes Ore:
So in our *Albion*, tho her Bards are few,
Yet each one covets a Dictator too,
And for *Mecænas*, fix (my Lord) on you.
You like the famous *Indian* Gourd are ſet,
Under whoſe Shade ſits cool each pigmy Wit,
Free from the railing Criticks blaſting Heat.

Let

Let the rich Spring flow clear, or be impure,
Fenc'd with your Name the Poet is ſecure:
Your Wit's a Sanctuary, where each one
Is ſafe, that wiſely does for Refuge run.
The roving *Icarus* in Poetry
By you is levell'd, when he ſoars too high.
By Judgment's Rules, and awful Senſe reclaim'd,
The wild High-flyer is to Nature tam'd:
Nor does the groveling Muſe crawl off aſham'd,
But by your mild Reproof his Faults diſcern;
Made fit for Fame, if not too proud to learn.
Each Genius ſtill, is by your Candor priz'd,
The Great not flatter'd, nor the Leſs deſpis'd.
For as great *Maro*, *Naſo*, *Flaccus*, may
In your indulgent Beams with freedom play;
So *Bavius* too, and *Mevius* uncontroul'd,
May bask about——and grac'd with Smiles, be bold.
Oh bouhdleſs Glory! yet for eaſe too great,
Anxious, tho prais'd, and reſtleſs in its State:
Wit's Fate, and that of Sovereignty's the ſame,
Both ſit high crown'd, both plagu'd by too much Fame.
As Courtiers for Preferment teazing come,
And at the *Levee* throng a Monarch's Room:
So when *Apollo* crowns a darling Son,
The leſſer Tribe will all be puſhing on,
To get a Scyon of his ſacred Bays,
To plant their Credit in ſucceeding days.
Thus your Renown——your Trouble does increaſe;
Leſs great (my Lord) you had been more at eaſe.
Like Heroes, who to War unſummon'd come;
If leſs courageous, had been ſafe at home.
A common Fate beſt ſuits with common Clay,
Stamp'd off in haſte upon the firſt Eſſay;
But Poets are no Products of a Day.
Kings reign by Conqueſt, Choice, or Right of Birth;
Soldiers get Fame——and Grandees ſhare the Earth.
But Wit's a Prize ſo rare, there ſcarce appears
One mighty *Dorſet* in a Thouſand Years:
And then too, Heaven that knows the Gift is great,
Thinks one enough to honour the whole State.

Thus

Thus are the two great Bleſſings Wit and Love,
Kept (as ſublimeſt) with moſt care above.
Heaven grants us ſparingly of both a taſte,
One rarely found, and t'other not to laſt;
Leſt the weak Mortal, in his Extaſy,
Like the firſt Man, may know too much and die:
Yet has this nice forbidden Fruit, which Heaven
From Millions keeps, to you been frankly given.
You have (my Lord) a Patent from above,
And can monopolize both Wit and Love;
Inſpir'd and bleſt, by Heaven's peculiar Care,
Ador'd by all the Wiſe, and all the Fair;
To whom the World united give this due,
Beſt Judge of Men, and beſt of Poets too.

Pleaſe to permit me then, as all the reſt
Of Muſes Sons already have addreſs'd;
Thus, for your Patronage, to make appeal,
The laſt attending, but the firſt in Zeal.
Let but this Play the uſual Grace receive,
And if your generous Breath ſays——Let it live;
Don Quixote then, is fix'd in deathleſs Glory,
And *Sancho*, on the Stage, is famous as in Story.

Which is,

My Lord,

The humble Suit of your Lordſhip's moſt obliged

and eternally devoted Servant,

T. D'Urfey.

THE PREFACE.

THE good Success which both the Parts of Don Quixote have had, either from their natural Merit, or the Indulgence of my Friends, or both, ought sufficiently to satisfy me, that I have no reason to value the little Malice of some weak Heads, who make it their business to be simply criticizing.

I will therefore desist from any Answer in that kind, and wholly rely upon, and please my self, with the good Opinion and kind Censure of the Judicious, who unanimously declare, that I have not lessened my self in the great Undertaking, of drawing two Plays out of that ingenious History; in which, if I had flagg'd either in Style or Character, it must have been very obvious to all Eyes: but on the contrary, I have had the honour to have it judg'd, that I have done both Don Quixote and Sancho Justice, making

making as good a Copy of the first as possible, and furnishing the last with newer and better Proverbs of my own, than he before diverted ye with.

Besides, I think I have given some additional Diversion in the continuance of the Character of Marcella; *which is wholly new in This Part, and my own Invention; the Design finishing with more pleasure to the Audience, by punishing that coy Creature by an extravagant Passion here, that was so inexorable and cruel in the First Part, and ending with a Song so incomparably well sung and acted by Mrs.* Bracegirdle, *that the most Envious do allow, as well as the most Ingenious affirm, that 'tis the best of that kind ever done before.*

Then I must tell my severe Censurers, who will be spitting their Venom against me, tho to no purpose, that I deserve some acknowledgment for drawing the Character of Mary *the Buxom, which was entirely my own, and which I was not obliged to the History at all for, there being no mention of her there, but that* Sanchica, *which was her right name, was found washing in a River by the Duke's Page, and leap'd up behind him on Horseback to guide him to carry her Father's Letter to her Mother; yet by making the Character humorous, and the extraordinary well acting of Mrs.* Verbruggen, *it is by the best Judges allowed to be a Master-piece of Humour.*

The rest of the Characters in both the Parts were likewise extremely well performed, in which I had as much Justice done me as I could expect; nor was the Musical part less commend-

able, the Words every where being the beſt of mine in that kind: and if in the whole, they could draw ſuch Audiences for ſo long time, in ſuch violent hot Weather, I ſhall not deſpair, that when the Seaſon is more temperate, to ſee at their next Repreſentation, a great deal of good Company.

I have printed ſome Scenes both in the Firſt and Second Part, which were left out in the Acting——the Play and the Muſick being too long; and I doubt not but they will divert in the Reading, becauſe very proper for the Connexion. And as I have in this, and in all my things, ſtudied to promote the Pleaſure and Satisfaction of my Friends, ſo I am very well ſatisfied, to find by my Profit, that I have not loſt my Labour.

PROLOGUE,

For Mr. *Powel.*

THIS ſultry Seaſon, which was wont to clear
The Town of all the Friends we hold moſt dear,
Believe me, we are very glad to ſee you here.
The Wits that now defy their God the Sun,
(Proof 'gainſt his Beams) to ſee Don Quixote *run,*
Such Miracles have he and Comick Sancho *done.*
Faith, ſince good Nature did your Hearts inſpire
To uſe us kindly once, don't let it tire;
But let our ſecond merry Scenes be grac'd
With your united Praiſe, as were our laſt.
If you object the Weather is too hot,
The World is in a Ferment, think of that:
Heroes abroad ſweat for the glorious Day,
And I am ſure you cannot chooſe but ſay,
That 'tis much ſafer ſweating at a Play:
For in the main, vaſt difference will appear
'Twixt thoſe that ſweat for Pleaſure, or for Fear.
Well then, 'tis time to doubt you were unjuſt,
Since you have been ſo civil to our firſt;
For thoſe abroad, as well as here at home,
To ſee our laſt, we thank 'em, all have come;
Some to oblige us, from the Bath *have ſtaid,*
Th' unteeming Wife, and the Green-ſickneſs Maid,
Such Sport has been, it ſeems, in what we play'd.
From Richmond *ſome, where Crouds of Beauty dwell;*
Nay th' Cits have left their darling Epſom *Well,*
And jogg'd from them to us like honeſt Men,
Upon t heir trotting Pads of Three Pound Ten:
Then, we have had ſome of the Black-Coats too,
Men skill'd in Books, that our Don Quixote *knew,*
That fearing to be found out at a Play,
Sat in the Pit, in Coats of Iron-Gray.
In ſhort, 'tis plain, we all Degrees have had,
Their Money too —— for which we are not ſad;
And if you pleaſe to favour us once more,
T' encourage you, the Poet juſt now ſwore,
This is a better Play than that before.

EPILOGUE,

By *Sancho* and *Mary* the Buxom.

Sancho. *Come prithee, Mary, tho our Caſe be bad;*
Let's make the beſt on't—humour thy old Dad,
And ſpeak to th' Folk.

Mary. *Icod, I think y'are mad:*
What would you have me ſay?

Sancho. *Why tell them that*
Tho th' plaguy Poet makes us loſe our State,
And doff our Robes which made us look ſo gay,
That thou wilt ſerve 'em in ſome other way,
Provided they'll be civil to the Play.

Mary. *What other way, Zooks, can I ſerve 'em in,*
Unleſs they have any Lockram Smocks to ſpin?
Will theſe, d'ye think, prefer a Country Toil
In Serge and Dowlas——Father, you're a Fool.
For ought I ſee, amongſt this long-nos'd Crew,
They'd rather wear out Smocks, than pay me to make new.
Theſe love your Flaunters, trick'd in huge Commode,
Sprunt up with Wire and Ribbons a Court-load.
Lord! how each Courtier-mun would ſcowle at a Wife,
Dizzen'd as I am now here in a Clif.
Gadſlids your Top-high Flyers of the Town,
Now, ſcarce wear any thing that is their own;
One has falſe Teeth, another has falſe Hair,
One has an Eye-brow made, another's bare:
Some ſtubby, lank, unwholeſom burren Phillies,
Stuff Cuſhions up, to counterfeit great Bellies;
And others, that they may look round as Drums,
Dreſs t'other place, and wear 'em on their Bums.
Theſe are the Diſhes that theſe Folk eſteem,
A Country-Raſher won't go down with them.
Therefore, for my part, I'll no Favour crave;
I know their Humour, and my Breaſts I'll ſave:
Yet to conclude, I ſay this of the Play,
Icod 'tis good, and if they like't they may.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

DUKE *Ricardo*. A Grandee of *Spain*. — Mr. *Cibber*.

Cardenio, a witty young Gentleman, his Companion and Friend. — Mr. *Bowman*.

Ambroſio, a young Student of *Salamanca*, and Kinſman to the Duke, an inveterate Enemy to Women, ever ſince his dear Friend *Chryſoſtom* died for Love of *Marcella*. — Mr. *Verbruggen*.

Don Quixote, a Frantick Gentleman of the *Mancha*, who ran mad with reading Books of Chivalry, and ſuppoſes himſelf a Knight-Errant. — Mr. *Bow*.

Manuel, Steward to the Duke, a pleaſant witty Fellow, who with *Pedro* and the Page, manages all the Deſigns uſed in the following *Don Quixote*. — Mr. *Powel*.

Pedro Rezio, a Doctor of Phyſick, and Aſſiſtant to *Manuel* in fooling *Don Quixote*. — Mr. *Freeman*.

Bernardo, Chaplain to the Duke—A poſitive, teſty, moroſe Fellow. — Mr. *Trefuſe*.

Diego, a rough ill-natur'd vicious Fellow, Maſter of the Duke's Game, and chief Shepherd, in love with *Marcella*. — Mr. *Harris*.

Page to the Duke, another witty young Fellow, and Agent in the fooling *Don Quixote*. — Mr. *Lee*.

Sancho Pancha, Squire to *Don Quixote*, a dull, heavy, Country Booby in appearance, but in diſcourſe, dry, ſubtle, and ſharp; a great repeater of Proverbs, which he blunders out upon all occaſions, tho never ſo abſurd, or far from the purpoſe. — Mr. *Underhill*.

WOMEN.

Dutcheſs, a merry facetious Lady, that perpetually diverts her ſelf with the extravagant Follies of *Don Quixote* and *Sancho*.	Mrs. *Knight*.
Luſcinda, Wife to *Cardenio*, her Companion.	Mrs. *Bowman*.
Dulcinea del Toboſo, Page to the Duke, commanded by him to perſonate *Don Quixote*'s feigned Miſtreſs.	Mr. *Lee*.
Marcella, a young beautiful Shepherdeſs of *Cordoua*, extremely coy, and averſe to men at firſt, but afterwards paſſionately in Love with *Ambroſio*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Donna *Rodriguez*, Woman to the Dutcheſs, antiquated, opinionated and impertinent.	Mrs. *Kent*.
Tereſa Pancha, Wife to *Sancho*—— a poor clowniſh Country-woman.	Mrs. *Lee*.
Mary, her Daughter, a ramping ill-bred Dowdy.	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.

Riſotta, *Flora*, two other Country Laſſes.

Taylor, *Gardener*, *Painter*, *Grazier*, *Small Man and Woman*, Petitioners to the Governor *Sancho*.

Inchanters, *Furies*, *Carver*, *Cryer*, *Conſtable*, *Watch*, *Muſicians*, *Singers*, *Dancers and Attendants*.

THE

THE Comical Hiſtory OF *DON QUIXOTE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Ambroſio, Manuel, Pedro.

Ambroſ. SO, Gentlemen, are all things in order for the Duke's Deſign of entertaining this whimſical Knight-Errant?

Man. They are, Sir; every Servant in the Houſe anſwers to his Cue as readily as if he had been brought up in a Theatre.

Ped. We find no one tardy in the buſineſs but *Diego* the Duke's Maſter of the Shepherds, who we hear has

almoſt loſt his Wits for Love; and the Cox-comb grows every day ſo mop'd with it, that he neglects all other buſineſs.

Ambroſ. There's ſomething in that Fellow more than ordinary, a Swarth Complexion, Hot and Saturnine; you had beſt look to him, Maſter Steward, for I know him to be of a miſchievous Nature, and not honeſt. Farewel, I muſt go ſeek the Duke, who is gone to the Grove, juſt by the Park-ſide yonder, to meet *Don Quixote*, and bring him to his Caſtle.

Man. Have they lodg'd the Knight then?

Ambroſ. 'Twas all the Work of the Neighbourhood to watch his motion: *Sancho* we hear was ſent of an Errand to *Toboſo* this morning, but about what we know not——and the Knight ſtays yonder, waiting for his coming——Farewel, you had beſt make haſte home before, to get all things in readineſs.

[*Exit* Ambroſio.

Man. I intend it, Sir. Come, Doctor, we ſhall have rare Sport.

Pedro. ——'Sdeath! is't poſſible the Frenzy ſhould ſtill be ſo ſtrong upon the Fool? 'Tis not above a Month, ſince a Brother of my Profeſſion told me, that he adminiſtred to him at his Houſe, and had great hopes of his Cure.

Man. There was ſuch a Report indeed. The manner of his ridiculous Inchantment, and bringing home in a Cage too, is very authentick——But *Sancho* and he one Night made a ſhift to give 'em all the ſlip, and this is now his ſecond Sally.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha——And in good time, he undertakes it, to give the Duke and Dutcheſs Diverſion——Come let's be gone, that I may be ready for my part in the Scene.

Man. The Chaplain muſt not know of it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Diego *Solus.*

Diego. What are their Frolicks or their Sports to me, that have a burning Fever in my Breaſt, that hourly conſumes

consumes me? I know no Master now, but raging Passion, nor own Obedience, but to Love's great Power, and my Heart's Murderess, the ador'd *Marcella*; whom to enjoy, I'll hazard Credit, Fortune, nay venture at once my Soul and Body's Ruin, and ne'er believe that I can pay too dear. [*Pulls out a Letter and muses.*

Re-enter Ambrosio.

Ambros. I've miss'd the Duke and Dutchess strangely, who, I believe, are gone the left-hand way over the Pattock.——How now, who have we here, *Diego* the chief Shepherd?——This is the loving Fool they lately talk'd of. I'll stay a little to observe him.

[*Absconds behind.*

Diego. This Letter here shews me the Road to Happiness, which is just sent me from a trusty Friend that I employed to watch her Evening Haunts, and now 'tis done effectually.——[Reads.] *Know she's the proudest of her Sex, as well as the most beautiful, and therefore shuns all Conversation with ours, and generally with her own; therefore to indulge her Humour, I have observed her several Evenings together to walk alone, exactly about Seven, in the Myrtle Grove, that joins to the Embassador's Garden, where at the aforesaid hour, you may securely seize her. I would assist ye, but the Embassador is this minute sent for to Court——But at my return, I expect the Pleasure, to hear that you are reveng'd upon that proud Beauty, that so long has tortur'd ye——The account of which Action will give a secret Pleasure to your faithful Friend, &c.*

Diego. The Action——Oh how my Heart leaps in my Breast to think on't! Remorse avaunt, I am resolv'd this Evening to force the scornful Fair to quench my Flame, and glut my Love with the sweet Spoils of Beauty——. [*Exit* Diego.

Ambros. Here's a pretty business going forward; why what a damn'd Wolf, or Satyr of a Fellow, have I discover'd here among the Sheep-coats!——In Love, did they say?——Ay, this is the very Devil of a Lover, a most admirable Monster to justify my Quarrel to the Sex:

Sex: This sort of *Ceridons* now, would fit the Female Devilings. Damn 'em I'll take no notice on't; no Usage can be bad enough for 'em——But hold, is that Resolution like a Gentleman? Does it consist with Honour? Pox on't, would Chance had never led my feet this way. Now I'm a greater Villain than the Ravisher, if I permit the mischief. 'Tis so, and I must prevent it.

In spite of Rancour she shall Succour find;
I'll save her Honour, tho I hate her Kind. [*Exit.*

Enter Don Quixote *solus.*

Don Qu. Oh that I had, as once young *Phaeton*, the Rule of the bright Chariot of the Sun, that I might whip the Hours into more speed; or for a Minute could disarm the Furies, to give one good smart Lash to lagging *Sancho*, whom I this morning sent, with a Love-Message, to my ador'd and charming *Dulcinea*. Post on ye sluggish Minutes, run dull Squire; and let thy Thoughts inform thy heavy Heels, the Longings of my Soul: In the mean time, here in this Grotto, rest thou Load of Love, think on thy lovely Charmer, and let thy amorous Soul send forth no other sound but *Dulcinea*, Oh *Dulcinea!* [*Exit.*

Enter Sancho.

Sanc. Yonder he lies, and as melancholy as a Cat in a Church-Steeple, expecting my return.——And now, good Brother *Sancho*——be pleas'd to go on with your Design; and since you don't like the Message you are sent about, let's see how your Wit can bring you off.——Let me see, your maggot-pated Master *Don Quixote* sends you to *Tobosa*, to the Princess *Dulcinea*——Very good——Did you ever hear of any such Princess *Sancho?*——No——Or has your Master ever seen such?——Neither.——Why then your Errand appears to be but a kind of mad Whimsy, *Sancho.*——No doubt on't.——Well then, what Remedy?——Why thus Brother——if your Master can fansy Princesses,

ſes, where none e'er were——Windmills to be Giants, and Flocks of Sheep, Armies——and ſay every ſoot, that his Sight is begnil'd by Inchaſtments——'twill be as eaſy for you to take the next Comes, *Sancho*—— and perſuade him to believe 'tis the radiant *Dulcinea*.

Enter two Country Wenches.

1 *C. W.* Come Couſin *Ricotta*, prithee come along; Udſlidikins, I'll be hang'd if the Bride ben't gone to Church before we can get thither.

2 *C. W.* Why prithee how can that be, Fool, when Father *Jodolet* the Prieſt, and *Gaſper* the Piper, are juſt gone before us?

1 *C. W.* Pſhaw that's all one, the holy Cormorant has been at Breakfaſt already, he has devoured half a Turkey, and drank a Bottle of *Malaga*,——this morning; ſo that he has nothing to do till Dinner, but to chop up Maſs, and ſee 'em join'd according to Cuſtom.

2 *C. W.* He ſee 'em join'd according to Cuſtom: Why how now, you plaguy Hoyden you,——d'ee make a Pimp of the Prieſt?

Sanc. Why how now, you young pert Baggage, a Pimp of a Prieſt! why is that ſuch a Miracle? This comes as pat as I could wiſh, theſe are two rare Jades for my purpoſe. [*Aſide.*

2 *C. W.* What ails the Slouch, can't you go on your way? I ſpoke to my Couſin *Flora*, I did not meddle with you, Swag-belly.

Sancho. Ha, ha, ha, ha, it ſhall be ſo Faith, this ſhall be the Princeſs *Dulcinea* Godzookers,——and this other Dowdy, here, ſhall be her waiting Woman—— ha, ha, ha. [Sancho *ſtops 'em.*

1 *C. W.* What's the matter with the Paunch, what ails the Briſtle-chops, can't you let us go and be hang'd?

Sanc. Till my Lord *Don Quixote* has kindled his amorous Taper at the Glow-worm Rays of your Lady the Princeſs there, not for the World—— my dear Lindabrides.

2 *C. W.* What Lady, what Princeſs? what a Dickins, is the Booby mad?

Sanc. Therefore appear, thou Mirror of Knight-Errantry, here is thy Queen, here is thy *Dulcinea*, Moon of thy Hopes, North Star of thy Desires, shining with all her fiery Beams upon thee.

Enter Don Quixote.

Don Qu. 'Twas *Sancho*'s Voice,—and see yonder he stands——Welcome thou blest, thou long'd for Messenger.—Well, and what Success good Friend, hah! was the God of Love compassionate?

Sanc. Success, sbud——kneel, kneel; Sir, ooms are you blind? Why there she is, Sir, the Princess, the Peerless *Dulcinea*, the grand *Toboso*, the silver Trumpet of Renown, the Fire-Arms of Beauty, and the Touch-hole of Love, attended by the most beautiful Babberlips of *Spain*, the lovely——*Whiffundora*. [*They kneel.*

Don Qu. Where is the Princess, *Sancho*? [*Staring about.*

1 *C. W.* Ah Devil on ye, what Game, what Foolery's this? Pray let's go, will ye?

Sanc. Oh Princess and universal Lady of *Toboso*, why does not your magnanimous Heart relent, seeing the Pillar and Prop of Chivalry prostrate before your sublimated presence? 'Sbud, Sir, are you dumb?——Or are your Senses ravish'd from you, at the Beams of those fair Eyes, those lucious Bubbies, and Amber-locks, adorn'd with Pearl and Diamonds?

Don Qu. Pearl and Diamonds! [*Rubs his Eyes.*

Sanc. 'Dsheart, what d'ee do rubbing your Eyes so for? Why don't you see all this?

Don Qu. Upon my Knighthood——No.

Sanc. The Devil were in ye if you should.——How the clownish Jades stare at one another.

Don Qu. I see no Princess: the Objects that present themselves to me, are Faces most uncomely: Dost thou see this rare sight, *Sancho*? [*Rises up.*

Sanc. Do I? I think I do: I see the Princess shining with Gold there, like a Sunbeam, and the most bright and almighty *Whiffundora*, blazing like a Star of the first Magnitude.

1 *C. W.* Well enough, Brewis-belly: Adflidikins, leave off your Fooling, and let's be gone, or I'll call out to the Vineyard yonder.

2 *C. W.* There be Folks there that will take our parts; you may chance to get a Drubbing for your Jokes, if you han't a care, Bacon-face.

Sanc. Ecooks, Queen Blouze may be in the right in that, therefore I'll make haste.

Don Qu. If that be the Princess that spoke last, some devilish Spell this moment is upon me, I am bereav'd of all my Sight and Senses.

Sanc. How, how's that, Sir? I hope not so——— This is what I look'd for; Ha, ha, ha, ha, the Trick fadges rarely. [*Aside.*

Don Qu. Dost thou smell nothing, *Sancho?*

Sanc. A perfum'd Sigh or two; the Princess breath'd, Sir, nothing else.

Don Qu. Nay, then 'tis plain I'm inchanted again,—by my Knighthood, it seem'd to me of Garlick.

Sanc. Garlick! Oh Villains, now could I eat one of these Inchanting Rogues. And I warrant the Princess and her Lady, Sir, seem to you like two Hog-rubbing Dowdies?

Don Qu. Todpoles! Witches! I have not seen two uglier.

Sanc. Good lack a-day, that these devilish Fellows can do this!———Keep in your Breath, and be hang'd. [*Aside.*

2 *C. W.* Keep you off and be hang'd. So-ho, in the Vineyard there.

1 *C. W. Pedro, Valasco, Tarzos,* So-ho; Odsfid come near me again——a couple of cogging scoffing Gibers, what a Murrain can't you let People go along the Road? Did we meddle with you? Odsfid come near me again, and I'll give thee such a gripe on the Weazon, I'll make thee cackle again. [*They run out.*

Don Qu. Ugh——there's another whiff, the very——Quinteſſence of Garlick. Oh thou Extreme of all Wickedness, thou abhorr'd Inchanter; whoe'er thou art, think not, because thou canst pervert my smelling Faculty,

culty, and put these Clouds and Cataracts in my Eyes, to eclipse that dazling Beauty from me; that it shall serve thy turn: No, Miscreant, the time shall come, when by my powerful Arm all Charms shall be dissolv'd, and this bright Planet, hid by vile Inchantment, shine bright and clear for ever. Is she gone, *Sancho?*

Sancho. Yes, Sir, and upon so fast a Gallop, that 'tis impossible for *Rosinante* to overtake her; therefore pray Sir consider the Proverb that says, To ill Accidents apply Patience; Let every Conscience fit it self to the Times. We shall have a smiling minute, when we shall firk these plaguy Inchanters before they are aware. In the mean time be pleas'd to think of being an Emperor as soon as you can Sir——that I may be a Governor, and raise my Family; for to my thinking I should become governing hugely well: And now I talk of governing, yonder comes a Company, that I think look like Emperors and Governors indeed.

Don Qu. Not a word more——I know 'em, 'tis the Great Duke of that noble Seat thou speakest there, with his fair Dutchess: And I suppose my Fame has reach'd his Ears; he comes hither now to find me out.

Enter Duke Ricardo, *Dutchess*, Cardenio, Lucinda, Rodriguez, *and Servants.*

Down swelling Griefs, awhile be husht and silent, whilst from these great Ones I receive that Ceremony my noble Function merits: And d'ee hear *Sancho*, be sure you behave your self with that Decorum as suits my Squire, and the Place y'are in.

Sancho. Well, well, Sir, a word to the Wise is enough——Manners makes the Man, quoth *William* of *Wickham*——Now we are to deal with People that have a sense of Governing, I warrant ye let me alone for behaving my self.

Duke. Lure off the Hawks, the day's too hot for Sport, we'll out again in th'Evening——Most noble Knight, *Don Quixote de la Mancha*——Fortune has now oblig'd me to my Wishes; thou Quintessence, thou Soul of Arms and Honour, welcome into my Province.

Don

Don Qu. Your Grace's moſt devoted, lives no longer, than whilſt he is yours in all humble Duty.

Duke. Illuſtrious Errant, I am proud to thank ye—Madam, that you may know how highly Fortune honours me, I am oblig'd to tell ye, this is the Knight of the Ill-favour'd Face, the ſhining Sun of *Spain*, the *Mars* of Arms and Chivalry, whom I deſire you to invite to my Caſtle, that we may ſhew how we admire ſuch Virtue.

Dutch. I am his Greatneſs's moſt humble Servant, and hope he'll ſo far honour us.

Don Qu. I kiſs your beauteous Hand, moſt excellent Lady, and wholly ſubject my ſelf to your Commands.

Sanc. Subject himſelf to her Commands——Gadzooks very pretty, that——Well, this plaguy Devil my Maſter, has a notable way with him ſometimes.

Card. We are all——Valiant Sir, your humble Servants and moſt oblig'd.

Luſc. But moſt of all our Sex——as to a Champion, whoſe daily Endeavour is to right our Wrongs, with Sword and Lance, on Mountain or in Valley, to vindicate the Cauſe of injured Ladies.

Duke. And this good Fellow, if I miſtake not, muſt ſure be truſty *Sancho*, the honeſt Partner of this brave Knight's Dangers.

Sanc. Your Mightineſs has hit it to a hair——I am the very *Sancho*, indeed; a Governor elect too, for all I look ſo; and as for Dangers, why little ſaid is ſoon amended; Common Fame is ſeldom to blame, but Patience is a Plaiſter for all Sores. My Maſter and I have heard Wolves howl at midnight before now——we know how an Oaken Cudgel can bruiſe, and what danger is in cold Iron: We are no Flinchers, we.

Don Qu. You will forget, Blunderhead. [*To* Sancho, *Aſide.*] A clowniſh Prater, my Lord, I hope your Grace will excuſe him. [*To the Duke.*

Duke. Oh, *Sancho* is very pleaſant, and his Proverbs become him extremely——Go ſome of you and bridle this noble Knight's Horſe, that I ſee feeding yonder, and

and bring him to the Stable; we'll go in the back way over the Garden.

Sanc. And pray Mistress, since I see you have nothing else to do, will you be so kind as to go to yonder Hedge, where [*to* Rodriguez.] you will find a dapple grey Ass,——ty'd, and do so much as put him up with *Rosinante*; and pray take what care of him you can, because the poor Foot is a little skittish, and I can't wait on him my self, by reason you see me oblig'd to follow my Master.

Rod. How now, ignorant Bufflehead, d'ye know who you talk to?

Don Qu. Oh confound him, did you ever hear such a sordid Son of a Whore? Why, thou complicated lump of Dullness, does this good Gentlewoman look like a Groom? Does she seem fit to manage in a Stable, thou incomprehensible Rascal?

Dutch. 'Twas only a small mistake, Sir Knight; my Woman's very good-natur'd, and I know *Sancho* intended no Affront.

Duke. No, no, 'twas a Civility any one might have begg'd; besides, *Dapple* may be nearer related to *Sancho* than we imagine. I have bit my Tongue almost thro'; I shall ne'er be able to hold out.

[*To* Cardenio *Aside.*

Carden. Nor I, I dare not look that way for fear of laughing aloud.

Lusc. How Mrs. *Rodriguez* swells! I warrant she could poison *Sancho* now with all her Soul, for she knows nothing of the Design. [*To* Card.]

Rod. I shall hardly expose my Sense, to resent any thing from such a Rustical Brute; my Breeding and his, I suppose, have been in different stations: Therefore the best way of expressing my self about it, is by contempt. I despise the Creature.

Duke. Well, well, since you despise him, so let it end then. Come, most Heroick, shall I lead the way—my Wife attends your motion.

[Don Quixote *leads out the Dutchess.*

Don

Don Qu. Her Grace extremely honours me——— Hah———Dunghil Vermin, is this your manners with a Pox t'ee? [*Aside to* Sancho.

Sanc. Where the Devil's the harm on't? Gadzooks I thought Waiting-Women might have gone into Lords Stables, as well as Footmen into Ladies Bed chambers; but live and learn, and be hang'd and forget all; there's a good Proverb however. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Bernardo, Manuel, Pedro, *and Page.*

Man. Come, are the Musicians ready now for the Entertainment? The Duke and Dutchess are just at the Gate.

Page. They are all tuning their Instruments in the next Room.

Man. Page, prithee run and tell the Cook and the Confectioner, my Lord will have the Banquet after the Musick is ended. [*Exit Page.*

Bern. And what's all this Preparation for, I wonder? What silly Gambol is going to be plaid now?

Man. And why silly Gambol? Lord, you are always so peevish, Mr. *Cuff-cushion*, there's no living with ye; any thing that does not suit your grave testy Humour, is silly presently. Pox, methinks you should know your station of being unmannerly a little better; be civil here, and be rude when you get into your Pulpit.

Bern. Ah, thou art a pretty Fellow to govern a Family, with a flashy Head, and a Heart void of Conscience, Morality and Religion. How dar'st thou profane the Pulpit, Reprobate? A Whore were a more natural thing for thee to talk of.

Man. Why that's a Pulpit you love to preach in too, as well as I, for all your Gaming.

Pedro. No, you must let him govern every thing, and then Sir Gravity will be easy; let but the Head Butler be his Crotchey, and my Lady's pretty Chamber-maid sit on his Bed-side in a morning, and mend his Stockings, and then

then you shall hear him rail no more, nor ever have a Sermon against Drinking or Whoring.

Bern. Why thou Infect, bred from Excrement; thou Quack, with not Skill enough to cure a Lap-dog of the Mange! Thou Venery-promoter, art thou shooting thy Turpentine Pills at me too?

Man. Put him but into a Fret, and 'twill be better Sport than a Bear-baitting, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bern. Fulsom Idiot, poor Wretch.

Man. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——poor Vestry-dawber.

Pedro. Come, come, prithee,——now let's leave him to chew the Cud upon Contemplation——here comes my Lord.

Enter Duke, Cardenio, *and Page.*

Duke. Is he unarm'd?

Page. They are doing it, my Lord, and treating him in all points, as your Grace has order'd.

Card. My Lady Dutchess will grow fat with laughing, I never saw her take so much pleasure in any Jest before:

Duke. Go you and assist in the Ceremony; and be sure [*To* Man. *and* Pedro.] to use him according to the Custom of Knight Errants of old, which I have read t'ye in Books of Chivalry——How now *Bernardo*, what is your reverend Solidity musing on, ha?

[*Exit.* Man. *and* Pedro.

Bern. I am musing, my Lord, on those Books of Chivalry, which I have of late often found you reading; and I profess I wonder, that a Man of your clear Sense and good Parts, should waste your precious time so unprofitably.

Duke. Testy Fool; now, if I would permit him, would this peevish Block-head be impertinent two long hours by the Clock——Come, come, I'll endure no Reproof now; if thou'lt be sociable, and take part of the Musick and Banquet, 'tis well, if not——

Bern. The Musick——No, not I, Heaven estrange my Ears from hearing such Vanity;——as for the other part,

art, it is my duty to give a Bleſſing to't; therefore I ıall attend. [*Exit Bern.*

Card. Ay to the eating part, I warrant thee; if any f thy Tribe are wanting at that, I much wonder.

Muſick ſounds, then Enter Don Quixote *unarm'd, with a rich Mantle over him, and led between the* Dutcheſs *and* Luſcinda, Sancho *following with* Rodriguez *and Servants: They place* Don Quixote *in the chief Seat, and all ſit down.*

Duke. Long live the Flower of Knight-Errantry, the renowned *Don Quixote de la Mancha.*

Dutch. Vivat the Succourer of Widows and Orphans.

Card. The Righter of Wrongs, and Reſcuer of the antient and moſt noble Laws of Chivalry.

Luſc. The Tamer of Giants, and undaunted Queller of Monſters and Furies.

Duke. Let the Sports begin to entertain him, and let no Part be wanting to do him honour.

SONG.

I.

IF you will love me, be free in expreſſing it,
And henceforth give me no cauſe to complain:
Or if you hate me, be plain in confeſſing it,
And in few words put me out of my pain.
This long delaying, with Sighing and Praying,
Breeds only delaying in Life and Amour;
Cooing and Wooing,
And daily purſuing,
Is damn'd ſilly doing, therefore I'll give o'er.

II.

If you'll propoſe a kind Method of ruling me,
I may return to my Duty again;
But if you ſtick to your old way of fooling me,
I muſt be plain, I am none of your Man.

Paſſion

Passion for Passion on each kind occasion,
With free Inclination, does kindle Love's Fire;
But tedious Prating,
Coy Folly debating,
And new Doubts creating, still makes it expire.

The Lady's Answer.

I.

YOU love, and yet when I ask you to marry me,
Still have recourse to the Tricks of your Art;
Then like a Dancer you cunningly parry me,
Yet the same time make a Pass at my Heart.
Fye, fye, Deceiver,
No longer endeavour,
Or think this way ever the Fort will be won:
No fond Caressing
Must do, nor Unlacing,
Or tender Embracing, till th' Parson has done.

II.

Some say that Marriage a Dog with a Bottle is,
Pleasing their Humours to rail at their Wives;
Others declare it An Ape with a Rattle is,
Comfort's Destroyer, and Plague of their Lives.
Some are affirming,
A Trap 'tis for Vermin,
And yet with the Bait the net Prison gives;
Venturing that Chouse you,
Must let me espouse you,
If e'er, my dear Mouse, you will nibble at me.

Here follows an Entertainment of Dancing, then the Banquet is prepared and brought in; the Duke places Don Quixote at the upper end of the Table, but he refuses it.

Enter

Enter Bernardo, *and ſays Grace.*

Don Qu. I do beſeech your Grace, I ſhall die with Bluſhing.

Duke. The higheſt Merit muſt have higheſt Place.

Don Qu. My Lord, you confound me with exceſs of Favour.

Duke. Nay, nay, it muſt be ſo Sir.

[*They ſit, and* Sancho *waits on* Don Quixote.

Bern. On my Conſcience this is that Scare-crow Knight-Errant *Don Quixote*, that I have heard the Duke talk ſo often of: Oh the whimſical Idiot!

[*Sits at the lower end.*

Duke. Indeed, Sir Knight, if I may ſpeak my thoughts, your Modeſty is a great deal too nice: You needs muſt know your place where-e'er you are.

Sanc. Now have I two Proverbs at my Tongue's end, that I'd give half my Government to vent —— One is, He that has more Manners than he ought, is more a Fool than he thought; and t'other is, There is more ado with one Jackanapes, than with all the Bears.

Duke. How now, Friend *Sancho*, what are you muttering? Come we muſt have no Wit loſt.

Sanc. Ah Bleſſing on your Noble neſſes Prattling Place; y'ean Princely Jewel, I'll ſay that for ye: And now my Maſter *Don Quixote* has put me in mind on't —— I could tell ye a very pretty Tale that happened in our Town, concerning Places.

Don Qu. You will prate, Jolthead —— I beſeech your Graces, let this Coxcomb be thruſt out, we ſhall hear a thouſand Follies elſe.

Bern. By my Sincerity theſe are both crazy'd alike, and I ſhall ne'er have Patience to hear half their Fooleries.

Duke. By no means, my noble Sir; *Sancho* muſt needs go on with his Tale.

Card. Oh we loſe our chief Diverſion elſe —— for his Wit and good Humour muſt needs make it very pleaſant.

Luſt. Therefore begin quickly, honeſt Friend, ſo my Lady Dutcheſs and I are impatient till we hear it.

Sanc. Why then thus it goes: You muſt know then, that there was a Gentleman in our Town, nearly related to *Don Alonzo de Maranon*, Knight of the Order of St. *Jaques*, who was drown'd in the *Heradura*, about whom that Quarrel was a little while ſince in our Town; maſter of mine, pray Sir, were not you in't?——Where little *Thomas* the Mad-cap, Son to *Balvaſino* the Smith, had a deep Wound in the *Scrotum* as they call'd it, about the Widow *Waggum*.

Don Qu. A Plague on thee for a Cruſt-grinder, doſt thou begin a Tale without head or foot, and then ask me a queſtion?——Now do I ſweat for the Rogue. [*Aſide.*

Sanc. Well, well, then 'tis no great matter——And ſo this Gentleman, that I told you firſt of, invited a poor Husband-man to Dinner; and ſo the poor man coming to the Gentleman Inviter's Houſe, Heaven be merciful to him, for he is now dead; and for a farther Token, they ſay, died like a Lamb——for I was not by, for at that time I was gone to another Town to reaping.

Born. Ay, and prithee come back from Reaping quickly, without burying the Gentleman, unleſs thou haſt a mind to kill us too with Expectation.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Don Qu. Oh tardy Hell-hound, I'm in a Fever for him. [*Aſide.*

Sanc. Ne'er fear, Sir, I'll be mannerly: [*To* Don Quixote *apart.*] And ſo, as I was ſaying, both being ready to ſit down to Table, the poor Man contended with the Gentleman not to ſit uppermoſt, and the Gentleman with him that he ſhould, as meaning to command in his own Houſe; but ſtill the Country Booby pretending to be mannerly and courteous, would not; till the Gentleman very angry, thruſting him down, ſaid to him, ſit there, you Thraſher, for where-ever I ſit with thee, ſhall ſtill be the upper end: And now

now ye have my Tale forſooth, and I hope pretty well to the purpoſe. [Don Quixote *frowns on* Sancho.

Cornes. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Duke. A very admirable Tale, and quaintly delivered, ha, ha, ha.

Dutch. Poor *Sancho* will pay for this anon; the Knight looks very angry, I'll try to divert it——— My Lord, Don *Quixote*, I beſeech ye, if my Requeſt be not improper, how fares the gracious *Dulcinea del Toboſo*? ——and what Giants, Bugbears and Captives have you ſent her lately?

Don Qu. How could I mumble that Dog, if I had him in a corner. [*Aſide.*

Sancho. What a plague's the matter? I've ſaid ſomething amiſs now, I ſee by's look.

Don Qu. Ah Madam there you divide my Heart in ſunder, the Beauteous *Dulcinea* is inchanted.

Dutch. Is't poſſible!

Bern. Ye crack-brain'd Idiot, I profeſs I can bear no longer. Fie, fie, my Lord and Madam, what d'ee mean?——— I vow your Graces are much to blame, t'indulge the Frenzy of this Lunatick?

Don Qu. How? What's that Sir, Lunatick?

Card. Now comes the Sport.

Luſc. The Prieſt has ſmothered his teſty Humour till he's black in the Face.

Bern. Who thruſt it into your Brains, Don *Quixote*, or Don Coxcomb, that you are a Knight-Errant, with a murrain t'ee, and that you can kill Giants, Monſters, Bugbears——or know of any Princeſs that's inchanted? Is not this *Spain*, incorrigible dull Pate? What Errants are there here? Or what uſe of 'em, hah?

Don Qu. Oh monſtrous! Oh thou old black Fox with a Fire-brand in thy Tail, thou very Prieſt, thou Kindler of all Miſchiefs in all Nations; d'ee here, Homily, did not the Reverence that I bear theſe Nobles, bind my juſt Rage, I would ſo thrum your Caſſock, you Church-Vermin.

Bern. I profeſs, I have a great mind to ſtrip, I have much ado to forbear——but hold, I will not ſhame

my Coat——I will abſent me prudently——Well, Mad-man, Paſſion is an ill Arguer, ſome other time we will diſpute this point——Till when farewel——Addlepate.

Don Qu. Adieu Scripture-groper. [*Exit* Bernardo.

Duke. A waſpiſh ſtrange old Fool! I hope, Sir, you take no offence.

Don Qu. None, none, my Lord, upon my Honour; Women and Prieſts may ſay any thing.

Duke. He ſhall beg your Pardon. Hey *Page*, bid the Chaplain wait me in the Park. [*Exit* Page.

Dutch. Come will you retire, Sir, for an hour, and then we'll divert you abroad with Hawking.

Don Qu. I am your Grace's ever.

[Exit, *leading the Dutcheſs.*

Sanc. I am glad of this; that Black-Coat's prating has made him forget me.

Carden. Come, my Dear, let's follow and laugh.

This but begins the Farce which yet we ſee:
Luſc.——Where theſe Fools are, there muſt Diverſion be.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Diego *diſguis'd, pulling in* Marcella.

Marcel. HELP, help, for Heaven's ſake help.

Diego. You call in vain, nothing can help you now but fair Compliance.

Marcel. Help, help——is no bleſt charitable Creature near, to help a Maid in her Diſtreſs?

Diego. Yes I.

Marcel.

Marcel. Thou art a Devil.

Diego. So, my dear, art thou, a very Devil; and the Hell I've ſuffer'd, thro' thy nice Female Pride and Obſtinacy, is greater than the Damn'd below endure: but I am now grown a profound Magician, and I can conjure that proud Demon from thee, that late inſulted o'er all Human Kind. You now muſt love, *Marcella.*

Marcel. Curſt Sound, and now more curſt than ever, coming from the Mouth of ſuch a Fury!

Diego. Ay, this is well now——I am pleas'd to ſee that *Lucifer* keeps his old ſtation in your proud Heart; my Spell will work the better. Mildneſs perhaps had wrought me to a ſtile of whining Love, to court and ſue for Favour, look like a Fool, be modeſt, cringe and bow, lie like a Chambermaid, and at laſt get nothing: but y'are an Ill-favour'd Monſter, and I ſcorn ye.

Marcel. No Succour yet! no kind relieving Paſſenger.

Diego. But now you ſhew your Sex in their true Quality, you more oblige me; I now can bluntly ſeize thee without Wooing, and like a Man, claim Beauty as my due, pattern the noble Savages of old, when Women, like the reſt of other Females, patiently couch'd under the Male Predominance; and ſince you are obſtinate and ſtubborn, inſtruct the reſt of Men by my example.

Marcel. What doſt thou propoſe, oh, thou moſt abhorr'd?

Diego. To make a Convert of thee— What a ſtrange, coy, wild, impertinent, unnatural thing haſt thou been hitherto? thou woreſt thy Eyes as if thou wert a Baſilisk, deſtroying others, ſtill, to pleaſe thy ſelf; thou taught'ſt thy Tongue to murder all thy Lovers by proud Refuſals ——— thy Hands to tear their Letters, and thy Feet to run away like an ungrateful *Daphne*, tho an *Apollo* followed.

Marcel. 'Tis my Nature, born for my ſelf; all Men are my Averſion.

Diego. Then know that I was born to new create thee; I will not have thoſe Beauties loſt thro' Pride, which Nature firſt intended for Enjoyment; your Eyes ſhall learn to ſmile, your Lips to kiſs, your Tongue to

praiſe your Lover, Arms t'embrace him: I'll mould your Body to a proper form, make every Part about you do its Office, and fit ye for the buſineſs of the World.

Marcel. The Devil ſhall have you firſt.

Diego. The Devil ſhall have me after, Child, as he and I agree upon't; but before-hand I'll beg his Devil-ſhip's pardon.

Marcel. Oh, how I hate this Fellow! What a Rage I feel within my Boſom glow againſt him? What! Shall I ſue to any Man for Favour; I that have thro' the Series of my paſt Years, made 'em the buſineſs of my Jeſt and Raillery? Shall I ſubmit and beg? I'll rather die firſt.

Diego. I can but think how much the caſe is altered; how many tedious hours with down-caſt Eyes, pale Cheeks, a throbbing Heart, and Arms a-croſs, have I watch'd a kind Look of this *Caliſta*, who now I can command——Come will you be kind and free?

Marcel. If (as the Word has always been a ſtranger to me, when it related to thy Sex) I could be kind, canſt thou believe, oh thou foul Criminal, ſuch Words as theſe could win me?

Diego. Oons I have no Compliments; all Women have been ſpoil'd ſince Men firſt woo'd 'em.

Kiſs and Conſent at firſt begot the Joy;
'Twas Sighs and Whinings bred the Piſh and Fie——
I will be fool'd no longer. [*Strikes him.*

Marcel. Stand off rude Hell-hound, I yet have ſome defence; when Innocence fights, each Pin, each little Bodkin, will prove a Lance to wound the curſt Aſſailer! Oh, thou moſt vile of Creatures that is (thou Man) doſt thou believe I will yield tamely to thee? No, I will make each Nail an Eagle's Talon, my Teeth ſhall tear thy Fleſh, my Eyes ſhall blaſt thee; and in this noble Cauſe, this little Arm, in my defence, be like the Club of *Hercules*, thou worſt of all Male Devils, Raviſher——

Diego. Oh, I ſhall cool your Courage.

[*Goes to ſeize her.* Ambroſio *confronts him.*

Enter

Enter Ambroſio.

Ambr. And I yours, Sir; I muſt make bold to interrupt your Sport a little, the Duke ſhall have no Satyr in his Family. Come, come, Sir, deliver me your Sword.

Diego. My Sword? It muſt be this way then: I'm upon the forlorn Hope, and ſo have at ye, Sir.

[*Fight, and* Ambroſio *diſarms him.*

Marcel. Ambroſio! Heavens! Is't he I am oblig'd to for this Succour? The Man of all the World I've leaſt deſerv'd from——I'm ſo confounded with ſhame, I cannot look on him. [*Aſide.*

Ambr. Now Villain, you ſhall obey in ſpite of ye; but more of that preſently, firſt let's ſee the Woman.——Hah, *Marcella!* Oh blind, blind Chance, Oh ill-contriving Fortune! thou knoweſt I hate the curſt Cleſt Tribe in general; and couldſt thou 'mongſt the rout of Female Miſchiefs, find me no other to oblige but this? This worſt of all the Sex! This damning *Eve*, with not one only, but Legions of Serpents round her!

Marcel. What do I feel! His Words ſhoot thro' my Heart, as if 'twere wounded with a Sheaf of Arrows; I am not angry neither to hear him rail, but chang'd ſo, that methinks I could hear more.

Ambr. Oh thou dear *Manes* of my brave Friend *Chryſoſtom*, are thou not angry with thy poor *Ambroſio*, whoſe ill-plac'd Stars maliciouſly compel him to vindicate the Honour of thy Murdreſs?

Marcel. Since the good Deed y'have done, cauſe 'twas for me, ſo much offends your thoughts, oblige us both, and kill me, for I can bear Death better than your words. Kill me, and I am then out of your debt, and you reveng'd for *Chryſoſtom*.

Ambr. No, live however, and (if a Woman can) repent: for 'twere Damnation certain, now to kill thee; live therefore, but let me ſee thoſe baneful Eyes no more, lock from henceforth thoſe *Ignes Fatui* up, that lead Men wandring into Bogs and Ditches; veil 'em, I ſay, that I again may never be troubled to defend your Caterwawl-

ing; a Creature that can purr, and then can ſqueak, that ſcratching can repulſe the eager Lover, and yet be prompt and willing to Engender: Away, there's Counſel for ye. Come, Sir, now march before me; ſomething remains for you too ——— go on.

Diego. Had I but done the Deed, I had not car'd.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Marcella.

Marcel. Yet thou art brave: Oh Heaven, what ſhall I do to pay the Debt of Gratitude I owe thee! what a forlorn and miſerable Wretch had I been but for thee! Oh I am loſt! What Beauty, Riches, or the Gloſs of Honour, with all th' Allurements never could ſubdue, is conquer'd by this great, this generous Action: my Heart is melting, and a new ſtrange Paſſion fills all my Boſom; that firm reſolute Will, that ſtood unſhock'd to the Deſerts of *Chryſoſtom*, is wholly Captive to the brave *Ambroſio*. In vain is Art or Obſtinacy now.

In vain does weakned Force reſiſt the ſtronger;
The Fort's o'er-pow'r'd, and can hold out no longer.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, Cardenio, *and* Manuel.

Duke. Is the Doctor ready with his Diſguiſe for *Merlin*?

Man. He has been dreſt this hour, my Lord; the Page too is perfect in his part of *Dulcinia*; we only wait my Lady Dutcheſſes coming back, who is gone after the Hawk the back-ſide of the Wood——— And then we ſhall begin the Comedy.

Carden. The Knight and the Parſon are ſtill in hot Argument yonder; the Caſſock and the Helmet are at mortal odds; the Church-Militant ſcorns to truckle to the Camp: he'll not ask him pardon, he ſays, tho all the Knights of the *Round Table* were by to back him.

Duke.

Duke. I took this opportunity of slipping from 'em, to take breath a little, and laugh by my self——See here they come, away *Manuel* to your Fellows, and as soon as ever it begins to be dark, do as I've order'd.

Man. We'll be punctual at the minute, my Lord.

Enter Don Quixote *and* Bernardo.

Duke. Well, Chaplain, is the business reconciled? have you done Justice to this noble Knight?

Bern. I profess, I think I have; I have told him plainly he is a Mad-man, and have conscientiously proposed to him a certain Remedy.

Don Qu. I have not told you yet, that a Clergyman may be a Blockhead, tho I may suppose it, only to shew the different Manners betwixt my Function and yours.

Carden. Nay, if the Sword and the Gown can agree no better, we are like to see but an ill Reformation.

Duke. Once more, I say, ask him pardon, *Bernardo.*

Bern. For what, my Lord? I profess, I begin to fear he has infected your Grace with his own Distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha——He'll call me Fool presently.

Bern. For me that have swallowed and digested Sciences, as common as Loins of Mutton, to affront Learning so vilely, to compare with one that's ignorant of all——a downright Madman.

Don Qu. Good words, Priest, good words; did Religion teach you to be rude, Sir Cassock? Besides, to shew I am not so ignorant as you'd make me, know I have learnt the Sciences——and made addition to excel your Gown by one much better than the rest, Knight-Errantry.

Bern. That a Science, oh ridiculous! harkee; prithee prepare thy Brains a little, to answer me one Question.

Duke. Ay, now they buckle to't.

Bern. What's a Knight-Errant good for?

Don Qu. Every thing:- He that is honoured with that Function, understands a Science that contains in it all the rest, which thus I make appear. First He must be skill'd in the Law, to know Justice Distributive and

Commutative, to do right to every one: He must be a Divine, to know how to give a Reason clearly of his Christian Profession: He must be a Physician, and chiefly an Herbalist, to know in a Wilderness or Desart, what Herbs have Virtue to cure Wounds; for your Knight-Errant must not be looking out every Pissing-while for a Surgeon to heal him: He must be an Astronomer, to know in the night what a Clock 'tis by the Stars: He must be also a Mathematician, and principally a good Cook, because it may very often happen, he may have occasion to dress his own Dinner. Nor should he only be adorn'd with all Divine and Moral Virtues, but he must descend to Mechanicks also; for he must know how to shoe a Horse, to mend a Saddle, to soal a Boot, to dearn a Stocking, to stitch a Doublet, and in short, to do all things that Reason can imagine. And all these things, and as many more, is your Knight-Errant good for.

Card. What say you to this, my good Divinity-teacher? methinks the Knight has given ye a fair account of his Function.

Don Qu. And now I have answered his Question, I think 'tis but reasonable to ask him one: I demand of him then, and put it fairly to his Conscience, I say I desire to know of him——What a Chaplain is good for.

Duke. By my troth a shrewd Question.

Card. And put home too, as the Case now stands.

Barn. Oh sinful Caitiff, is that a Question to be ask'd in these religious Times? Come, come, I'll tell thee that presently——Humh, good for? Why in the first place, let me see, What's a Chaplain good for? Oh, now I have it; why all the serious part of the World must allow that [*They laugh*] Hum—— What's a Chaplain good for? Well I profess I was ne'er so puzzled in all my Life. [*Chaplain offers to speak, and they hinder him.*

Card. Ay, 'tis plain now, the Cause is lost, the Chaplain's confounded, he has not a word to say for himself, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Duke.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Eagerneſs and Rage have ſo choak'd him, he has no utterance——Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Bern. What am I become a Jeſt? fie my Lord, where is the Decency, where is the Sagacity! O ſtrange, this is very unſeemly—And I'll be gone leſt Choler ariſe, and I exceed the bounds of Diſcretion: Oh, my Lord, this is very unſeemly. [*Exit.*

Duke. Now will he be mufty this Month, and we ſhan't get a word from him,

Don Qu. Hah, what dreadful Sounds are theſe!

[*Horrid Sounds are heard within.*

Card. Moſt wonderful!

[*A Noiſe like a Womans Shrieks.*

Duke. Oh yonder are the Lights, I ſee they are coming. [*To* Cardenio.

Don Qu. That laſt to me ſeem'd like the Cry of Women, this may be ſome Adventure worth my notice.

Enter Dutcheſs, Luſcinda, Rodriguez, *and* Sancho, *as frighted*

Dutch. O ſave me, my Lord, ſave me.

Duke. How now, for Heaven's ſake what's the matter? [*Embraces her.*

Luſc. The Wood's all in a Flame, a thouſand Spirits are in't, and all coming this way, Oh—— What will become of us?

Rodr. One of 'em made me ſhriek ſo loud with a Fright, that I'm ſure I could not be louder if I were to be raviſh'd.

Sanc. All Hell is broke looſe yonder! There are Devils a-foot, and Devils in coaches, and Devils of all ſorts, ſhapes and ſizes. Oh! Where's this Plaguy Chaplain now? I never had ſuch a mind to pray in my Life. Fly, fly, good Sir, oh Gadzooks they'll be here in a twinkling

Don Qu. Why let 'em come, ſtand by me and fear nothing. [*Horrid Noiſe again.*

Duke. This is ſomething more than natural, and I confeſs amazes me.

Enter Manuel *disguis'd like a Devil blowing a Horn.*

Lusc. Save us ye Powers——— What horrid thing is this?

Duke. I'll speak to't, for by *Don Quixote's* side, how terrible soe'er it be, I cannot fear: speak thou frightful Vision——What art thou?——

Man. I am a Devil.

Duke. Lucifer!

Dan. No, his Butler; I fill up molten Lead in Cups of Agat to all the Wretches that are damn'd for drinking.

Card. What dost thou from thy Office then, and whither art thou going?

Man. My Master now has lent me out to *Merlin*, Prince of the Inchanters, who is coming yonder, bringing the Princess *Dulcinea del Toboso* with him inchanted; and I am sent before to seek a famous Knight they call *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, to tell him how the Princess may be freed.

Don Qu. If thou wert a Devil of Parts and Understanding, thou wouldst have known, without my Information, that I am *Don Quixote.*

Man. By my Conscience and Soul, Sir, I think you are, and I beg your Pardon with all my Heart; but I was so busied in my several Cogitations, that I forgot the chief, as I hope to be sav'd.

Sanc. Gadzooks, I am not half so much afraid now as I was; this Devil seems to be a very honest Fellow, and I'll warrant him a good Christian, because he swears by his Soul and Conscience: but yet he makes me laugh to talk of *Dulcinea's* Inchantment, ha, ha, ha——Mum for that, I'm sure I know the Trick of that, better than any Devil of 'em all. [*Aside.*

Man. Prepare thy self therefore, oh most Renowned, for here they come; clear, clear thy Eyes from dust, and pick thy Ears, that thou mayst take the Secrets with attention; nor be thou daunted; for *Merlin* holds thee well.——I can say no more, the rest himself will tell.

[Exit, *blowing his Horn.*

Don Qu.

Don Qu. I ſee Impertinence is a Vice amongſt thoſe in the other World as well as this; fooliſh Spirit might have ſpar'd his bidding me not be daunted, if he had known how to manage a Speech wiſely.

Duke. The Butler was in the right, Sir; here comes more of the Devil's Officers.

Don Qu. Let him ſend all his Family, my Lord, I know how to anſwer them, I'll warrant ye———

Muſick ſounds, and then a Dance of Spirits is performed; which ended, the Scene opens, and diſcovers Pedro *dreſt like* Merlin, *and Page like* Dulcinea, *ſitting in a Chariot.*

Pedro. I come, O valiant Knight, to let thee ſee, tho all the reſt of ſage Inchanters hate thee, that *Merlin* is thy Friend: Here is thy Miſtreſs inchanted to a foul rude Country Dowdy, by the malice of thy cruel Foe *Lyrgander*; and if thou ſeeſt her now beauteous as formerly, 'tis thro' my preſent Grace, and to move pity in thoſe that are concerned to diſinchant her, for ſhe muſt turn to her vile ſhape again till the curſt Spell be ended; which to perform, obſerve my Words with care, and liſten to what the Deſtinies ordain.

Don. Qu. Moſt reverently, and in all humble duty, I thank the gracious *Merlin* for his Clemency.

Sanc. What a plague have I been in a Dream then all this while; and when I thought I had fooled others, am I a Fool my ſelf; and is ſhe really inchanted after all?

Dutch. Now is *Sancho* at his Wits-end to know, whether he may believe his Eyes and Ears or no.

Luſc. But his Maſter there is wholly tranſported; the Lady *Dulcinea*'s fair Eyes have inchanted him more than ſhe is by the Magician *Lyrgander*, ha, ha, ha.

Card. Softly, ſweet Love, they'll hear ye.

Sanc. Why a Man ſhan't be ſure that he has his own Noſe on at this rate; I would have laid my Earldom that I am to have to a Cucumber, that I had inchanted her my ſelf, and now Mr. *Merlin* there makes it out, that it was done before. Gadzooks I believe we are all inchanted,

or a peck of Vipers, to sheer thy Eye-lids, flea thy Head and Face, or broil thy self three hours upon a Grid-Iron; this had been something for thee to refuse: But since the thing imposed is but a Flauging, a Punishment each paltry School-boy laughs at, and which each rampant antiquated Sinner chooses for Pleasure; this to deny, especially when the Performance would retrieve my Beauty, supple my skin, and make this Olive-coloured Face as fair as now it seems, is a Barbarity unpardonable, and the World will hate thee for it.

Don. Qu. And let thy Sweetness know, that he shall do it, tho he could herd with a young Brood of Giants, fierce as the old that combated with *Jove*——Harkee, Rascal, Garlick-eater, I will tie thee naked to a Tree, and instead of the three thousand Lashes give thee six, and each of those six inches deep, if I but hear thee breathe another word like a refusal.

[*Takes hold of* Sancho, *who trembles.*

Pedro. Hold, noble Knight, thou erreſt, that must not be; for the great Powers have ordered the Penance done must not be forced but willingly.

Sanc. Why then every one as you were, and face about to the right again; God a mercy for that i'faith Master *Merlin.* [*Getting from* Don Quixote] Look'ee, Sir, there's no more to be said, you hear what the grand Powers have ordered: Come, come, 'tis ill shaving against the hair; the Wearer best knows where the Shoe wrings him; besides, you know the old saying, Scratch my Back, and I'll claw your Elbow; there's nothing to be done but by fair means, think of that, Sir.

Don Qu. Why then a thousand times begging thy pardon, *Sancho*, I do intreat thy favour in this business.

Sanc. Humh——humh——intreat my favour.

Don Qu. Consider Friend, our future Rise depends on the Performance; for wanting her Influence I can be no Emperor, nor thou no Governor; which if once done, I promise thee within a month at farthest.

Sanc. Why, ay, Sir, this is something now——but yet three thousand Lashes, humh——

Duke.

Duke. Nay, as to that, if *Sancho* be ſo generous to diſinchant the Lady, he ſhall not ſtay ſo long to have a Government, for I have now an Iſland at his ſervice.

Card. Oh fortunate *Sancho*, Oh moſt happy Squire, I ſhall be proud to wait on him.

Dutch. And I.

Luſc. And all of us.

Sanc. Ay marry Sir, now you ſound well indeed, there's no ſqueaking in this Bagpipe; why 'tis a wonderful thing to think now, how Benefits have power to alter Reſolutions, and how merrily an Aſs will trip it up Hill, that's laden with Gold and Jewels: Methinks I am ſtrangely altered on the ſudden, and am not ſo averſe to this Laſhing as before.

Don Qu. Well, are things yet according to thy wiſh? Art thou now ſatisfied, that by my means thou ſhalt become a Governor? Does thy Heart yet relent?

Sanc. It does, Sir, and you may ſee it in my Eyes. [*Weeping.*] You may find by me too, that he that is obſtinate, wears his Coat ſooneſt threadbare; and Folly may hinder a Man of many a good turn. I beſeech ye, Sir, to pardon my Proverbs, and thank the Duke there for his noble favour, which I do now reſolve to deſerve by my ſpeedy diſinchanting the Lady *Dulcinea*, who yet ere morning ſhall find her buſineſs much bettered, if my Buttocks can be but in humour.

Don Qu. There ſpoke my Brother, my Right hand, my Genius.

Duke. The Iſland's name is *Barataria*——and here I do declare before ye all, *Don Sancho* is the Governor.

Omn. Long live the Governor of the Iſland *Barataria.*

Pedro, 'Tis well; and more to celebrate this Hour, I by my Art will ſhew how I approve it.

Pedro *waves his Wand; then here is performed this Song ſung by a Milkmaid, and followed by a Dance of Milkmaids.*

SONG.

SONG.

I.

YE *Nymphs and* Sylvan *Gods,*
That love green Fields and Woods,
When Spring newly born,
Her self does adorn
With Flowers and blooming Buds,
Come sing in the Praise,
Whilst Flocks do graze
In yonder pleasant Vale,
Of those that choose
Their Sleeps to lose,
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shoos,
Do carry the Milking Pail.

II.

The Goddess of the Morn
With Blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh Air,
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Consort on each green Thorn:
The Ouzle and Thrush,
On every Bush,
And the Charming Nightingal,
In merry Vein,
Their Throats do strain,
To entertain
The Jolly Train
That carry the Milking Pail.

III.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flow'rs can spring no more
The Fields that were seen
So pleasant and green,
By Winter all candy'd o'er;

Oh! How the Town Laſs
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale:
But it is not ſo
With thoſe that go
Thro' Froſt and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
And carry the Milking Pail.

IV.

The Miſs of Courtly Mould,
Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
With Waſhes and Paint
Her Skin does ſo taint,
She's wither'd before ſhe's old;
Whilſt ſhe of Commode
Puts on a Cart-load,
And with Cuſhions plumps her Tail;
What Joys are found,
In Ruſſet Gown,
Young, Plump and Round,
And Sweet and Sound,
That carry the Milking Pail.

V.

The Girls of Venus's *Game,*
That venture Health and Fame,
In practiſing Feats,
With Colds and with Heats,
Make Lovers grow blind and lame:
If Men were ſo wiſe,
To value the Prize
Of the Wares moſt fit for Sale,
What ſtore of Beaus
Won'd daub their Clothes,
To ſave a Noſe,
By following thoſe
That carry the Milking Pail.

Carden.

Carden. Merlin is pleaſed at *Sancho*'s Condeſcenſion, which he has prov'd by this ſtrange Entertainment.

Don Qu. And *Dulcinea* ſmil'd moſt radiantly.

Luſcind. And at her going made a low bow to *Sancho.*

Duke. Come Governor, now let us home to Supper, where we'll confer about ſome publick Matters relating to your Charge.

Dutch. Take heed you are not cruel, our Iſlanders will ne'er endure a Tyrant.

Sancho. Oh let me alone for that Madam, I'll be as mild as a Milch Cow: I have nothing rough about me but my Beard.

Thus goes the World Sirs, many muſt fall low,
Whilſt others riſe up high;
Many get Governments the Lord knows how,
And ſo Gadzooks have I.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Marcella *walks over the Stage penſively.*

Afterwards Enter Cardenio *and* Ambroſio.

Card.— SO Cynthia *roſe amidſt the Myrtle Grove,*
[*Speaking as* Marcella *paſſes by.*
Like the Queen Mother of the Stars above.
Oh, dear *Ambroſio*, good morrow to thee, what you come from ſeeing Execution done upon *Diego?*

Ambr. I have ſeen him ſoundly whipt, and turn'd out of his Employment this morning.

Card.

Card. Insolent Villain! Was there no one to attack but the chief Beauty of our Groves, the Glory of the Plains, and Darling of the Shepherds, the admired *Marcella? Leandro* her Father it seems was there too, who, I hear, has made a particular Suit to the Duke about his Daughter.

Ambr. Your Intelligence is good, Sir.

Card. My Intelligence is good: Why, how now Friend, art thou grown resty? Is that all, to say my Intelligence is good? Nay, then you shall find my Intelligence is better; for I heard a Bird sing, that the old Man, weighing your late brave Action done for her, and knowing you to be the Duke's Kinsman, has made an offer of his Daughter for a Wife for you.

Ambr. So, Sir.

Card. So, Sir, I gad, and I think very well too, Sir, what a Pox ails thee? Why thou art as musty, as if thou hadst been offered a Witch without a Portion: Or dost thou banter me with a Fit of Dissimulation? Hah, come, come, Sir, welcome your happy Planet with Smiles; *Plato, Socrates* and *Aristotle* are good Companions when a Man has an Estate, but horribly dull and phlegmatick Fellows when the Assets are wanting.

Ambr. Very well, Sir.

Card. Thou art the Duke's Relation, and I know he loves thee, and will do very well for thee; but still a Fortune of thy own making is more honourable, and I know *Leandro* dotes on his fine Daughter, and will give her a world of Wealth: Nor is his Family to be despised, for all he fansies a Rural Life among the Shepherds, he being, as I'm informed, lineally descended from the noble *Cid Ruy diaz.*

Ambr. And what of all this, Sir?

Card. What of all this! Why then thou'rt a happy Fellow, I think, to have the prospect of enjoying so sweet a Creature, with so plentiful a Fortune: Yet what most surprizes me is, to hear that her sudden Love to thee, has quite altered her Nature; and she that from her Infancy, was noted for the most reserved and coy of all her

Sex,

Sex, now talks of Love, bluſhes, ſings amorous Sonnets, and lives quite contrary to her former Cuſtom.

Ambr. So let her live; prithee why doſt thou trouble me with the recital of a Woman's Follies: Their *Wiles*, their Miſchiefs, and their *Proteus* Changes, I know too well already. I am as well skill'd in the Philoſophy of that damning Sex, as e'er was *Aretine*, and hate them as he did, with ſuch a Rancour, that I have an *Odium* even for her that bore me, for being Female in her Generation: If thou wouldſt pleaſe me, ſay the Plague's amongſt them.

But he that bids me for a Wife prepare,
Is forming the worſt Hell, and fixing of me there.

[*Exeunt.*

Card. What the Devil ails him? The young Fellow's bewitch'd I think. I thought he came hither on purpoſe to follow her, for I'm ſure I ſaw her go down that Walk juſt now——But ſince 'tis otherwiſe, I'm certain ſhe muſt meet him; and then a kind Word, and a ſweet Look or two, I warrant will ſoon convert him from his Hereſy.

Enter Page.

Page. My Lord Duke has been looking for ye, Sir, this hour; he is now in the Hall with the Dutcheſs, ready to ſee the ſecond Exploit which we are going to banter *Don Quixote* with, which is the Adventure of the Counteſs *Trifaldi*: If you intend to laugh, Sir, come away, for we are juſt going to begin.

Card. I'll follow thee; the Jeſt muſt needs be excellent. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Ambroſio, *and* Marcella *following.*

Ambr. Was ever Man ſo teaz'd with what he hated? The more I ſhun the Plague, the more I am infected, how dareſt thou follow me?

Marc. What dares not Courage do? I am in your Debt, Sir, and like a generous Bankrupt, am ſo honeſt, I cannot reſt, nor harbour any quiet, till I have made Re-payment.

Ambr.

Ambr. By torturing me, is that the way, Tormentor?

Marc. Heavens! Can you talk of Tortures, I being here, that undergo the greateſt that are poſſible? Is there a greater Torture for a Woman, than to ſuppreſs her Humour, veil her Pride, which ſhe ſometimes calls Modeſty, and be forced, bluſhing beneath a thouſand thouſand Shames, to curſe her Stars like me, and own ſhe loves?

Ambr. Why thou Antipodes to Amity, doſt thou pretend to Love?

Marc. Oh that thy Tongue were a ſharp-pointed Dagger to wound my Heart, that it might bleed an Anſwer, as it does now my——Soul when it compels me to anſwer, yes——I do.

Ambr. What me, is't me thou loveſt? Speak ſweet Damnation.

Marc. I will not ſpeak thou Devil!——Gods! What am I doing——Oh——give me back one minute of my paſt ſtrength, that I may have the pleaſure but of railing a little at him, and 'twill be Heaven to me. Where does thy Witchcraft lie, thou Sorcerer? In thy Eyes, thy Tongue, or in what other part? Tell me, that I may tear the fatal Charm, and give my poor tormented Soul ſome eaſe.

Ambr. Hey, Fits, Eruptions! This is Woman right now, there's now a Legion of Cub-Devils within her, that tumble up and down, and make her mad.

Marc. Forgive me, Sir, theſe ſtrange Effects of Paſſion, theſe ſtubborn Weeds, which I will now endeavour to root out and demoliſh.

Ambr. That was a flattering Fiend now; ſoft and moving, to make us think ſhe is a Foe to Pride.

Marc. I have ſeem'd proud, Sir, but 'twas all Hypocriſy, which Patience and warm purſuing had diſcovered, as now your Charms have done, and made me flexible.

Ambr. Ha, ha, ha, ha: now deareſt *Chryſoſtom*, look down and ſmile to ſee the Victim offered to revenge thee.

SONG.

SONG.

I.

DAmon, let a Friend adviſe ye,
Follow Cloris *tho ſhe flies ye;*
Tho her Tongue your Suit is ſlighting,
Her kind Eyes you'll find inviting.
Womens Rage, like ſhallow Water,
Does but ſhew their hurtleſs Nature;
When the Stream ſeems rough and frowning,
There is ſtill leaſt fear of drowning.

II.

Let me tell the adventʼrous Stranger,
In our Calmneſs lies our Danger;
Like a River's ſilent Running,
Stilneſs ſhews our Depth and Cunning.
She that rails ye into Trembling,
Only ſhews her fine Diſſembling,
But the Fawner, to abuſe ye,
Thinks ye Fools, and ſo will uſe ye.

Ambr. A well-tun'd Devil this, oh ſhe has great variety——

Marc. There are a thouſand Frailties in our Sex, which every day and hour ſucceed each other, uncertain Natures with uncertain Paſſions, ſway'd by the Ebb and Flowings of our Blood by Seaſons, as the Tide is by the Moon; like Rowers we look one way—move another:

Sooth with our Tongues, to make Mankind obey,
But ſcarcely ever think the things we ſay.

Ambr. Go on, for now thou'rt on a Theme that pleaſes me; rail at thy Sex, and I will hear with patience, nay help thee onwards thus——Even from your Infancy you ſhew the Serpent in your perverſe Natures, cry for each Bawble, then pout and be ſullen: The ſtubborn Curſe grows as 'twere ſeeded in ye, and ſprings uncultur'd from the firſt Original.

Marc.

Marc. We very often ſhew a Bud, 'tis true of Miſchiefs, that bloom out in riper years.

Ambr. Why that's honeſtly own'd, and ſhews thou haſt ſome Conſcience; prithee proceed? come to the Girl of ten.

Marc. Her chief delight is, ere ſhe can be one, to be thought a Woman; ſhe always ſtands on Tiptoes, and her Hand is never from her Breaſts to make them grow.

Ambr. Right again, right dear Sin-breeder, very right ——proceed.

Marc. Boys of her own age ſhe hates mortally, but ſtill extremely pleaſed when Men accoſt her: To call her Miſs, is an Affront unpardonable; but tell her ſhe is grown tall and fit to marry, you win her Heart: Then you ſhall ſee her ſnicker, and make a thouſand ſilly apiſh Faces, to let you ſee how well ſhe underſtands ye.

Ambr. Young Crocodiles; but go on thou incomparable Orator, thou *Cicero* in Petticoats, prithee go on—Come to their Womanhood, their Pride of Eighteen, and ſo to One and twenty; What are they then, thou *Sibyl?*

Marc. He rallies me, this baſe Invective pleaſes him. [*Aſide.*

Then—Why then they are a ſecond Race of Angels—The greateſt Bleſſings Heaven e'er gave Mankind. [*Angrily to him,*

Ambr. Aw——Nay if thou flagg'ſt to thy old courſe, I hate thee; come I'll refreſh thy Genius with a ſcrap of Poetry I lately met with in an honeſt Satire, that ſuits exactly with the preſent Theme.

At Fourteen Years young Females are contriving Tricks to tempt ye,
At Sixteen Years come on and woo, and take of Kiſſes plenty;
At Eighteen Years full grown and ripe, they're ready to content ye;
At Nineteen ſly and miſchievous, but the Devil at One and twenty.

There,

There, there's a Poetical Touch now to inspire thee: Come, prithee go on now.

Marc. Oh Heaven! He makes me his mere Jest, and I ungratefully have been exposing my Sex to entertain his Vanity.

Ambr. Nay, either rail quickly, or I'll be gone; I have no other business with thee.

Marc. Yes, thou insulting Monster, I will rail; but it shall be at thee, thou Seed of Rocks, unnatural Brute, thou Shame of all that call themselves of Humane Race.

Ambr. Thou Woman.

Marc. Have I been from my Infancy adored, my Person been the Idol of thy Sex, and drawn more Worshippers than often Heaven it self, to pay Devotion to my Beauty's Altar; and is it possible that thy Humanity can so degenerate, to think me——

Ambr. Woman.

Marc. Reject a Joy too precious for thy Hopes, and barbarously use me like——

Ambr. A Woman——Woman, that I could wish, with all her Kind, were doom'd to stand in one great Field of Flax, and I had power to set it on a blaze. Remember *Chrysostam*, there, there, there's the Cause

That 'twixt thy Sex and me breeds endless Jar,
And for whose sake I shall still Death abhor. [*Exit.*

Marc. Do: But yet ere thy Death, I beg the Powers Divine, thou mayst find one, one Woman, to give thee as little rest, as thou hast left me now; for I shall never, never rest again: Racks, Poison, Flames, Halters, and Cutting Swords, I long methinks, I long to use ye all; this comes of being coy, and of dissembling.

All stubborn Maids, let my Example guide,
Henceforth ne'er sacrifice your Vows to Pride:
Take whilst you can, the kind deserving He,
Lest, in refusing, you repent like me.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, Don Quixote, *Dutchess*; Luscinda, Cardenio *and* Rodriguez.

Don Qu. Your Grace has here a very pleasant Prospect, the Landskip filled with sweet Variety; and then the Sea at distance near that Champian, makes the View more delightful.

Duke. A Seat for Sports, Sir, during the Summer Season. I hope your Valour rested well to night, Sir: How fares the noble Governor of *Barataria* too? Have you seen him this morning?

Don Qu. Not yet my Lord, which in some little measure causes my wonder.

Dutch. Oh you must consider, Sir, the Task he has undertaken; the Zeal perhaps to disinchant your Lady speedily, might make him lash himself so much last night, as may require him to rest more in the morning. But see here he comes.

Card. Your Grace has found the Reason, it must be so.

Lusc. Mrs. *Rodriguez* there tells me, he has been writing a Letter to his Wife this morning, to inform her of his change of Fortune, and invite her to his Government.

Rodrig. He write it, I beg your pardon, good Madam, I told ye the Steward's Clerk writ it for him; for his part, poor Peasant, he can neither write nor read; he'll make a rare Governor.

Duke. Oh never the worse for that, Mrs. *Rodriguez*, the essential part of a Governor is Judgment.

Dutch. And, *Rodriguez*, I'd advise you to take care how you vilify him, *Sancho* is very satyrical——and there's an old Grudge depending between ye, about *Dapple* you may remember; here he comes, we shall now have an Account of his Letter, and the rest.

Enter Sancho.

Don Qu. How does my Friend, my Intimate? for ſince the Duke has honoured thee, and the Fates have ordained thee to do me ſuch a ſignal Courteſy, 'tis fit I take thee into the Liſt of Friends: Well, and how go matters, hah——Troth thou look'ſt lean upon it, I'm afraid thou haſt over-jerked thy ſelf; no, don't do ſo neither—Dear *Sancho*, come prithee tell me how many hundred, hah?

Sanc. Hundred, Sir, hold a Blow there a little: Soft and fair goes far, and Let him that owns the Cow, take her by the Tail; 'Tis eaſy to be prodigal at another man's Coſt. Oons d'ee think a Governor has but one Buſineſs in his head at a time?——Charity, Maſter of mine, begins at home, you know; and ever while you live, Chriſten your own Child firſt: I have been cudgeling my Brains all this night, about writing a Letter to my Wife *Tereſa*, and my Daughter *Mary*, (pray Heaven ſhe don't die of a fit, when ſhe hears ſhe muſt come away and be a Counteſs;) ſo that betwixt one and t'other, as concerning the Laſhes, to be plain with ye, I could give my ſelf but Five of the Three thouſand yet.

Don Qu. But Five! oh unreaſonable Hang-dog! my Lord Duke, did your Grace ever hear ſuch a pitiful ſneaking Account?

Duke. I faith, Friend *Sancho*, five was too few of all conſcience.

Card. 'Tis a palpable Affront to the Princeſs, five hundred had been too few.

Sanc. D'ee hear, pray Friend, will you meddle with your own matters; Go too, There's many will ſhuffle the Cards that won't play; and I beſeech your Grace conſider me rightly, I'll make my Maſter full amends another time; for tho they were but five, yet they were laid on with my hand, and with a thumping good-will I promiſe ye.

Dutch. Blows with a hand, Friend Governor, are rather Claps than Laſhes; and yours, I ſee there, is ſo ſoft, that I fear the Sage *Merlin* will hardly except of ſuch effeminate Diſcipline.

Sanc.

Sanc. Why then, if your Grace pleaſes to provide me a good Holly-buſh againſt night, I will ſo fegue my Buttocks before morning, that you ſhall ſay I have earn'd my Government I'll warrant ye; and I propoſe this the more willingly, becauſe I intend to enter upon't to-morrow, as my Lord Duke has promiſed.

Luſc. That indeed, Madam, may do ſomething to the purpoſe.

Dutch. D'ee hear, *Rodriguez*——Let there be ſuch a Buſh got ready.

Rodr. What means your Grace? I beſeech ye conſider my Place, and what I officiate in; and ſince laſhing the Buffoon is neceſſary, let ſome of the Fellows of the Stable excerciſe him with a Horſe-whip.

Sanc. Marry gep, goody Sock-mender, what you are too good, are ye?—— Well, from the Conſcience of an old Bawd, and the Pride of a fuſty Waiting-woman, good Lord deliver me. If I had deſired ye to lead my *Dapple* after me to my Government, how you would have cock'd up your Noſe, I warrant.

Rodr. What, Creatures of that coarſe kind! What Aſſes are ever uſed to go to Governments, thou unpoliſh'd Animal?

Sanc. Why, thou Pomatum-Pot, didſt never hear of an Aſs that went to a Government in thy Life?—— Ah Pox on thee, where haſt thou been bred?

Duke. Oh a hundred, a hundred, the grand *Sancho* ſpeaks but reaſon.

Dutch. What Noiſe is this?

[*Drum beats within, and Trumpet ſounds*

Don Qu. The Sound is diſmal, and it ſeems to me as if ſome ſtrange Adventure were at hand.

Card. It muſt be ſo, ſee here they come upon us.

Dutch. Some Embaſſy to the great *Don Quixote* without doubt.

Sanc. A Plague on their Embaſſy; whoe'er they are, I don't like their coming at this time—— If this Adventure now ſhould put any ſtop to my Government—— I ſhould make bold to wiſh their long-nos'd Embaſſador hang'd there.

Enter two with Drum and Fife ſounding hoarſly, and marching ſolemnly o'er the Stage; then Enter Pedro *diſguiſed like a* Chineſe, *with great Whiskers, and a large long crooked Noſe on his Face, leading in* Manuel *dreſt antickly in a long Robe, with three Skirts held up by three Pages and veil'd, attended by four Waiting-Women veil'd and dreſt antickly; then four Antiques in ſeveral Shapes, bearing a Table, on which ſtands the Figure of a large Golden Head: they go round the Stage, and then the Table and Head being plac'd in the middle, they dance; then* Pedro *advances to the Duke, and ſpeaks.*

Pedro. Noſt Noble Prince, you muſt be pleaſed to know, that in the flouriſhing Kingdom of *Candaya*, I am known by the Name of *Pierres* the Hardy, otherwiſe called the Knight of the *Roman* Noſe, only Brother to the Counteſs *Trifaldi*, otherwiſe call'd the Afflicted Matron, the Lady you ſee yonder; who in her Proſperity, was chief Lady, or Waiting-woman, to the Queen *Donna Magunſia*, Dowager to King *Archipiello*; and from his Territories, thus far is come to kiſs your mighty Hands, and your fair Dutcheſs's, and to intreat a Favour.

Duke. Thrice worthy Knight—— Your ſelf and the good Counteſs are moſt welcome.

Dutch. And tell her, Sir, if any Griefs oppreſs her, we ſhall be very glad to bring her Comfort.

Pedro. Your Beauty is moſt generous; but ere I proceed to that, I muſt deſire to know, whether the valorous and invincible Knight Don *Quixote de la Mancha* be in your Caſtle, in whoſe ſearch principally, to ſay the truth, ſhe comes.

Duke. Tell her then likewiſe, noble *Pierres*, that here is the valiant Knight Don *Quixote*, from whoſe generous Condition, ſhe may ſafely promiſe her ſelf all Courteſy and Aſſiſtance.

Pedro. Then, bleſt be our happy Stars——I will inform her inſtantly.

Card. Oh admirable Function of Knight-Errantry, beyond all other happy!

Lasc. Oh Virtue excellent, to whom Ladies come from the remoteſt Regions of the Earth, to ſue for Succour!

Duke. Secure in his ſtrong Arm, and never-failing Valour.

Don Qu. Now I could wiſh my Lord, that prating Gown-man, that dull Bag-pudding Prieſt, that lately rail'd at Chivalry——were by, to ſee whether ſuch Knights are neceſſary.

Duke. Oh, a houſe-bred Book-worm, you muſt not think of him. Nay, Madam, this muſt not be, we are your Servants all.

Dutch. Your Merit claims reſpect, Madam, from every one; therefore pray ſit by us, and pleaſe to unfold your Griefs. [*The Counteſs* Triſaldi *comes and kneels to the Duke; he takes her up, and he and the Dutcheſs ſeat her in a Chair.*

Man. Illuſtrious Beauty, as ſoon as my full Heart and faltring Tongue will give me leave, I ſhall: But in the firſt place, I muſt deſire to know, whether the moſt puriſidiferous Don *Quixote* of the *Manchiſſima*, and his Squiriferous *Pancha* be in this Company or no?

Sanc. Why look ye forſooth, without any more Flouriſhes, the Governour *Pancha* is here, and *Don Quixotiſſimo* too; therefore moſt afflictediſſimous Matroniſſima, ſpeak what you williſſimus, for we are all ready to be your Servitoriſſimus.

Don Qu. Upon my Honour, ſtraitned Lady, let me but know the Tenor of your Wrongs, they ſhall not want redreſs; and now you hear *Don Quixote* ſpeak himſelf.

Man. Art thou the Man? Bleſt be that *Madrid* Phiz, thoſe toothleſs Jaws, and that way-beaten Body; here at thy Feet I proſtrate my Unworthineſs, to beg aſſiſtance from thy Magnanimity.

Don Qu. Oh Madam, Madam, what do you mean? By my Honour this muſt not be. [*Raiſes her up.*

Man. And thou more Loyal Squire, than ever followed, in paſt or preſent Times, the ragged Fortunes of ſo Auguſt and ſo Renown'd a Maſter; thou ſecond Part of

Errantry, longer in Goodneſs than my Brother's Noſe there; thus do I ſhake thy Fiſt, and thus conjure thee to bear thy part in my Affair with willingneſs.

Sanc. Why truly Miſtreſs, as to what you ſay, of my Honeſty in following my Maſter—Ragged or not ragged, wet or dry, I think you are pretty right; but when you ſay, my Goodneſs is longer than that Gentleman's Noſe, there I muſt beg your pardon, Gadzooks 'tis a meer Compliment; faith it comes ſhort of that, I aſſure you.

Man. Be pleaſed to know then valorous and untamed Sir, that in the Queen *Donna Magunſia's* Court, I being Governeſs to the young Princeſs *Antonomaſia*, and hindring her from marrying the Giant *Malambruno*, a great Inchanter; he, to vent his Rage more ſenſibly upon us, did it on our moſt tender part, our Faces, thatching our Chins, as you may behold them, with theſe unſeemly Beards and loathſom Briſtles.

Duke. 'Tis wonderful!

[*They unveil themſelves, and ſhew their Faces all Bearded.*

Dutch. Beyond all thought amazing!

Luſc. The Inchanter ſhew'd his Malice to the height.

Card. To make a Witch of a Woman before ſhe comes to be fifty, is very hard.

[Sancho *feels one of the Beards.*

Sanc. The Hair is plaguy faſt ſet on; the Inchanter, as ye call him, has bearded them with a vengeance: why this would undo the poor Devils in a little time; if they're inclin'd to be cleanly, they'll ſpend all their Portions in one Year, only in paying for their Shaving.

Don Qu. How my Blood boils againſt this damn'd Inchanter! for I perceive now this Diſgrace of theirs is done in ſpite of me, he knows I hate a Woman with a Beard———and now has plagu'd me with them in a Cluſter.

Man. But ſee how harmleſs Innocence gets Friends; we were no ſooner bearded, as you ſee, but to our wonder, in the place appears this golden Head, charm'd with Prophetick Speech by the great *Merlin*, who bid us inſtantly travel into *Spain* to find Don *Quixote*, and with him his Sword and Buckler *Sancho Pancha*, in whoſe renowned

nowned Preſence, he would diſcover the Remedy to eaſe us of our Shames—This is our diſmal Story, and thus far are we come, famed Knight, in queſt of you; and leſt you doubt the truth of my Relation, queſtion the Head, and you will then know more.

Don Qu. Not that I queſtion, moſt afflicted Lady, the truth of your ſtrange Story; but to be ſatisfied in the method I muſt uſe in your relief, I will preſume to interrogate the Head.

Duke. Now for the Oracle; thus far 'tis rarely carried.

Card. They act it to a Miracle: *Sancho* is ſo confounded yonder, he cannot ſpeak.

Luſc. Oh! they'll give him vent preſently.

Dutch. Pray Heaven the Head be in a good humour, and has not got a Cold, that we may hear diſtinctly *Merlin*'s Order.

Sanc. Good Sir, be pleaſed to begin as ſoon as you can; for elſe the Head, to my thinking, by his gaping, will attack you with a Speech firſt.

Don Qu. Hem, hem, thou admirable Head, what is my Name?

Head. Don *Quixote de la Mancha*, otherwiſe called the Knight of the Ill-favoured Face.

Sanc. O Lord, and who am I, pray Mr. Head?

Head. The truſty *Sancho Pancha*, and now the famous Governor of *Barataria*.

Sanc. The Devil's in't, I ſee there's no keeping Preferment ſecret; every one's Head, inchanted or not inchanted, will be meddling with other Peoples matters: and when am I to be ſettled in this Government, good Mr. Golden-pate?

Head. Not till the Adventure of the Beards is ended.

Sanc. Why then pray let it be ended quickly, for my Clothes are making; and my Wife is coming, and I muſt govern to-morrow, whether theſe good Women have Beards or no Beards.

Don Qu. Be brief, incomparable Head, and let me know the way to diſinchant the Counteſs.

Head. This night between the hours of twelve and one, *Merlin* will ſend thee an inchanted Horſe, on which

thou and thy valiant Squire muſt ride thro' the Region of the Air unto *Candaya*, to combat the curſt Giant *Malambruno*, who by thy Hand ſhall fall; and from that inſtant, the Hairs ſhall peel from theſe diſconſolate Faces, and every Chin be ſmooth as Infant Beauty.

Don Qu. Thanks to the gracious *Merlin*; and ſet the Horſe but come, I'll in a trice be with this horrid Giant. *Sancho* prepare, for I will loſe my Beard among thoſe Infidels, ere ſuffer theſe to grow a moment longer.

Sanc. D'ee hear, d'ee hear, Sir; pray let Diſcretion rule the Roaſt with ye a little: I am a Governor now, and can ſpeak Sentences by the dozen. What a Plague have we to do with Giants of *Candaya*? How do you think the Princeſs *Dulcinea*'s buſineſs will go on, if I am galling my Buttocks in a Journey towards *Candaya*? And as for theſe Gentlewomen, they'll do well to get into ſome Country or other where there's but little Sunſhine, they may do buſineſs well enough in the Dark; for the Proverb ſays, When the Candles are out, all Cats are grey.

Man. Oh barbarous! art thou to be a Civil Judge, and canſt thou want Compaſſion? Whither, Inhumane, ſhall we fly for Succour? who'll take a Waiting-woman with a Beard on?

Sanc. Well, well, that's all one, I ſhan't ride for all that.

Card. Truly, Sir Governor, the Counteſs is in the right; a Lady with a Beard, will look but oddly in a Queen's Bed-Chamber.

Dutch. Oh, the grand *Sancho* is a greater Friend to our Sex, than to ſuffer ſuch Ignominy thro' his defaults.

Don Qu. I have taught him more Humanity I am ſure.

Sanc. Ay, you may talk, but this ſhan't get me on Horſe-back; for tho I am a Friend good enough for the Sex, yet I am for letting every one ſhave her ſelf as ſhe can. Now am I piping-hot juſt ready to enter upon my Government, and here's the Devil of a Head would hinder it, to ſend me of a Fool's Errand as far as *Candaya*. Gadzooks, let Waiting-women go hairy to their Graves, I'll not jolt ſo far to take away any one's beard, not I;

if

if my Maſter has ſuch a mind to it, let him do it alone. I have other buſineſs enough he knows.

Duke. Why, Friend, the Iſland is rooted faſt in the Earth, 'twill ſtay for ye till ye come again; beſides, I find there is a neceſſity for your going: What ſay'ſt thou ſam'd Head? Can Don *Quixote* end the Charm alone?

Head. No, 'tis impoſſible; *Sancho* muſt go, or theſe be Bearded ever.

Sanc. Oons, ye damn'd chattering Devil, ye lye; and I'll ſee if I can conjure you into a better Opinion: now I'm provoked, I'll ſee what kind of Witchcraft lurks within ye here. How now!

[*Snatches off the Golden-head from the Table, and diſcovers the Page bare-faced, who is hid within it.*

What a Plague have we here?

Pedro. A Pox on him, the cholerick Fool has diſcovered us.

Man. 'Tis ſo, he has ſpoil'd the reſt of the Scene; come, let us take the Page away, and carry off all with a Laugh——ha, ha, ha, a Trick, a Trick, ha, ha.

Omnes. A Trick, a Trick, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*They all get off.*

Duke. 'Tis plain now, this is a mere piece of Roguery.

Dutch. Invented, I warrant, by ſome Enemy to Knight-Errantry.

Luſtin. And acted by ſome of the Mobile of the Village.

Card. That heard of his high-ſoaring Fame, no doubt, and therefore thought to blaſt it with this Jeſt.

Don Qu. Poor Inſects I deſpiſe them.

Sanc. Ha, ha, ha, ha,——but what ſays Mr. *Head* here all this while to the buſineſs? Shall my Maſter and I go a Voyage to *Candaya*, Good Mr. *Head*? ha, ha, ha, ha; humph, what d'ee ſay nothing to it, to ſhave a parcel of rotten Waiting-women? Admirable Mr. *Head*, ha, ha, ha, ha, I think I have routed your Inchantment, I'faith, ha, ha, ha; what thinks your Worſhip of the buſineſs? as the Natural ſaid to the Biſhop, Who is the Fool now?

Don Qu. Peace, Buffle, all Droles are below me to take notice of.

Duke. Ay, ay, Don *Quixote*'s in the right; and so is likewise the Grand *Sancho*; to honour whom, for this last witty Discovery, I'll instantly send for his Robe, and prepare his Officers to wait on him to his Government.

To do such Feats, Ages to come shall brag on:
Sanc. *Nay, when I'm there, I'll govern like a Dragon.*
[Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Town.

Enter Teresa, *and* Mary Pancha, *in poor Clothes.*

Mary. COme, come, Mother, pray be pacified and cheer up a little better; and since my good Father is got to be a Governor, and has sent for us hither to this curious Place to be Countesses and vine Volk, 'Slidikins let's go to't merrily, and not look sneaking, as if we were going to be hang'd for Sheep-stealing. [*Speaks broad Country-like.*

Teres. Ah, *Mary*, if I am melancholy, 'tis upon thy account, for thou'lt prove but an awkward Countess I'm afraid, now the blessing is fallen upon us; hast left off blowing thy Nose between thy Fingers, *Mary*, and wiping it upon thy Smock-sleeves, Child?

Mary. Yes that I have pray, and dipping my Knuckles in the Platter too.

Teres. And playing at See-saw a-straddle cross a Board with the Plow-men; and above all, thy dearly beloved Delight, moulding of Cockle-bread?

Mary.

Mary. Aw, I have left 'em all off I'ſackins; my Vather ſhall ſee when he comes, that his Daughter *Mary* ſhawn't diſgrace her Gentility; he ſhall find me ſo chang'd in my Diſcourſe, and my way ſo alter'd, that, Odſlidikins, he ſhall hardly know me again.

[*Takes a Letter out of her Boſom.*

Teref. Ah Bleſſing on the good Man's Heart, here's his Letter; and little did I think, that my *Sancho* could have made his words good that he ſaid to me, when he left me to go a Squiring: Good-lack-a-day, I have been ſo overjoy'd ever ſince I had it, and have read it ſo often, and kiſs'd it and thumb'd it ſo much, that I have almoſt worn the Letter out; it has had two or three Miſchances too, for the ſame day I had it, putting it into my Boſom as I was a waſhing, and being taken up with thinking, I dropt it into the Tub amongſt the foul Suds; but I warrant ye I ſnatcht it out with haſte enough: but then again, to ſee the ill Accidents that come by being over-fond of a thing, at night carrying it to Bed with me, and reading it with Joy by an inch of Candle, which I held in my hand, I fell a-ſleep, the Light went out I know not how; and in the morning I found the Candle in my hand, ſqueez'd as flat as the Letter, and, Gad forgive me, the Letter in the Chamber-pot.

Mary. Good-now let's ſee it a little, for I am hugely pleaſed with the Dreſs that the *Dutch* have found out for us here. [*Takes the Letter.*

Teref. The *Dutch* have found out! why did ever any one ſee ſuch a ſimple Hoyden? 'tis not the *Dutch* that have found it out for us, Fool, 'tis a huge great Lady that's Wife to one Duck, a huge great Lord, that the Letter ſays has done it, ye ſilly Jade.

Mary. Duck, Duck, good lord Mother, that you ſhould miſtake ſo; why what a Dickins, d'ee think I can't read, here's no Duck nor Mallard neither; I tell ye 'tis the *Dutch*, look here elſe; let's read again.

Mary reads.] *Therefore now Goody* B. E. A. N. *Goody Bean-belly* (Lord bleſs us, my Vather you knew us'd to joak, and often call ye ſo Mother) ha, ha, ha, ha, *lift up your* G. O. L. L. S, *and thank Heaven that you are now*

a Governor's Wife; my Lady the Dutch, ay here 'tis now.

Teref. Where, where is't now, ye blind Oatmeal-eater. [Teresa *reads.*] Hemh, *That you are now a Governor's Wife; my Lady the Dutchess*; the Dutchess ye ignorant Jade, that is, as I said before, the Duck's Wife, *has sent my Daughter Mary a rich piece of Stuff, to make her a modish Dress*: 'Tis she has sent it, Clodpate, not the *Dutch*; who ever knew them mind any Modes or Dresses either, ye senseless Mawkin?

Mary. Well, well, but then here again a little farther is best of all. [*She takes the Letter.*] *I intend to marry Moll out of Hand*; ha, ha, ha, ha, *for her B. U. B. her Bubbies grow large, and seem to make motion for a Husband*, ha, ha, ha.——Well, my Father's a parlous Man I'll say't; O my Soul and Conscience he knows one's mind as well as if he were in one.

Teref. Ay, Lord save him, the Man had more in him than ever we thought, *Mary*; and then let's see, here I come in, in the next line.——Humph. [*She reads.*

Come to me as best thou canst, and against thy coming, I will provide thee a Coach, for I go to my Government to-morrow, with intent to make Money, as all other Governors do.——*Dapple is well, and commends him heartily to thee.* [*She takes the Letter.*

Mary. Ah, bless the Soul of him, would the pretty Creature were here, that I might buss him a little.

[Teresa *takes the Letter.*

Teref. Ah Gimminy, I could eat the Letter up methinks:——Well, dear *Sancho*, or dear Governor, here I am come to thee at last; good Lord *Mary!* I can but think upon his former words, which, Odsdiggers, I could ne'er have believed then, tho now I find 'em true. *Teresa*, said he, thou wert born to be a Countess, the what d'ee call 'ems, Planets I think he call'd 'em, have allotted thee Honours, said he: Thou hast an Eye like a Countess, says he; a cocking Nose like a Countess, says he; a Shape like a Countess, a jetting Bum like a Countess, and a—— every thing like a Countess, said he: and Good-lack-a day, to see how the dear Man's words fall out.

Mary.

Mary. Odsfidikins, I am so merry, I could leap out of my Skin methinks; but come, Mother, now let's settle our Faces, and enquire for the Governor *Sancho*'s House, pray.

Teref. It must be here about I'm sure, by the Directions of the Letter: Oh! here comes a Gentleman, I'll enquire of him. Now *Mary* look to your self, be sure.

Enter Manuel.

Man. Well they may talk of *Proteus* and his Changes; but in so small a time, if ever he wore so many shapes as I have done, I much wonder: the blunt Fool *Sancho* by chance made shift to frustrate our last Design, but I'll try if he has Brains enough to find me out in this Disguise. I am now, by my Lord Duke's order, to be Secretary, and Civility-Master, to fool him and his Wife in their new Government: He, I hear, is upon his way hither, and she too ought to be here to meet him, with the Dowdy her Daughter; I wonder their Tawny Ladiships stay so long.

Mary. Sir Gentleman, if I may presume to be so bold.

Teref. Prithee hold thy Tongue. [*Putting her by.*] I'll speak to him my self; Hem, hem, if your business, Sir [*Makes awkward Curtsies,*] be not much in haste, be pleas'd to know, Sir, that I am the Governor *Sancho*'s Wife, Sir, and therefore desire you would do your self the Honour, Sir, to conduct me to his House, Sir.

Man. It must be they, their comical Figures shew they can be no other.

Mary. And look, Friend, I am his Daughter *Moll*, you must know, otherwise called *Mary* the Buxom; and now you know us, pray will you tell my Father——that we are come, d'ee hear.

Man. In happy time good Ladies, for I have been here ready this two hours to attend your motion.

Mary. D'sfidikins, d'ee hear Mother, he calls us Ladies already. [*Aside.*

Teref. Humph, you will be prating still, you will shew your self a Hoyden; why look Friend, to deal plainly, we

we had made our noble Entrance sooner, but the Waggon broke, and we were forced for three hours, to tarry the mending.

Man. The Waggon, why did your Excellencies then condescend to make your approaches to your Government, by the contemptible convenience of a Waggon?

Teref. Why truly yes, Friend, for want of a better, our Excellencies for once made a hard shift.

Mary. There was ne'er a Cart to be had in Town, you must know, but one, that was carrying Lime to make Mortar to mend the Town-Hall.

Man. A Cart! a Chariot sure you must mean Miss Pretty.

Teref. A Cart, did you ever hear such a Jade! ay, ay, Sir, Miss meant a Chariot as you say: Pox take her, would she were whipt at a Cart a little; a thing that runs upon Wheels, Sir; a fine stately thing that runs I say upon Wheels. [*To* Mary *aside.*

Man. Ay, it may run upon Legs for any thing thou knoweſt of it. [*Aside.*] Ay, ay, your Ladyship is in the right, it does run upon Wheels indeed: But come now, I beseech you, give me leave to usher ye to your House, I am my self a small Officer under the Governor and your Ladyship; to him I serve as Secretary, and to you as Civility-Master.

Teref. Good Mr. Civility, I shall soon know your good Qualities.

Mary. Oh, ho, ho, O Lord! I can't keep from laughing for the life of me.

Man. My duty at present, is to conduct you to the Chief Matron, to be new dress'd, as fits a Governor's Wife——it must be done instantly——therefore pray follow me, that you may be ready to receive your Lord, who intends to be here at Dinner.

Teref. Well, pray lead the way, Friend, I'll warrant I'll keep touch with ye.

Mary. Lord bless us, what's to be done now? I am in such a quandary I know not what I say nor do, for my part. [*Exeunt with* Manuel.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Duke, and Sancho *dreſs'd fantaſtically as a Governor, between him and the Dutcheſs*; Luſcinda, Cardenio, Rodriguez, *and Servants following.*

Duke. Have the chief Citizens, and leading Men of the Iſland, notice of their new Governor's Arrival?

Servant. They have, my Lord, and this is the Place where they deſign'd to meet him.

Duke. 'Tis well; is there ought elſe, my moſt illuſtrious Don, in which my ſelf, or the Dutcheſs there, can honour ye?

Don Qu. Ds'death, *is* that a Look like a Governor? hold up thy Head for ſhame; his Joy, my Lord, has preſt ſo much upon his Spirits, his Tongue at preſent is not at liberty.

Card. The Favours theſe illuſtrious Perſons beſtow hourly, would make a dumb Man ſpeak to return thanks.

Luſc. And yet he ſtands as if he did not mind them.

Dutch. Any thing in my power, the noble Governor is ſure he may command, unleſs it be to give him leave to raviſh my Woman *Rodriguez.*

Rodr. Me! I had rather ſee his Governorſhip hang'd, than he ſhould come but as near as to whiſper me—— marry choak him, what the firſt day of his wearing Socks?

Don Qu. Oons is he dumb indeed? [*Jogs* Sancho.

Sanc. Hark ye, good Miſtreſs Conſerve-maker, hold your ſelf contented: All Rats, lookee, care not for mouldy Cheeſe: If your Virginity is to be hanged upon the Tree till I ſhake it off, the Crows may come and pick at it for *Sancho.*

Card. Oh, this is well now; a few wiſe Sayings from a Governor look decently.

Sanc. Some of which ſhould profit your pert Lady then methinks, that ſhe is ſo quick at putting her Spoon into another man's Porridge; Look Friend, too much Tongue,

Tongue, too much Tail——I say no more, but the Hen discovers her Nest by Cackling.

Lusc. Oh unfortunate Person! now have I rouz'd a sleeping Lyon that will tear me to pieces.

Dutch. No, no, Madam, the wise Governor will consider the frailty of our Sex.

Sancho. As to your Grace, I must needs say I am beholden; and if my Government stretch to my mind but an inch or two, I will shew my self thankful as well as I can——but for your Fleerers——and especially Goody Warming-Pan there, the Governor turns his Rump upon 'em, as things below his Place and Sagacity.

Rodr. Well, and I turn my Rump upon thee too—— 'Dslife ye were but a Stirrup-holder the t'other day, were ye?

Duke. Come good words, *Rodriguez*, there is distinction between *Sancho* and you now.

Rodr. Ay, the worse World in the mean time——I thought I might have deserved an Honour from your Grace, considering all things, as well as that Sheep-shearer. [*Weeps.*

Card. Ha, ha, ha; Faith my Lord, Mrs. *Rodriguez* is in the right, and but that the Governor here has got the start of us, and that his People are coming to wait upon him, I would put one Shoulder to heave him out of his Authority, for the hard Joke he gave my Wife.

Sanc. I, but in the mean time, don't sell the Bear's Skin before you have caught him: All are not Thieves that Dogs bark at: You may turn the Buckle behind ye now Friend.

Enter Pedro *and* Banditarians.

Pedro. Health to the Duke, and next the Governor; [*Bowing to the Duke and* Sancho.
To whom I, as his Physician in ordinary,——and the Mouth of these grave Citizens, thus tender Homage—— and am proud——t'inform him we come to wait upon him to his Government.

Don Qu. Your Hat, *Sancho*, your Hat: 'Dsdeath don't you see they are all bare-headed? Come, come, look grave

grave and ſpeak after me, we'll imitate the *Poliſh* Election, and give it them in Latin ——*Sit bonus Populus.*

Sanc. *Sit bonus Populus.* [*Speaks loud and clownishly.*

Don Qu. *Bonus ero Gubernator.*

Sanc. *Bonus ero Gubernator.* [*They ſhout.*

Duke. So then, ſince all things move in their right order, here now let us part, and *bonos nacios* Governor.

Sanc. The Governor is your Grace's Footſtool, my Lord.

Dutch. I hope your Excellency will let us hear ſometimes of your Tranſactions.

Sanc. Madam, there ſhall not be a Pound of Butter weighed, nor yet a Pudding be enrich'd with Plums, wherein your Graces ſhall not have a Finger.

Duke. Oh! Air, Air——I ſhall choak elſe, ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide.*

Card. Well, ſince it muſt be ſo, adieu moſt noble Governor. [*They make their Conge, and Exeunt all but* Don Quixote, Pedro, *and* Barataria*na.*

Don Qu. I yet muſt be a minute with my Friend, I'll follow your Grace inſtantly: You, Sirs, I muſt deſire t'abſent a little too, I have ſome private buſineſs with the Governor. How now, my kind Companion in my Travels, what means this Tenderneſs?

[Pedro *and the reſt go out,* Sancho *weeps.*

Sanc. Nature works, Sir——I never look upon that ſcurvy Phiz of yours, nor think upon the many Drubs and Bruiſes you are to ſuffer, but my Bowels earn after ye, juſt like a Mother for her Firſt-born——oh! [*Weeps.*

Don Qu. Brother *Sancho*, in troth this is too kind, come think of governing, Man, and let that cheer thee; in which Station to give thee ſome few Inſtructions, I have pickt out this Minute, therefore mind me.

[*Embraces him.*

Sanc. I will, Sir, and beſeech ye ſpeak ſlowly that I may keep pace with ye, becauſe you know my Underſtanding was always rather for the Trot than the Gallop.

Don Qu. I'll fit it to a hair, hem, to begin then: If thou wouldſt make thy ſelf a proper Governor for theſe Times, thou oughtſt principally to adorn thy ſelf with theſe

these three Virtues or Qualifications, which are Morality, Conscience, and Decency. And first, of the first; To have, or be thought to have Morality, is extremely useful for a Governor, if it were for nothing but to be a Skreen, that People might not pry too much into his Religion; for if he is once noted for a moral Man (whether he be really so or no) let him be a *Jew* in his Opinion, or of no Religion at all; 'tis not three half-pence matter.

Sanc. I am glad of that Sir; for my Religion, like the rest of my good Parts, is somewhat Cloudy at present: 'tis like a Field of Corn ill manag'd; there will want a great deal of Weeding before the Crop would come to be good for any thing.

Don Qu. Another part of Morality, *Sancho*, is Self-knowledge, to be sure not to forget thy Original, nor blush to own that thou comest of a poor Lineage; for when thou art not ashamed thy self, no body will seek to make thee so; but if thou shouldst, like the Frog, fansy thy self an Ox, thou art undone; for many hundreds now live, that know thou wert at first but a Hog-keeper.

Sanc. That's true, Sir; but then, 'twas when I was but a Boy, for when I grew up to be Mannish, I kept Turkeys and Geese, which is counted the better Preferment by much in *Spain*, you know.

Don Qu. Well, let that pass: In the second place, a Governor ought to take care to have an admirable Conscience; he must have a Conscience so very tender, that a Fly can't buz upon it without making him squeek; it ought to sit strait and close to him, like a Thimble upon a Lady's Finger, and not as 'tis customary, like a Jockey's Boot that he can stretch which way he pleases: this will best appear in his impartial Execution of Justice; and to avoid Corruption, or taking of Bribes, which is so tempting, and withal so crying a Sin, that there is not one Governor in forty can forbear damning himself about it, do what he can.

Sanc. Why then, Lord have mercy upon my Soul too; for to deal plainly, I am afraid my Fingers (as well

well as the reſt) will itch damnably to be handling the Money. [*Aparte.*

Don Qu. As to the manner of getting the Government, that piece of Self-denial is generally ſmothered; for if thou haſt the Conſcience to think thou deſerveſt it, 'tis thy own fairly if thou canſt get it in Courſe. I could be ſomewhat ſatirical upon thy parts now, but that I love thee, *Sancho*, and therefore will deſiſt; beſides, to do thee Juſtice, thou art not the firſt that has got a Government he was not beholden to his Deſert for.

Sanc. No, nor ſhan't be the laſt, Sir, for Deſert is govern'd by Fortune you know, and in a double manner; for if ſome were to have their true Deſerts, they would be Princes and Governors preſently; and if others, again, were to have theirs, Oons what an Army of Subjects here would be hang'd up in one Summer?

Don Qu. Well dear *Sancho*, for that Saying thou deſerveſt not only to govern an Iſland, but an Empire: Therefore to proceed briefly, becauſe I ſee thy People wait, I'll come to the third good Quality proper for a Governor, which is Decency.

Sanc. I have an inkling, that that good Quality will be as proper for me, as any of the reſt——becauſe I ſuppoſe it relates to Cleanlineſs, good Breeding.

Don Qu. Thou haſt nick'd it, therefore be ſure to take care to pare thy Nails, and ſcour thy Teeth clean; and when thou ſitteſt upon the Judgment-Seat, take ſpecial heed thou doſt not belch, nor yawn, for thoſe are beaſtly Neglects, tho too commonly uſed among our modern Miniſters of Juſtice.

Sanc. Why look'ee Sir, as to Belching, tho I learnt it of a ſtout Dutch Trooper that thought it became him very well, yet I ſhall make no great matter to leave it off; but as for Yawning, 'tis impoſſible for me, Zooks, I can as ſoon leave off my Proverbs, and that you know were to unhinge all i'faith: Why look now, your very putting in mind on't has ſet me at it already.

[*Yawns and gapes.*

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Oh, the Devil, what a Yell is there for a Magistrate! But come, since I see Nature is not to be expelled with a Fork, observe the rest: Take heed of eating Garlick as thou hast used to do, for that will discover thy coarse Extraction, and be nauseous to all about thee; for in that manner I once knew a Country Recorder that used to give poor Criminals double Deaths, first by his abominable Breath, and afterwards by his Sentence.

Sanc. That will be a plaguy hard Chapter too, for to my thinking, a Clove of Garlick gives one's Dinner a curious haut-gout. [*Shaking his head.*

Don Qu. Be sure always to walk slow and stately, and let the Fulness and Gravity of thy Look atone for the Vacuum and Cavity of thy Head: and lastly, above all, be sure to manage that Beard of thine wisely; scrub it, *Sancho*, comb it; mundify thy Whiskers, I say, that when thou waggest it on some great Occasion, thou mayst scatter no Vermin upon those that occasionally come to thee for Justice: And so good Fortune guide thee. [*Embracing.*

Enter Pedro *and* Barataria*ns.*

Sanc. Well, Sir, I can but thank ye; you have given me a plaguy deal of good Counsel, if I have but the Grace to follow it: but come, many Ventures make a full Fraight; I'll do what I can, but especially for that about Garlick and Belching let me alone: and so, Sir, wishing you to be an Emperor in the space of a Whistling time, we take our leaves,

To feast, and give our Islanders a Play-day,
And meet our Spouse, who now must be a Lady.

Pedro, and the rest. Long live the Governor of *Barataria*, Huzza.

[*Exeunt* Sancho *and* Barataria*ns one way, and* Don Quixote *another, weeping.*

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Tereſa, *and* Mary, *new dreſs'd, with* Manuel.

Mary. Lord is this me? Odſſidikins, they have made me ſo fine, that would I were hang'd if I know whether 'tis me or no.

Teref. Well, and what's to be done next, good Mr. *Civility*? What you have ſhown us already is curiouſly fine I'ſakins.

Man. Leave off that coarſe, that clowniſh word I'ſakins; and if you would ſwear like a Lady o'th' Mode, you muſt ſay, by my Soul, my Lord, by my Honour, Madam, by the Univerſe, Cavalier; unleſs you are at Cards among your ſelves, and then you may inlarge a little, as thus. Soons I have had horrid ill luck to night, I have loſt 50 Quadruples, Damme.

Teref. Well, that's very pretty, by the Univerſe, Cavalier.

Mary. It has ſuch a pure ſound with it, when one ſwears a little; and methinks the words, Mother, come off ſo roundly, that would I may never make water more, if I had not rather——

Teref. O Lord, O Lord! There the Queen had it out broad; why ye clowniſh Jade, have I——

Man. Hold, hold, good Madam, let me manage her; you muſt conſider ſhe is not yet wean'd from her Country Dialect. Oh fy Miſs, you have ſaid ſuch a paw thing, that I warrant ne'er a one of the Town-Ladies would have ſaid for a Thouſand Pounds: Oh, you muſt not offer to ſay ſuch a paw thing as that, nor do ſuch a paw thing as that for the World, tho ye are in never ſo great an extremity.

Mary. No, I'cod, that's very hard tho.

Teref. Let me come to her, Sir; 'Dſlife this rude Hilding will ſpoil all our Preferment.

Man. Oh, Patience, Patience, Madam; ſhe muſt come to't by degrees: Young Lady, I blame you not for ſpeaking, but for the manner of it; therefore from henceforth,

henceforth, when you would expreſs your ſelf on that occaſion, if you are viſiting or elſewhere, you muſt ſay, Dear Couſin, or Madam, I have an extreme deſire to make a natural Evacuation.

Mary. A natural Evacuation! O Lord, that's pretty I ſwear.

Man. Oh, Modeſty is the moſt darling Jewel amongſt all well-bred Ladies, tho it often occaſions them diſtreſs enough too. I remember once at a certain noble Lord's Trial, a certain ruddy plump young Lady, dyed a green Manteau and Petticoat into a perfect Blue, thro' her rigid Modeſty, and the violent Effect of natural Evacuation. ——But come now, practiſe your Gate again a little ——Walk, walk, hold up your heads——So, ſnap your Fans——Very good——Wag your Hips a little more——Admirable, Adroit and Eaſy——leave but off the Country Hobble now, and I defy any Court-Lady of 'em all to out-do ye. [*They jig about.*

Tereſ. Well, I ſwear, methinks I'm chang'd quite to another thing already.

Man. Oh, here's the Governor——I hear the Muſick. [*Loud Trumpets within.*

Enter Sancho *ſtrutting, with* Pedro *and* Barataarians.

Mary. Oh, that ever I was born! Is that my Vather? [*Staring and clapping her hands.*

Tereſ. Ah, Bleſſing on the precious Eyes on thee, my dear Yoke-mate, my *Sancho*; and art thou then a Governor indeed, mine own Ooſle-cock? [*She runs to embrace him.*

Man. Oh, hands off, good Madam; ſuch greeting is not decent in great Ladies. [*Takes her from* Sancho's *Neck.*

Tereſ. Gadſlidikins I could ſmother him in that fine Coat methinks.

Mary. I muſt ſpeak to him; he looks like one of the great fat Men they call Judges, that uſed to ride thro' our Town——Oh brave Vather! Oh brave Vather! Is't you Vather? Is't you? Oh Law! Oh Law! [*Jumps and laughs.*

Sanc.

Sanc. Ha, ha, ha, ha; the poor Fools are almoſt craz'd thro' mere Joy; 'tis well, Spouſe of mine, 'tis well; but not too much of Fondneſs now, good Crooked Rib. ——And Daughter of mine, take care of Romping: Remember who I am.

Tereſ. Ah, dear Gravel-face, dear Ferret-eyes. [*Leering at him.*

Man. Madam, Madam, you forget.

Mary. I am my Lord the Governor *Sancho Pancha's* moſt humble Servant, upon my Honour; and wou'd I may ne'er make water if——[*Manuel ſtops her.*

Sanc. Well ſaid, *Mary* the Buxom; that's my good Girl, hold thee there, *Moll.*

Tereſ. And I am his Lordſhip's every thing; his hot Loaf and Butter, Suet-pudding, his Pancake, by the Univerſe.

Man. Pretty well that, Madam, indifferent.

Sanc. 'Tis very well, good Mouſe-trap, 'tis very well; and you ſee I have been as good as my word: I told ye what my Squireſhip would come to, *Tereſa*; but you would not believe, you would be obſtinate: A Woman, a Woman.

Tereſ. I was under ſome little doubt, my Lord, by my Soul, I muſt confeſs. [*Speaks mincing.*

Man. Very well, that laſt, Madam, extremely well.

Mary. I would have laid a Groat, I ſhould have had no new Lockram Smocks of your giving me, Father—— not this——

Man. Aw, not a word more of that; 'tis well he does not hear ye.

Sanc. Here's *Dapple* too; come along with me, *Chuck*; the poor Aſs, on my Conſcience, is as glad of his Preferment as thou art; I'd have brought him in here, but that we ſhould have wanted an Elbow-Chair for him to ſit down in.

Man. There's an Alcove within, with a State and Velvet-Cuſhions, my Lord.

Sanc. No, no, 'tis no matter now, tho the Creature is good Company enough: Faith, he's trapp'd ſo richly, you'd wonder if you ſaw him; he's all over embroider'd, like

like a High-Sheriff of a County upon an Entertaining-day.

Pedro. Please your Excellence to sit and rest a little, for I'm of opinion that this sultry Climate bears no Affinity with the Choler of your Complexion, especially when irritated by Motion: Excuse me, my Lord, 'tis my duty to be careful of your Constitution, which I perceive at present to be somewhat languid and sudorous; be pleased therefore to sit, and see the Sports that are provided to entertain ye.

Sanc. Ay, with all my heart; and d'ye hear Doctor, prithee let me have as few of your cramp Words as you can, for they'll work more upon my Constitution than any Dose of Pills you can give me. Come Family of the *Pancha's*, set down by me, and let's see these Sports he talks of, and afterward let's go to Dinner; for I feel a kind of governing Stomach, that methinks grumbles to be satisfied; I could eat heartily.

Pedro. Good my Lord, think not too much of Eating, 'tis very unwholesom.

Sanc. How! Eating unwholesom! Prithee honest Gut-scowrer, persuade me to that if thou canst: Ha, ha, ha, that's a very good Jest, Faith.

Sancho, Teresa *and* Mary *sit down; then Musick sounds, and an Entertainment follows of Singing and Dancing: Which ended, a Table is brought in furnished;* Pedro *and* Manuel *wait; then is a Dance of Spinsters.*

A SONG, sung by a Clown and his Wife.

He. *Since Times are so bad, I must tell thee Sweetheart,*
I'm thinking to leave off my Plow and my Cart;
And to the fair City a Journey will go,
To better my Fortune, as other Folk do:
Since some have from Ditches,
And coarse Leather-breeches,
Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches.
Prithee come, come away from thy Wheel;

For

For if Gypſies don't lye,
I ſhall be a Governor too, ere I die.

She. *Ah,* Collin! *by all thy late doings I find,*
With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;
Our Sheep now at random, diſorderly run,
And now Sunday's Jacket goes ev'ry day on:
Ah what doſt thou mean?

He. *To make my Shoes clean,*
And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen,
Where ſhewing my Parts, I Preferment ſhall win.

She. *Fy, 'tis better for us to plow and to ſpin;*
For as to the Court, when thou happen'ſt to try,
Thou'lt find nothing got there, unleſs thou canſt buy;
For Money the Devil, the Devil and all's to be found,
But no good Parts minded without the good Pound.

He. *Why then I'll take Arms,*
And follow Alarms,
Hunt Honour that now-a-days plaguily charms.

She. *And ſo loſe a Limb by a Shot or a Blow,*
And curſe thy ſelf after for leaving the Plow.

He. *Suppoſe I turn Gameſter;*

She. *So cheat and be bang'd:*

He. *What think'ſt of the Road then?*

She. *The High way to be hang'd.*

He. *Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for Life,*
I'll help ſome fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

She. *That's dangerous too*
Amongſt the Town-Crew,
For ſome of 'em will do the ſame thing by you;
And then I to cuckold ye may be drawn in,
Faith, Collin, *'tis better I ſit here and ſpin.*

He. *Will nothing prefer me? What think'ſt of the Law?*

She. *Oh! While you live,* Collin, *keep out of that Paw.*

He. *I'll cant, and I'll pray:*

She. *Ah! There's nought got that way;*
There's no one minds now what thoſe black Cattle ſay:
Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming Affair,

He. *To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear.*

Two Voices.

Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can ſhow;
She. *So I'll to my Diſtaff,*
He. *And I to my Plow.*

CHORUS.

Let all our whole Care
Be our Farming Affair,
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-trees bear,
Ambition's a Trade, no Contentment can ſhow;
So I'll to my Diſtaff,
And I to my Plow.

Pedro. How does your Excellence like the Entertainment? Do our Muſick and Sports pleaſe ye?

[*Enter a Carver.*

Sanc. Yes, yes, I like your Sports well enough,——But here's a Sport that I think at preſent ſurpaſſes 'em.——Gad there's a rare Turkey, and I've a furious Inclination to be familiar with him. How now!

[*Carver goes to cut the Turkey, and* Pedro *ſtrikes the Diſh with a Wand, at which the Waiters ſnatch it away.*

Pedro. By no means, Sir, 'tis hot, undigeſtable, and corroding; the Fleſh of that ſort of Fowl, is highly pernicious to a Conſtitution that abounds with Choler: You muſt excuſe me, Sir, I am ſtipended in this Iſland, to take care of its Governors, and ſtudy day and night to preſcribe a Diet proper for 'em. [Tereſa *takes a Comfit, and* Manuel *ſnatches it from her.*

Man. You muſt not eat yet, Madam, 'tis ill Manners, the Carver has not help'd your Lord.

Tereſ. By the Univerſe that's true: Well, Sir, pray excuſe me, I ſhall remember better another time.

Mary. O Lord, how my Chops water at one of theſe fat Birds there!

Man. Young Lady, keep your Elbows off the Table: Oh fy, 'tis highly indecent.

Sanc. Well then, prithee honeſt Fellow, hand hither one

one of those Partridges; those, Doctor, are harmless Meat I'm sure.

Pedro. Oh horrible! This plaguy Cook has sent 'em in blood-raw; the Rascal has pepper'd the Sauce too, as if they were to feed a Jew——away with 'em quickly: 'Sdeath this Rogue ought to be hang'd, he'll poison the Governor in two days time. [*Dish snatch'd away.*

Sanc. Poison him! No, Gadzooks, he's more in danger of Starving for ought I see.

——Come, prithee what must I eat then? Quickly, quickly, Man, and don't square my Stomach by thy own; give me a good hearty Collop of something that's warm and good, and don't judge me by thy self; thou look'st as if thou hadst fed upon Smoke all thy Life-time. *Manuel this while is teaching the Women to behave themselves.*

Pedro. Oh, that's very well, Sir: Jesting is wholesom, and I am glad to find your Excellence so disposed; 'tis more nourishing for ye than any Meat that I see here: Reach me that Dish there, Friend.

Teref. Is it always the Custom, Friend, for the Governors to have thy hungry Preamble before Dinner?

Man. Ever, Madam; the Doctor very often makes a Speech upon Temperance an hour or two long, 'tis the Custom.

Mary. The Devil take the Customs then, I say, for I'm damnably sharp-set.

Pedro. Look ye, your Excellence may regale upon these with safety, till better Provision be ordered. [*Gives him a Dish of Wafers.*] And, Madam, these are light too, and of good digestion for Governors Ladies: But for any thing else here——

[*Little Dishes of whipp'd Cream are brought in.*

Sanc. These! Oons why a hundred of 'em won't fill a Man's mouth: Why, ye plaguy *Paracelsian* you, d'ye think I can dine upon Paper?

Mary. Or I upon Froth?

Sanc. 'Sbud give me a Glass of Wine there, I shall choak with Rage else: What a Plague is the meaning of this?

Pedro. 'Tis Death for him; therefore I charge ye all forbear upon your Lives, till I have corrected it: Let me ſee the Glaſs. [*Takes the Glaſs and prepares it.*

Sanc. Why ye damn'd Son of a Gliſter-pipe, muſt not I drink neither?

Pedro. Not till I have allay'd the acid Quality of the Wine, my Lord, and made it agree with your Stomach; if you ſhould be ſick, alas, 'tis as much as my Place, nay, as my Life is worth; therefore it behoves me to be exceeding careful: You are inclining to a Hectick, my Lord, hot and dry, and too ſtrong Liquors will infallibly deſtroy the *Humidum Radicale.*——There now, I think I may venture it.

Sanc. Oh, confounded Potion-maker, this is mere Water, the very Liquor of Frogs, Gadzooks——Hark ye, what is your Name, Friend?

Pedro. Sir, I'm ſtyl'd Doctor *Pedro Rezio de Agnero*, I am a Native of *Tirte Afuria*, which lies between *Caragnel* and *Almodona del Campo*, and took my Degree in the Univerſity of *Oſuna*.

Sanc. Why then Doctor *Pedro Rezio Agnero* of *Tirte Afuria*, and Graduated in *Oſuna*, take that [*Throws the Glaſs at him.*] and get you out of my ſight, or I'll throw my Chair at your head: Why, Common-wealth's Hangman, let me eat, or take your Government again with a Pox t'ye, for an Office that won't afford a Man his Victuals is not worth two Pilchers. [*Exit* Pedro.

Man. Oh my Lord, Paſſion is very unbecoming a Man of your Place; pray have Patience, it is the good Man's over much Zeal to ſerve you.

Sanc. Here's another too, a mannerly Coxcomb, that preaches Patience to me, when I am ready to be ſtarv'd ——Gad I'll rid my Iſland of ſuch Vermin as you quickly——you ſhall know that a Governor muſt eat in defiance of ye all, Rogues: Come, Spouſe, fall on; I'll have this. [*They ſnatch and eat ravenouſly.*

Tereſ. I this.

Mary. And I this: But firſt, Friend, I've great occaſion for a little natural Evacuation. [*Aſide to* Manuel.

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Man. 'Dſheart not at Dinner-time, Madam! That were ſuch a plaguy Indecency.

Meſſenger. My Lord the Governor, your Excellence is ſtaid for in Council, where are to be debated ſome matters of great moment; you muſt come away immediately.

Sanc. How now, *Jack* Sauce! Muſt come away! Soft and fair goes far; after Dinner is time enough.

Man. By no means, my Lord; ſtay not a minute, I beſeech ye; the Council will take it ſo heinouſly to neglect 'em at your firſt coming, that I fear, on ſuch an occaſion, they'll riſe and mutiny: Therefore 'tis extremely proper your Excellency ſhould go inſtantly, your Supper ſhall be mended, and atone for this to your ſatisfaction anon.

Sanc. Why this 'tis to be a Great Man now: When I was poor *Sancho*, the Devil of any Mutineers had I occaſion to be afraid of; but now Cares and Dangers croud on apace. Come, *Teresa*, we'll take our amends anon; and, d'ye hear, let my Supper make me ſatisfaction without Doctor *Pedro Rezio*'s direction; for if I find him here again flirting my Diſhes, or ſquirting Advice, Gadsbud I will begin with a Cudgel upon him, and ſo on, till I leave ne'er a Phyſician in the Iſland. [*Exeunt* Sancho, Tereſa, *and* Mary.

Man. Ha, ha, ha: Go thy ways, Governor; this will be rare Sport to ſend my Lord the Duke an account of, which I will do inſtantly, and tell him how methodically

Great Sancho, *learn'd in nought but Carts and Plowing,*
Rules without Power, and judges without knowing.
[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Judgment-Hall.

Enter Page, Manuel, *and* Pedro.

Page. ASSURE ye, Gentlemen, my Lord and Lady were extremely pleased with the last Account you sent them of your new Governor's Actions: We had the Story every night at Supper, and with so much laughing, that an old Philosopher, plagu'd with the Spleen and Gout, could hardly have forbore. I am now dispatch'd hither upon a new Design to further the Jest; I have brought the Grand *Sancho* a Letter.

Man. Ha, ha, ha: So, dost know the Contents on't, prithee?

Page. Oh, each Particular, my Lord Duke read it to us in publick; 'tis a terrible Scrowl, and pretends to discover some Enemies that have laid a Plot to attack the Island; 'twill try the Governor's Courage, for here's horrible frightful News in't. Here, Doctor, you must give it him, I must back to my Lord again immediately.

Pedro. Ha, ha, ha; this will, no doubt, have the designed Effect, especially surprizing him, now in this juncture; for we have kept him these three days so hungry, and so little in heart, that he'll be frighted with the least shadow of danger.

Man. This is the best place to give it him too, for he's just now coming hither to hear Causes——But, *Page*, prithee how thrives the Jest at home? How does the

the uncurably maim'd *Don Quixote* behave himself, after the Loss of his Right-hand, *Sancho*, hah?

Page. Why, Faith, so lamely, and the Jest grows so stale now, that my Lord Duke begins to be weary; and therefore to get rid of him wittily, and send him home to his House, he designs a new Contrivance for me to act: What it is as yet I know not, but I suppose, by that time the Squire-Governor trots from his Island here, the Knight-Errant will be moving the same pace homewards.

Pedro. It must be very suddenly then, for the upshot of our Government is drawing on apace, the Mob will soon be prepar'd for the Jest. And see, here comes the Pageant——— Bilbo and the Petitioners too——— Now if any one can laugh at clumsy Justice, they may have a rare occasion: I must not be seen yet.

Page. Nor I. [*Exit* Pedro *and* Page.

Enter Sancho, *Constable and Watch, and Cryer, with* Taylor, Gardiner, Canter, Small Man *and a Woman*: Sancho *sits down in the Chair.*

Cryer. Oh, yes! Let all manner of Person or Persons that come not hither for Justice, keep Silence; and let those that would have their Grievances redressed, express them boldly, for the Governor is prepared to hear them.

Sanc. He is prepared as far as Hunger will let him; and tho I have observed my self to have much a clearer Judgment upon a full Stomach than an empty one, yet since they say, Spare Diet and Fasting whets a Man's Understanding, I'll try for once how wise 'twill make me. Come, Friend, what's your Complaint now, humph?

Taylor. Why, and please your Honour, my Name is *Snip*, I am a Woman's Taylor, and a Man that the Parish knows to be a Man, that is not a Man, who, as a Man may say, will willingly let a Man, tho it may chance a Man may be deceived with fair Looks; yet, as your Honour knows, who are a Man,

Sanc. Who am a Man that is like to know very little of your buſineſs at this rate, Friend: Come, come, your Complaint, Mr. *Snip*, your Complaint.

Taylor. Why your Honour muſt know then, that my Complaint is againſt my Neighbour *Radiſh* there, the Gardener, who has felonioufly, not having the fear of Heaven before his Eyes, taken from me, and defrauded me of a tame Cock-Pheaſant, which I brought up by hand, and upon which I ſet an extraordinary value; yet this ravenous Cannibal laid violent hands upon the poor Bird, carried it home to his Wife, roaſted it; and had I not come juſt in the Nick and hindred them, they had devoured it immediately.

Sanc. Umph, and what ſay you to this, *Radiſh*, hah?

Taylor. He, he can ſay nothing, my Lord; for lookee, to prove what I ſay is true, I have brought the Pheaſant here along with me, poor Fool, juſt as I ſnatch'd it out of the Diſh from them. [*Puts the Pheaſant on the Table.*] And now ſince no proof is plainer than ſight, I deſire your Honour to do me Juſtice, and make him give me ſatisfaction.

Sanc. By my Faith, and nothing but reaſon, Mr *Snip*: What, what an Enormance is here? What can you ſay to this, *Radiſh*, hah? Is it your Conſcience to come into a Neighbour's Houſe, and ſteal away his Goods and Chattels? For his Pheaſant in this place is a Chattel.

Taylor. Nay, I had not valued it ſo much, my Lord; but, to ſay the truth, the Creature was my Wife's, and the poor Woman was always ſtroking and playing with it.

Sanc. Gad 'tis a delicate tender young Bit, [Sancho *touches it and licks his Fingers.*] are not you a Rogue for this now *Radiſh*, to purloin and filch in this manner? It has an excellent taſte, Faith: Muſt paltry Diggers and Delvers eat like Gentry? Oons, with a little good Sauce to it, this were a Diſh for a Governor.

[*Tears off a Leg and eats it.*

Gard. But, pray will your Honour hear me a little now? One Man's Tale is good till another's is told: This

This nitty Jerkin here, this Thimble, this Bodkin, this cuckoldly Woman's Taylor, *Snip*, here.——

Taylor. Why how now ye Dunghill-raker, ye old rusty Pruning-knife, ye Maggot in a Pescod, ye Caterpillar; what, ye won't deny it, will ye?

Sanct Oons, is not here a plain proof? What, ye won't deny a plain proof, will ye, Rascal?

[*Speaks with his Mouth full.*

Gard. Ay, but pray do but hear me, my Lord, for yet you don't know the Trick on't; for you must know, this *Snip* and I used commonly to go to one another's Houses, and jestingly snatch away several sort of things to eat and drink, I from him, and he from me, 'twas common among us; and particularly t'other day, I had a curious Flask of *Florence* sent me for a Present, by a Friend that I used to accommodate with Fruit, of which, thro' neighbourly Courtesy, I gave *Snip* and his Wife a taste,

Sanc. Well, what then? Go on, go on; let him go on, *Snip*, let him go on; Gad I never eat a better thing in my Life. [*Speaks with his mouth full.*] [*Aside.*

Gard. Now, what do these cheating Companions do, being resolved to have the rest of my Wine, but come t'other day to my House, and whilst his Wife, who pretended friendly to cut my Hair, put my face in her Lap, this sneaking Louse-snapper, *Snip* here, ran away with the Flask; for which, knowing no other way to be even with him, I yesterday made my Attack upon his Wife's Pheasant.

Taylor. Why ye inoculated Rascal, dare you say 'twas *Florence*, hah?

Gard. Yes, that I dare, Cucumber; and to prove it to your face, that I mean what I say, I have here another Flask of it, which was just now sent me by the same Person. [Sancho *takes the Flask.*

Sanc. Nay, lookee, *Snip*, take heed of Lying; I don't sit here to see Justice abused; and if this be really *Florence*, look to it, *Snip*. [*Drinks.*

Taylor. Besides, if it were, I think I hav't been behind-hand with ye, you have been free to every thing

in my House time out of mind; it had a damnable sour taste I'm sure; and whatever you say, I can't think 'twas *Florence*, not I.

Sanc. What can't you think, Pimp-whiskin? What can't you think? 'Tis *Florence*, I say 'tis *Florence*; and *Snip*, y'are a——What a-pox, sure I can't be mistaken. [*Drinks again.*

Man. The Governor has made himself amends for his Fasting as it happens: But what will the Judgment be after all, I wonder? [*Aside.*

Sanc. Ay, ay, *Florence*, 'tis *Florence*, I knew I was right: And are these things fitting for Gardeners and Taylors? Fat Pheasants and rich Wines, Food for such Vermin? I am inraged at it, I burst with Choler.

Man. How will you please to punish them, my Lord?

Sanc. Punish them! Oons, I know not how I shall punish them: But since they have made a practice to steal from one another, 'tis plain each of them keeps a House to incourage Thievery, and 'tis likely, in short time, may practise upon others as well as themselves: Therefore I condemn them to pay ten Duckets a-Piece to the Poor, and from henceforth to be upon their good behaviour——Not a word more——away with them——

[*They shake their heads, and are thrust out.*

Man. Bring the rest forward there.

[*Constable brings a Man forward.*

Sanc. Well, Mr. Constable, who have you got here?

Const. Why, and it please your Honour, a strange hypocritical kind of Rascal, that formerly we knew to be a common Cheat and Thief, but of late he has taken up a Trade of Canting and Devotion, which we all believe only to be a Blind, that he may may manage his old Profession the better; for last night we took him up upon Suspicion of stealing a Velvet Cloak.

Sanc. To cover his Knavery withal: Very well Mr. Constable: Well, and what say you to this, Cloak-Merchant, hah?

Canter.

Canter. Why verily, I may not deny to thy Superiority, but that in my priſtine days of Vanity and Youth, I was a great Sinner, before the Spirit of Grace had entred into me; nay with Shame I do confeſs it to thee, oh Governor.

Sanc. Take him away then and hang him, there's no more to be ſaid,

Canter. Aw, but I will tell thee what I am now; let me plead, I beſeech thee.

Sanc. Oons, what after Confeſſion? 'Sbud, e'nt it Confeſs and be hang'd all the World over? What an impudent Fellow art thou! Gadzooks I'll not ſpoil ſuch a curious Proverb to ſave ne'er a Canting Raſcal in all *Spain*——Away with him, I ſay.

Canter. Ah, Mercy, Mercy: Ah, Wo is me.

[*They drag him out.*

Conſt. This is the worſt Confeſſion, Friend, you have been at a great while.

Sanc. Come, come, for more, for more, I find my Judgment much clearer now than at firſt: Well, Woman, what ſay you?

Woman. Ah, I have many ſad things to ſay upon my Honeſty, my Lord: I'm an undone Perſon, I am cracked, I am violated, or, to ſpeak it in plain terms, I am raviſh'd as one may ſay. [*Weeping.*

Sanc. Alas poor tender young thing, thou look'ſt as if thou hadſt been hardly put to it indeed: But where, where is this mighty Gogmagog that has done it? He muſt be of the Race of the Giants ſure.

Woman. No, my Lord, 'tis not ſo much for his Largeneſs, as for his Strength and Ability: This is the vile Man [*Points to a very little Fellow.*] my Lord, this is he that, as I may ſay, has abuſed my Body like an unwaſh'd Rag.

Sanc. The Devil he is! What a Plague, did he attack thee upon Stilts?

Small M. My Lord, your Honour ſhall know, that there is not ſuch another Impudence as that Woman in all *Spain*: I met her upon the Road this morning, and I know not how the Devil ordered the matter, but I found

&

found a ſmall Ambition in me, of boarding ſuch a huge tall Pinnace; and ſo we agreed for half a Ducket about the matter; and upon the finiſhing of the buſineſs, I pull'd out my Purſe, in which I had about twenty more, and paid her honeſtly.

Sanc. Nay, thou ſeem'ſt to be an admirable finiſher of ſuch a Buſineſs: Well, go on, Friend.

Small M. Now you muſt know, my Lord, this plaguy Quean, ſeeing my Purſe better ſtuff'd than ſhe thought, preſs'd me to give her more; which I refuſing, as ſoon as I came to Town, ſhe ſwore a Rape againſt me, which now occaſions my appearance before your Honour.

Woman. Oh vile Creature, oh thou ſlanderous Monſter, the Guilt of whoſe lying Soul equals thy prodigious ſtrength of Body: Canſt thou think to be believed againſt my Tears and Proteſtation? No, no, Wretch, the noble Governor underſtands Juſtice better.

Sanc. Alas, good Woman, don't afflict thy ſelf ſo: Look'ee Friend Finiſher, there muſt be more in this than ordinary——Have you that Purſe about ye?

Small M. Yes, my Lord, here it is.

Sanc. Give it me, Friend, and we'll make an end of this Buſineſs preſently: Come hither, Woman; You ſay this prodigious ſtrong Fellow here, forced you againſt your Will, and you ſtruggled and defended your ſelf all you could, hah?

Woman. Yes upon my Honeſty, my Lord.

Sanc. Very good: Then to let thee ſee how much I value honeſt Women, whoſe Weakneſſes are often unwillingly overcome by ſuch monſtrous Fellows, there, there's that Purſe for thee; and to make thy ſelf amends for the Wrong he has done thee, get thee gone with it. [*Throws her the Purſe.*

Small M. Oh, good my Lord, if you take that I am utterly undone, 'tis all I am worth.

Woman. Ah, Bleſſing on your honour's ſweet Face, y'are a heavenly Judge upon my Honeſty, and I ſhall pray for ye the longeſt day I have to live:——Ah, Gad ſave ye, ye are an upright Magiſtrate in troth.

Small M. Oh Lord, I'm ruin'd, I'm loſt, 'tis all I have got this two Years by hard Labour, and I han't a Penny

Penny more left in the World to help my ſelf. Oh, that ever I was born. [*Howls out.*

Sanc. Sirrah, you prodigious, you Finiſher, leave your Bawling, and gather up your Legs, and run after her as hard as you can, and force away the Purſe from her, and bring it hither to me.

Small M. Oh, I'll do what I can, but I fear 'twill be a hard matter, for the Jade's as ſtrong as a Horſe.

[Exit *after her.*

Sanc. I begin to perceive that this Iſland of mine is very full of Enormities, which will require a plaguy deal of trouble to weed out: a Fool always ſees more in his own Houſe, than a wiſe Man in another's; if they will be Rogues, let them look to it. How now, ſee how they agree about the Buſineſs without there.

[*Noiſe of ſhrieking, and ſcuffling within.*

Exit Conſtable, and re-enters again with the Man and the Woman fighting, he tattered and beaten.

Sanc. How now Woman, what's the matter now?

Woman. Why this impudent Fellow, my Lord, contrary to your Honour's Judgment, has followed me, and would have taken the Purſe away from me again by force.

Sanc. And has he got it?

Woman. No I warrant ye, he get it, 'Dflid, I'll tear his Eyes out firſt.

Sanc. Give it me hither, let me ſee if there's none miſſing: [*She gives it.*] There Fellow, take your Purſe again: And d'ee hear Conſtable, bid the Beadle give that Honeſty there two hundred Laſhes.

Woman. Ah Mercy upon me, What means your Honour?

Sanc. If you had defended your Honeſty as well as you did the Purſe, ye Whore, you need not have feared Raviſhing: Away with her; and d'ee here you Finiſher, if I catch you finiſhing in ſuch another Affair, I ſhall put an end to you with a Halter; and ſo with a Quibble thrown at your Head, get you out of my ſight too, Sirrah. [*Exeunt Man and Woman with Officers.*

Cryer.

Cryer. Manuel, and People. A *Sale*, a *Sale*!

[*Huzza.*

Sanc. Come, is there any more of ye, hoh? Gad my hand is in rarely for buſineſs, ever ſince the Cauſe of the Flask, and the Pheaſant. [*Aside.*

Enter Pedro *haſtily.*

Pedro. Room, room here, where's my Lord the Governor?

Man. There he is, Doctor, what's the matter?

Pedro. Arm, Arm, Sir, you are not ſafe this minute, here's News now come, that ſeveral thouſand of Buccaneers, Pirates and Banditti, have entered your Iſland: Here's a Letter ſent too from the Duke, to give you Information, you muſt prepare for your defence immediately; there 'tis, pray read it, and let us hear the Contents of our Condition.

Sanc. Humph, *Turte Aufuria*, art thou here again? then there can be no good towards me I'm ſure, the ſpiteful Rogue bids me read it too, and he knows I can as well do that as fly. Here, you Secretary, let's hear what this matter is; come read out, from another's mouth I can judge the better on't.

Manuel reads the Letter.] *Signior* Sancho, *I am given to underſtand, that certain Enemies of mine, and of the Iſland, mean ſuddenly to give it a furious Aſſault: I know likewiſe, that ſeveral Spies are entred there with a deſign to kill you, for they ſtand much in awe of your great Abilities; take care of your ſelf and Charge, and I will be ready to ſend you what Succour I can.*

Your Friend the DUKE.

Pedro. Oh unfortunate Eſtate of this unhappy Iſland, that becauſe of its Wealth and Fertility is perpetually plagued with Enemies, who bear a mortal Spite to all thoſe that rule; thoſe damn'd Banditti and Buccaneers have taken and flea'd three or four of our Governors already.

Sanc. The Devil they have!

Man.

Man. The Noiſe comes nearer, they are certainly entered, my Lord; therefore come away quickly and arm, and be our General, to lead us againſt the Enemy.

Sanc. 'Dſlife, I know no more what belongs to a General, than a General does to Cow-keeping: You knew my Abilities well enough, if you had not liked them, you ſhould have told me ſo, and have taken your Government again; for if I am to be flea'd about it, I have made a fine Bargain indeed.

Man. 'Dſlife, they'll come upon us before we have taken up our Arms; but it never ſhall be ſaid, that I ſtood tamely and ſaw ſo famous an Iſland loſt; I'll go and defend the Gates as long as I can againſt them.

[*Exit* Manuel.

Pedro. And I'll go, and prepare a certain Poiſon, and ſquirt it into their Eyes with a Syringe, thro' the loop-hole of ſome private Avenue. [*Exit.*

Sanc. Squirt at 'em, ſaid he; ay, if that would drive the Enemy away, I am as well prepared for it as any body: but theſe Buck——Banditti Rogues, I warrant, carry Guns with leaden Pellets, that will make no more of a Governor's Noddle, than if 'twere made of Paſt-board——Hark, they are coming ſtill——This your Ambition has brought you to, Don *Sancho*, you muſt be a Governor with a murrain t'ye, ye Plow-jobbing Raſcal you. [*Noiſe of Drums, Fighting and Shouts.*

Enter Tereſa *and* Mary *in their old Clothes.*

Teref. Oh that ever I was born! Oh, undone, undone, loſt, ruin'd!

Mary. Oh Father, the ſaddeſt day that ever was known; my Mother and I have been plunder'd and ſtripp'd yonder, the Men with the black Whiskers and Buff-Coats yonder have rouzeled and frouzled us ſo, that they have left ne'er an inch of us unhandled——Oh Lord, and one of 'em ſnatch'd ſo furiouſly at me, to get off my vine Petticoat, that Udſlidikins I thought once he had got away all.

Sanc.

Sanc. Here one may ſee now, the true Emblem of fallen Authority; here's the Counteſs and her Daughter metamorphos'd already.

Teref. Counteſs! Ah ſhame on't, I thought what my Counteſſhip would come to; if we had not ſaved our old Clothes by chance, we had gone home to ſpin again as naked as ever we were born.

Manuel—within. Make this Breach good, keep that Gate there, raiſe thoſe Ladders, fire the Pitch and Roſin, and get ſome Kettles of Scalding Oil ready.

Pedro—within. Bring out the Governor, we know him by his Robe; deliver him up, we'll make a Truce, for here are a hundred of us have ſworn to roaſt him, and eat him for Supper!

Sanc. Oh, Gadzooks, for ſupper! [Sancho *trembles.*

Teref. D'ye hear that, thou wretched Man? Come away quickly; down the back way here, there's a cloſe Walk to the Garden-door may yet ſecure us.

Mary. Come away Vather, come away; Oh Lord, when ſhall I be married now, I wonder?

Sanc. Nay, if like an Ermine I am ſo known by my Skin, e'en take it among ye, Faith, [*Strips from his Robe.* If you would have the Musk-Cat's Fee too, I ſhould hardly ſtand out, if I thought you hunted me for that: but there's no diſputing the caſe now, you muſt fly, Governor; and if you ſave your Bones by the loſs of your Jacket,

Thank Fortune that did ſafe thro' Dangers carry
Earl Sancho, *from his Land of* Baratary.

[*Exit* Sancho.

Enter Manuel *and* Pedro.

Manuel. Ha, ha, ha, ha, they are gone, the whole Neſt are flown.

Pedro. Here's the Robe of Authority left, the poor Snake has caſt his Skin thro' fear.

Manuel. Come, now let's make haſte to the Duke, I know he longs to hear of the Comical Exit of the Governor.

Pedro.

Pedro. Let's give the People a Hogſhead of good Liquor to make merry with, for playing their Parts ſo well, and then take Horſe and away.

Manuel. Oh, I warrant ye they ſhall want no Tipple, I have given order already. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cardenio *and* Ambroſio;

Card. Not ſee this famous Combat? prithee, in what old rotten Tree or Tod of Ivy haſt thou been lurking? 'Dſdeath thou giveſt thy ſelf over to Moroſeneſs and Melancholy of late——A Pox, when once a Man of Letters comes to be moped, he grows a Coxcomb, and not fit for a Friend's Converſation.

Amb. Prithee, I gave no heed to thy flying Report; I heard, indeed, that a new-come Errant, that call'd himſelf the Knight of the Screech-Owl, had challeng'd *Don Quixote* to combat him about the Beauty of their Miſtreſſes; but I thought it only a romantick Jeſt, and could not imagine it would have gone farther.

Card. If the Duke had not cauſed one of their Launces to be blunted unknown to him, it had gone farther I aſſure you; but as the Tilt was now, our famous *Don* here was only vanquiſh'd, by being overthrown from his Horſe, and by that was oblig'd to perform any Injunction the Knight of the Screech-Owl ſhould impoſe upon him.

Ambr. And who is this new doughty Knight, prithee?

Card. Nay, that as yet is a Secret; but his Commands are, That *Don Quixote* ſhould retire to his Houſe, and bear no Arms for the ſpace of one whole Year—— This, according to the Conditions of the Combat, he is punctually to perform; and the Duke and all are juſt coming hither to entertain the new Knight, and ſee the buſineſs ratified.

Ambr. Why this will certainly murder *Don Quixote* with grief, he'll ne'er be able to have patience—— How now, Winter-pippin, what news bring you? What

What Smock-ſtratagem or Curtain-intrigue are you labouring with now, hah?

Enter Rodriguez.

Rodr. Ay, y'are a cruel hard-hearted Wretch, to uſe a poor young Thing as you have done her without there: She's come after ye again, I'faith, and as mad as a March-hare: A ſhame on her ſhallow Pate, it ſhould be long enough before I'd have crack'd my Brain for ere a one of ye.

Enter Marcella, *mad.*

Card. By all that's good, *Marcella*——And now I remember me, I heard indeed ſhe was run mad for Love: What a barbarous Fellow art thou to deſtroy a whole Family at once!

Rodr. Well then, there's an end of 'em; prithee let me go.

Card. Not yet, by Heaven; thou ſhalt hear her ſpeak.

Marcel. 'Twill be to night; the God of Love has promis'd me he'll bring him to me in his Mother's Chariot, drawn by white Doves, and with her Breath perfum'd: There lies my Deareſt, crown'd with fragrant Roſes, vigorous and young, and charming as a Deity. Hah! what do I ſee! The dear Man turn'd to a Dragon! See! ſee! his Mouth and Noſtrils breathing Flames that ſinge my Veins, and ſcorch my Heart to Cinders.

A SONG, at the Duke's Entertainment, by St. *George* and the Genius of *England*: Sung by Mr. *Freeman* and Mrs. *Cibber*.

Mr. Freeman.

GEnius of England, *from thy pleaſant Bow'r of Bliſs,*
Ariſe and ſpread thy ſacred Wings;
Guard from Foes the Britiſh State,
Thou on whoſe Smile does wait
Th' uncertain happy Fate
Of Monarchies and Kings.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cibber.

Then follow brave Boys to the Wars,
The Lawrel you know is the Prize;
Who brings home the nobleſt Scars,
Looks fineſt in Celia's *Eyes.*
Then ſhake off the ſlothful Eaſe,
Let Glory inſpire your Hearts;
Remember a Soldier in War and in Peace,
It is the nobleſt of all other Arts.

Rodr. Alas poor crack'd-brain'd Creature!

Ambr. Devil ——

Card. 'Sdeath, haſt thou no Human Nature? Does it not trouble thee to ſee her thus?

Ambr. To ſee her thus! why now ſhe's in her Kingdom; her darling Miſchiefs now have gather'd head, and riot in her Brain: Oh, take this from me, Friend; when once a Woman's mad, ſhe's in Perfection.

Marcel. What, is he going? nay then farewel diſſembling ——— all Female Arts and Tricks be gone, avaunt, and let the Paſſion of my Heart lie open: Turn, turn thou deareſt Pleaſure of my Soul, and I will bathe thee with my Eyes fond Tears; lay thee upon my Breaſt panting with Love, and ſpeak the ſofteſt words into thy Ears that ere were ſpoke by a kind yielding Maid; kiſs thee with eager Joy, and preſs thee cloſe, cloſe to my Heart till I am loſt in tranſport, and am for that ſhort time a Deity.

Ambr. 'Dſheart the Duke's coming too; prithee take her away, dear *Rodriguez* ——— I'll get thee a Husband for't one time or other. [Marcella *ſings.*

A SONG, Sung by *Marcella.*

I Burn, I burn, my Brain conſumes to Aſhes;
Each Eye-ball too, like lightning flaſhes;
Within my Breaſt there glows a ſolid Fire,
Which in a thouſand Ages can't expire.

Blow,

Blow, blow, the Wind's great Ruler,
Bring the Po *and* Ganges *hither,*
'Tis ſultry, ſultry Weather;
Pour 'em all on my Soul,
It will hiſs like a Coal,
But never be the cooler.

'Twas Pride, hot as Hell,
That firſt made me rebel;
From Love's awful Throne a curſt Angel I fell:
And mourn now the Fate,
Which my ſelf did create,
Fool, Fool, that conſider'd not when I was well.
Adieu, adieu, tranſporting Joys,
Off ye vain fantaſtick Toys,
That dreſs'd the Face and Body to allure;
Bring, bring me Daggers, Poiſon Fire,
For ſcorn is turn'd into Deſire;
All Hell feels not the Rage which I, poor I, endure.

Rodr. Ay, hang ye; ye all promiſe for one another, but you never care to come to't your ſelves——Well, not for that, but to get ſome Remedy for the poor Creature; I'll do't for once: Come Bird. [*Exit.*

Marc. Bird, right; thou art the Bird of Night: Come, I'll go with thee; by thy broad Face and toothleſs Gums I know thee, and that hook'd Noſe that ſhades the Stumps remaining, thou art Grimalkin—Whoo, whoo, whoo——Come along Bird. [*Sings.*

[*Exeunt* Marcella *and* Rodriguez.

Card. Well, if thou art not ſtrangely puniſh'd for this, I ſhall wonder.

Ambr. Piſh, prithee no Bantring——See the Duke and Company.

Enter

Enter Duke, Dutchess, Luscinda, Don Quixote *unarm'd of his Sword, and without a Helmet; Page, arm'd like a Knight, having a tawny Mask on with large black Whiskers, and a Buckler, wherein is painted a large Owl; Squire with a Launce and Slipper.*

Don Qu. Vanquish'd, because my Horse fell! Oh rigorous Laws of Chivalry! must my hard-got Renown, purchas'd with Danger, be poorly lost thro' *Rosinante's* Weakness? My Courage still stands fast, tho he is fallen: I beg the Combat once more, I'll fight him in my Shirt, with a Dutch Knife set sharp as any Razor.

Duke. Oh, it must not be, Friend; the Laws of Knighthood are, you know, inviolable: Besides for you, the Quintessence of Errants, thus rashly to recant your own Agreement, will be a flaw in your Renown for ever: Therefore take heed, not a word more of fighting.

Page. What, does he murmur? does his high-flown Vanity think he's disgrac'd by being o'ercome by me? Hah, noble Don, is't so?

Duke. No, no; Valiant Sir, the Knight is highly satisfied in being vanquish'd by so brave a Warrior—— Look up quickly and seem pleas'd, for this damn'd Knight of the Screech-Owl, now his hand is in, will worry us all else——'Dsheart what a terrible voice he has.

Don Qu. The Devil worry him and his Voice too, 'tis a very Screech-Owl's to me indeed. [*Aside.*

Dutch. Courage is not disgrac'd, tho 'tis unfortunate; and tho *Don Quixote* is batter'd and o'er-thrown, he's valorous as ever.

Lusc. *And when his Year of Penance is past o'er,*
Again may cudgel, and be cudgell'd more.

Card. One may see by his Looks, that his Pate is plaguily harass'd about this business. [*Aside.*

Ambr. Oh, the whimsical Worms are all now at work——Ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Damn'd Fortune, thou inconstant treacherous Strumpet, hast thou then serv'd me thus?

Duke. Mum, Mum, Sir; the Knight of the Screech-Owl observes ye.

Page. Sir, I perceive you do not grace my Conquest with that clear Brow, that Aspect of Contentment my Valour has deserv'd, but seem to lowre and grumble at your Fortune, as if you thought my Chains disgraces to ye——Hah, speak thou conquer'd, are thou so presumptuous?

Dutch. Oh, by no means, Sir, the Knight was always a Person of few words; and as to the Moodiness of his Phiz, 'tis natural to him; I dare say, for the Knight of the ill-favour'd Face, 'tis not in his power to mend his Looks.

Lusc. Besides, here being no occasion for Mirth, some Gravity is becoming.

Page. Could I but think my easy Penance given him, extorted Frowns, he soon should know my Power. Blood of the Heroes, did not I in *Arragon* o'ercome the proud *Don Guzman de Alvara*, who being my Slave by just right of Conquest, I made his Neck my Footstool to mount my Horse by; nay, over the parch'd Plains forc'd him to carry a Sack of Barley for his Provender? Nor was that all, for when at Night we rested, to shew my Power, and punish his Ambition, I made him wash my Shirts, and mend my Stockings.

Don Qu. This is the very Devil——Oons I tremble every inch of me. [*Aside.*

Page. And if I thought this Shrub, this Mushroom-Errant durst mutter Discontents, or look as if *Tobosian Dulcinea* excell'd my bright *Castara de Vandalia*, I'd set him instantly to stitch my Boots, and grease 'em with the Oil of his own Labour.

Card. Say something quickly to him to mollify him; stitching of Boots is but a scurvy Imployment.

Don Qu. Lord Sir, what need you be so cholerick? I said nothing of *Dulcinea* that I know——Oons he has so cow'd me with his plaguy Voice, and his confounded

founded Whiskers, that I can't get out a hard word for the heart of me.

Ambr. Ha, ha, ha, his Heart's quite ſunk, the bluſtering of the Screech-Owl has bullied him clearly.

Duke. Come noble Warrior, be pleaſed to ſit down a little; and to ſhew how much we prize all Knights of your brave Order, I'll beg ye to let my Servants ſhew their duty in a Muſical Entertainment.

Page. Your Grace is generous; and to ſhew my gratitude, I dedicate thus far of my ſharp Sword to you and yours for ever; the reſt is bright *Caſſaria de Vandalia's*——Come I'll ſit down; you Sir, ſtand by and wait. [*To* Don Quixote.

Dutch. Oh, not ſo, I beſeech ye Sir; for my ſake let him ſit with us.

Page. Your Grace ſhall then prefer him; ſit down.

[*They ſeat themſelves.*

Don Qu. Ah Plague on your Whiskers——I'm in an Ague ſtill.

A Dance here of the Seven Champions, then a Song by St. *Dennis.*

DE fooliſh Engliſh *Nation,*
Dat former Conqueſt brag an;
Make ſtrang a Diſcourſe
Of St. George *and his Horſe,*
And de Murd'ring of de Dragon.

But ſhould de French *Invade 'um,*
And boldly croſs de Water,
How de Williamite *here*
Voud tremble for fear
Of de Jack *grand Roy,* mon Maitre.

You boaſt of your Fifth Henry,
Dat once in France *did forage;*
But to anſwer dat fame,
Do but read Noſtredame,
Garzoon will cool your Courage.

Our

Our Gold will take your City,
Tho fighting ne'er can get one,
Veel on Salsbury-Plain
Bring on Millions of Men,
D'en——wheiw——vere is Great Britain?

Page. As much, my Lord, as can be poſſible for us that carry Arms to like ſoft Paſtimes——I am oblig'd for this; and that I may, when your occaſions offer, be grateful to my power, be pleaſed to command *Alonzo de Bubone* of *Caſtile*, your Grace's Champion, you ſoon may find me out, my Lord, by Fame: Beſides, I'm of a Family numerous and antient, the Owls at Court are my Relations all——City and Country throng with the *Bubones*, and 'mongſt the Prieſthood, and the daggled Law, are numbers of Screech-Owls; in honour of whom

This ample Form I on my Buckler place,
And wear it for the Glory of my Race.

Dutch. We are his Greatneſs's, the Knight of the Screech-Owl's moſt humble Creatures.

Duke. And now, brave Sir, I hope all Animoſities betwixt you and your noble Brother here are forgot: Come, I muſt have the honour to reconcile all matters; he has reſolv'd to obey your Command, in retiring home, and bearing no Arms for a Year; and you, according to the Conditions of the Combat, in honour can demand no more.

Page. I am not limited, my Lord; and I muſt tell your Grace, there is another ſmall Injunction, which in Obedience to the Laws of Chivalry, I muſt impoſe, and he muſt execute: 'Tis this, my Lord, that ſince the peerleſs *Caſtara de Vandalia* has influenc'd me with Conqueſt, and he adores the conquer'd *Dulcinea*, he therefore be oblig'd to wear that precious Relick my Squire has there, which is that fair one's Slipper, during his Truce from Arms, and Year of Penance——

Duke. Oh that he ſhall do moſt Ceremonially.

[*Duke puts the Slipper on* Don Quixote.

Card.

Card. 'Twill look like ſome new kind of Order, and give him good occaſion from thenceforth, to call himſelf the Knight of the Order of the Slipper: That once perform'd, he's free.

Don Qu. Well, I ſee now that wiſe Man was in the right, that ſaid, Valour was a Virtue between two vicious Extremes, Cowardice and Temerity: I'm in the Snare, and I muſt get out on't as well as I can; make Laws and keep Laws, as *Sancho* uſed to ſay when his Mouth run over with Proverbs; And therefore ſince 'tis my fortune, I will travel home with my new Order here as patiently as I can: And ſo farewel t'ye all; nay, let no one touch me, nor ſpeak a word more, for my Heart's too full to bear any Complimenting; and as low as my Stomach is brought, I could eat that roaring Knight up methinks, if it were not for his Whiskers. But ſince 'tis as 'tis, let Fate bear the blame on't, whilſt I

This long Year ſtudy to wipe off my ſtain;
The next, in glittering Arms, ſhine out again. [Exit.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha, ha; farewel poor Knight-Errantry, you muſt know I have been weary of the mad Fool of late, and ſo contriv'd this Trick to ſend him home to his Houſe to be cur'd——And now Senior *Don Alonzo de Babone*, he pleas'd to veil your Whiskers.

Card. The Page, as I live, the Rogue alter'd his Voice ſo, I did not know him.

Dutch. Ha, ha, ha; nothing could be acted better indeed: Well Sir, my Lord Duke ſhan't forget your diligence.

Page. One of the Servants told me in a whiſper juſt now, my Lord, that your Grace may now have an account of *Sancho*'s flight from *Barataria*, for the Steward and the Doctor are juſt come from thence.

Duke. Oh come then, let's in, that Story will be very grateful at Dinner: Couſin, I have a ſmall Affair with you too, but this is no time to chide: Beſides, I hope you will ſatisfy me in ſome paſſages I heard lately of

you, which seem to blast your Virtue and Reputation: I must have a Minute to confer with you about it.

Ambr. With all my heart, my Lord.

Lusc. I have heard of your Humour, Sir; and I hope my Lord Duke will punish thee, for refusing poor *Marcella*, thou inveterate Woman-hater.

Dutch. Come, my Lord, methinks I long to hear how the Countess *Teresa*, and her Daughter *Mary* the Buxome, behave themselves in their change of Fortune.

Card. Very comically, no doubt, Madam; and must certainly divert, when your Grace comes to hear their several Histories.

Duke. Which, to relish our Meat and Wine the better, I intend shall entertain us presently: Amongst the rest of Diversions, there are two that are always recreative, which are a Fool in Person, and a Fool in Character; the Fool in Person, we have just now had a Scene of; and as to the Fool in Character,

The Governor not being now before ye,
You must content your selves with Sancho's *Story.*

[Exeunt omnes.

The End of the Second Part.

THE
Comical Hiſtory
OF
DON QUIXOTE.
WITH THE
MARRIAGE
OF
MART the *BUXOME.*

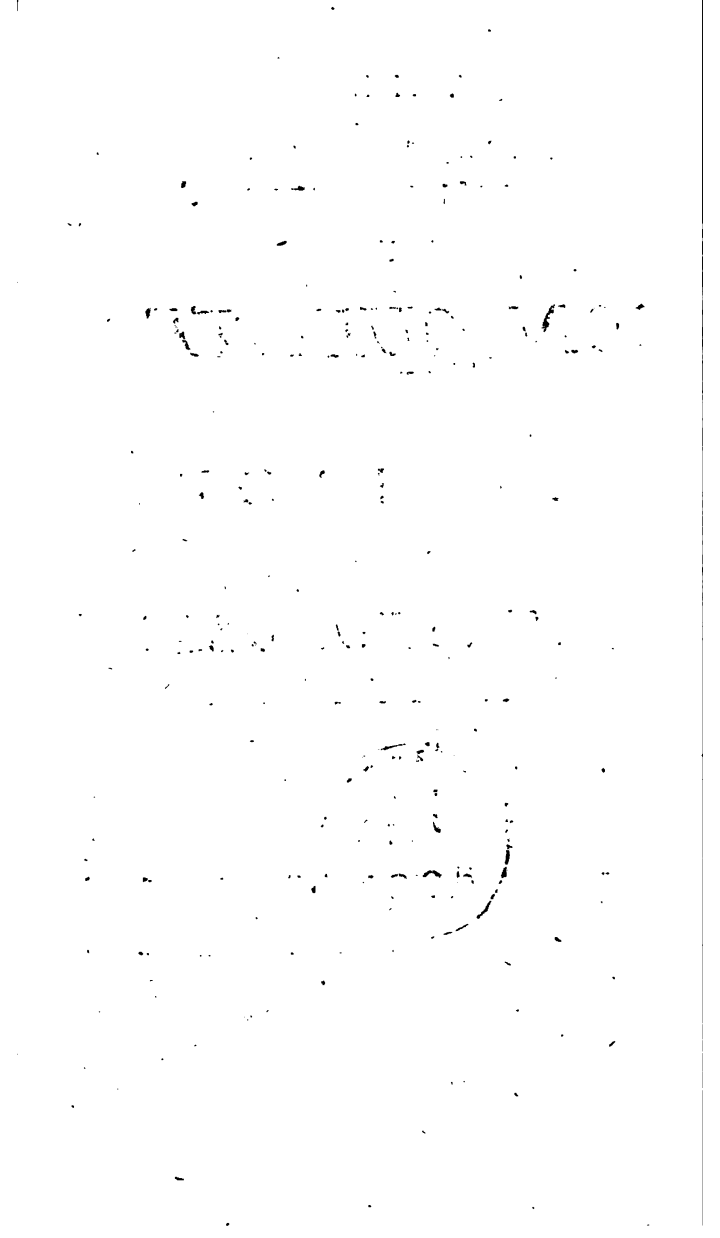
PART III.

Non omnes Arbuſta juvant humileſq; myricæ.
Vir.

Written by Mr. D'URFEY.

LONDON,
Printed for JOHN DARBY, ARTHUR BETTESWORTH, and FRANCIS CLAY, in Truſt for RICHARD, JAMES, and BETHEL WELLINGTON. M.DCC.XXIX.

23-f 123



To the Right Honourable

Charles Montague, *Esq*;

One of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and one of His Majesty's most Honourable Privy Council.

SIR,

THO I know your Character is adorned with so much Goodness and Humility, that it could dispense with, and excuse even such a Presumption as a Dedication of the following Piece, yet I must with Modesty decline such Pretensions, and own, That tho its innate Defects are not so obnoxious as are supposed, yet its publick Misfortune has so lessened its Reputation,

as has made it uncapable of deſerving ſuch an Honour.

My whole Extent of Ambition then is, having this Opportunity of the Preſs, (inſtead of it) moſt humbly to dedicate my ſelf, a Preſumption perhaps little inferior to the other; nor can I forbear to bring you what all the reſt of my Tribe do to indulgent Patrons, *viz.* an Inconvenience—— whilſt Poetical Impertinence attends the good Offices you do, and Generous Condeſcenſion and Good Nature creates you Trouble.

But, Sir, be pleaſed to remember however, That you are the Cauſe of this Inconvenience——Had you been leſs affable and obliging, I had been more timorous and modeſt. Had your Eye ſhot the haughty Auſterity upon me of a right Courtier, great in Dignity and Office, mine had quickly been dazzled, and had ſeen no farther; nor had your valued Minutes ever been diſturb'd with dilatory Trifles of this Nature: But my Heart, amongſt the reſt of the World, on dull Conſideration of your Merit, had ſupinely wiſh'd you Proſperity at a diſtance, which now, warm'd by your Influence, and embolden'd by your Smiles, can be contented with nothing leſs than laying it ſelf at your Feet, and pretending to the particular Honour of your Favour.

Con-

Condeſcenſion to grant Admittance, and generous Will to do good Offices, are rare Virtues in Great Men at Court; and he is fortunate whoſe Dependence there anſwers his Expectation. But when a Poet's happy Stars guide him to one who not only is glad to meet occaſion to befriend him, but that eagerly ſeeks it out; who tho continually fatigu'd with great Employments in the State, and hourly buſied in the noble Service of his King and Country, yet will generouſly ſpare a few Minutes from publick Affairs to do an humble Suitor a good Turn; one who never entertain'd ſuch a one without a welcome Smile, if he could effect his Deſire, or a good-natur'd courteous and modeſt Diſmiſſion, if he could not; one who tho a Courtier, never forgot his Promiſe, but perpetually gives the World occaſion to own his Word as ſacred as his other Virtues: 'Tis to a *Mecænas* like this my Heart devotes it ſelf; 'tis him it will admire; nor is it poſſible for me to ſuppreſs its Ambition.

Now, Sir, ſince every diſcerning Judgment muſt allow this to be your Character, be pleaſed to pardon me, who write it as a plain Truth, not as Praiſe, but your undoubted Due: for I dare no more pretend to praiſe you, than preſume to equal your Wit or other Excellencies. My Deſign

is only gratefully to acknowledge and publiſh to the World how much I am obliged to your Virtues, without leſſening their Value by my unneceſſary Applauſes.

Amongſt all the good Qualities that ſeem praiſe-worthy in human Nature, the moſt proper and moſt reaſonable is *Gratitude*; and amongſt all Perſons, on whom for Benefits received there is a Duty incumbent, I, Sir, am moſt obliged to own my Acknowledgments to You: for never had any one leſs Opportunity to deſerve your Kindneſs, nor ever had any one more generous or hearty Proofs of it. And ſince 'tis decreed that my humble Fate will permit me to expreſs my Gratitude no other way than by Expreſſion, Thanks, and verbal Acknowledgment, That, Sir, whilſt I live be pleaſed to believe you ſhall hourly receive, large and unbounded as your generous Intentions to me.

Amongſt all your numerous Favours, be pleaſed, Sir, to let me own the firſt, (which ſhall eternally grow to my Heart and Memory) which was your ſending for me to introduce me to *The late Adored Queen of ever-glorious Memory*: Of all whoſe gracious Smiles on me, enrich'd with Royal Bounty, you and *your good Lady, my ever honoured Patroneſs*, were the happy Cauſes. When Majeſty, like the Sun, ſhone with a Heavenly Influence, you took care to plant me in

in the View, and gave me the Opportunity of receiving the Grace that follow'd; nor did you ſtop there, but afterwards made me known, and honoured me with your good Word to moſt of the principal Nobility, the true Patrons of Poets and their Art, by whom I have not ſince been forgot, and whoſe Favour is a certain Fortune to any Son of the Muſes. And this moſt generous and uncommon Grace, Sir, when I ceaſe to remember, or fail in point of Duty, you may certainly take it for granted, I am ceaſed to be at all.

And now, Sir, that my Ambition may know its bounds, and fear no farther, let me beſeech you to accept of this Dedication of my ſelf and Duty; and likewiſe be pleaſed to receive this Trifle of a Play, tack'd to it to divert you a Minute, when ſuch a Space from Buſineſs will permit: For I am not ignorant, no more than the reſt of Mankind, of the troubleſome Diligence your Zeal for the King and your Country exacts from you, the Care of your great Charge and Offices, or of the Envy your Virtue raiſes in ill Men; yet I am confirm'd it cannot poſſiby turn to your Prejudice, but that as you was an Honour to the laſt Parliament, you will ſtill be acknowledged for this, and raiſe your

Reputation yet higher, (if possible) to an Eminence equal to your Merit; whilst I with Pride fix my Fame at its *Ne plus ultra*, in bearing the Title of,

SIR,

Your most Humble,

and most Devoted Servant,

THO. D'URFEY.

THE PREFACE.

I Had not troubled the Reader with a Preface, did I not find it extremely reasonable to vindicate my self a little, as well as the ensuing Sheets, against the unnatural Mistakes, ill Judgment, and Malice of some part of the Auditory when this Play came upon the Stage: And as I will not defend the Faults which with Justice and unbiassed Opinion it is taxed with, so on the other side I will not be run down without defence, when perhaps I can prove the cause of its Miscarriage not to be thro' its own Defect, (as 'tis generally believ'd) but occasion'd by the Ill-nature of an inveterate Faction,

tion, and ſome unlucky Accidents happening in its Repreſentation. In the firſt place therefore I muſt inform the Reader, that this Third Part before it came upon the Stage was acknowledg'd and believ'd by all that ſaw it, and were concern'd (as well thoſe that heard it read, as thoſe that were Actors, who certainly, every one muſt own, are in their Affairs skilful enough to know the Value of things of this nature) to be much the beſt of all the Three Parts; of which Opinion I muſt alſo confeſs my ſelf to be, and do not doubt, that when it is impartially read and judg'd, to find many more to join with me in that belief.

But as all Dramatick Pieces that depend upon Humour muſt receive their good or ill Fate from the good or ill Humour of the Audience, this it ſeems had the misfortune to meet with the latter; and tho prepar'd by my indefatigable Diligence, Care, Pains, nay, the Variety which I thought could not poſſibly miſs the expected Succeſs, yet by ſome Accidents happening in the Preſentment, was diſliked and exploded; The Sowgiſh Part which I uſed to ſucceed ſo well in, by the indifferent performance the firſt day, and the hurrying it on ſo ſoon, being ſtrained in time thro' ill management —— (tho extremely well ſet to Muſick, and I'm ſure the juſt Critick will ſay not ill writ) yet being imperfectly performed, was conſequently not pleaſing; and the Dances too, for want of ſome good Performers, alſo diſliked: all which, tho impoſſible

possible for me to avoid, and not reasonably to be attributed any way to a fault in me, yet the noisy Party endeavoured to use me as ill as if it were, till the generous Opposition of my Friends gave me as much reason to thank them for their Justice, as to despise the others Malice.

I must confess when I heard the Ladies were prejudic'd about some Actions and Sayings in Mary *the Buxome's and* Sancho's *Parts, I was extremely concern'd; not that I was conscious to my self I had justly offended, because I know no other way in Nature to do the Characters right, but to make a Romp speak like a Romp, and a Clownish Boor blunder out things proper for such a Fellow; but that I should in doing this unfortunately have 'em counted nauseous and indecent, and so disoblige that essential part of the Audience which I have always studied with so much Zeal to divert in all my former Plays with innocent Mirth, Scenes of Decency and good Manners.*

In exposing Humour, some coarse Sayings will naturally happen, especially in Farce and Low Comedy; and 'tis some sort of Excuse for me, that I can affirm——A Jest adapted to the Genius of the Pit, bearing some little distant Obscenities and double Entendres, has past currently in all the Comedies of the past and present Age, tho I have now the ill Luck to be most detected: I am sure, offending in that nature is much against my design of pleasing; and I have

thro'

thro' Nineteen of the Twenty Plays I have writ, always ſtudied to ſhun it as much as I can, for my own particular ſatisfaction, as well as to oblige the nicer part of the Audience.

As to the Poppet Shew in the Fourth Act, the Accident of its being plac'd ſo far from the Audience, which hindred them from hearing what either they or the Prologuetor ſaid, was the main and only reaſon of its diverting no better; and as I cannot blame an Audience for finding fault on ſuch an occaſion, ſo I deſire my impartial Reader and Judge to weigh in the peruſal of it, whether I have not done my Part, and whether that Scene is not wove in properly with the reſt of the Hiſtory, and more likely to give ſatisfaction than any of the reſt, tho it unhappily ſucceeded otherwiſe. As for thoſe that call it Bartholomew-Fair *Stuff, I'm ſure they never digeſted Don* Quixote's *Hiſtory, or at leaſt that part of it where the Poppet Shew is preſented; that Paſſage being, as I always thought, and as a Noble Perſon of as much Honour and Wit as any that pretend to judge of theſe Matters, was pleaſed to allow, is the moſt material extravagant Foolery that ever Don* Quixote *was guilty of thro'out all his whimſical Adventures, and therefore moſt proper to be inſerted in the Play. To finiſh then, as it is the moſt difficult undertaking that can be to find out new Humour to pleaſe in ſo critical an Age as ours is, ſo 'tis ſome pleaſure to me to know, that my ſevere Judges cannot*

hinder

hinder me from the Reputation of having diverted them for ſeveral years together in ſpite of their own Ill-nature: A hard task indeed—— And among Men of Senſe and Juſtice, one would expect a modeſt hearing, if once in ſeven years a Play ſhould fail in diverting, eſpecially when Accidents are the material Cauſe.——But ſince that Bleſſing is not to be expected by a Poet, nor the modeſt Method of the old Romans *at all proper to be an Example to our critical and over-witty* Britons, *let Folly and Ill-nature vent its Spleen till its own Unreaſonableneſs makes it nauſeous to the World. Oblig'd with the kind Indulgence and Inſtruction of ſome few ſuperior Judgments, I will contentedly ſit down, and ſay to all the others, as a famous Wit once ſaid before;*

Let but ſome few, whom I omit to name,
Approve my Work, I count their Cenſure Fame.

PROLOGUE,

Enter Mr. Horden.

Hord. *TWice on one Subject to employ a Muſe,*
'Tis own'd has very ſeldom been in uſe.
Yet thus far I the Poet's Cauſe purſue,
Suppoſe one had a Miſtreſs fair and true,
Is three times Viſiting ſo much to do?
Don Quixote, like a Beauty that ne'er cloy'd,
Should charm anew, tho twenty times enjoy'd;
Thus for the Author then moſt humbly praying——

Enter Miſs *Croſs.*

Miſs C. *Hold, Mr.* Horden, *hold, what are you ſaying?*
If it be any thing of Prologue nature,
Know I am come to help ye in the matter.
Come, make your Honours, and begin again;
You are to court the Ladies——I the Men.
Come, come, your Bow——your Speech too, quick and ſhort.
Lord, y'are ſo dull methinks——

Hord. *Lord, y'are ſo pert.*

Miſs C. *Your Love to th' Poet ſure is wondrous ſmall,*
Why, you ſay nothing——

Hord. ——*Becauſe you ſay all.*

Miſs C

Miſs C. *I muſt ſay ſomething, if you wonnot ſpeak*
To th' Ladies; come, what Offers can you make?
Hord. *Faith, I can offer nothing that they'll take.*
The Poet muſt excuſe me, I can't prattle,
Nor ask 'em aught——unleſs to drink a Bottle.
Miſs C.——*A Bottle*——*Are good Manners quite*
forgot?
Is that a thing to ask the Ladies——*Sot?*
Are Ladies proper to be ſo harangu'd?
Hord. *Why not*——
Miſs C. *Incenſe ſhould ſmoke where Beauty's Beams*
do ſhine,
The Miſtreſs of all Hearts, a Power Divine.
Hord. *Every one in his way*——*a Bottle's mine.*
Miſs C. *Nay, then I ſee 'tis an Affront deſign'd;*
For which henceforth I'll banter all your Kind,
Praiſe a pert Coxcomb's awkward Shape and Air;
Tell who Cheſnut-colour'd Spark he's wondrous fair.
Admire a third, whoſe Coat all pouder'd grey,
Looks like a Miller on a Market-day;
Or his, who ſwaſhingly from Flanders *comes,*
With ſtouching Sleeves that reach down to his Thumbs;
Commend one's Foot and Hand, another's Noſe:
I'll have a thouſand Tricks to fool the Beaus:
Shew 'em by Dancing what to Art belongs;
Or if that fail, I'll charm 'em with new Songs
And thus I'll draw 'em to the Play in Throngs.
I will but throw 'em out my Hook, and ſtreight
Shoals of Male Gudgeons nibble at the Bait;
Some by Diverſion of my Voice——*and ſome*
In expectation of my Prime to come.

Hord.

Hord. *Why then you think*———
Your Intereſt with the Sparks is wondrous ſtrong.
Miſs C. *Yes; What think you?*———
Hord.———*Child, th'art three years too young.*
Miſs C. *Perhaps as much too young, as you too good;*
Yet 'tis as I would have it underſtood.
Hord. *Nay, I confeſs th'art planted in a place,*
Where, like a Melon underneath a Glaſs,
The Town's warm Beams ſoon Ripeneſs will produce,
No Hot-Bed like a Play-houſe for that uſe.
Miſs C. *Think what you pleaſe I'll follow Virtue's Rules,*
And keep my Melon cloſe from Knaves and Fools.
And now, to turn out of this ſerious way———
Be pleas'd but quietly to hear the Play,
Then if you can laugh, you ſhall do't to day.
Hord. *Why, that's well ſaid, my Dear*———*ſo let's away* [Exeunt

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By *Mary the Buxome.*

WELL, Gentlefolk, I dare now wage a Crown,
You take me for the veriſt Romp in Town,———
But ere I part from ye, I'll let ye ſee,
There's other Molly Buxomes *beſides me;*
More Hoydens, that as aukward Gambols ſhew;
I'll warrant forty in that upper Row [to the Gallery.
Icod, perhaps too forty more below. [to the Pit.
They're juſt like Hens; They'll be amongſt the Cocks:
Let's ſee, is ne'er a one in the Side Box?
Yes——There's a Swinger——by yon Bully-Rocks.
Then let me look in th' Places too fore-right,
Humph! Strange; I think there's ne'er a one to night.
Each of 'em thought I'd paint her for a Blowze;
And ſo they're gone, Icod, to t'other Houſe.
Gadſtidikins! What won'd I give t'have ſhew'd
You, Errant Knights, a Romp in a Commode.
For if the Truth with Reaſon may be ſpoke,
One may be found among the Gentlefolk;
Who, tho ſhe gravely does to Viſit come,
Will leap upon the Footmens Backs at home.
The Country Wife too, ſhe that comes to Town.
To ſee her Kin, and buy a tawdry Gown;
Goes to a Play, there hoydens with the Men,
Cuckolds her Spouſe, and ſo romps down again.
Here too about the Streets they ſwarm like Bees;
And all the Nation round, thro' all Degrees:
From the Court Velvet Scarf, the Gay and Witty,
To her that ſlabbers Cuſtard in the City:
From thence back here again to Bulking Betty;
And ſo good night; 'tis time to end my Ditty.

[Exit.

Dra-

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Don Quixote.	Mr. *Powell.*
Sancho.	Mr. *Newth.*
Basilius, An accomplish'd Gentleman, but poor, betrothed to *Quitteria.*	Mr. *Horden.*
Camacho, A jolly fat-headed Farmer, very rich, but very dull and ignorant, given by her Friends for a Husband to *Quitteria.*	Mr. *Bullock.*
Jaques, A Clownish Country Fellow, Hind to *Camacho*, and to be married to *Mary the Buxome.*	Mr. *Pinkman.*
Carrasco, A Batchelor of *Salamanca*, Friend to *Basilius*, learned, drolling, brisk, and witty, and perpetually banning *Don Quixote* and *Sancho.*	Mr. *Verbruggen.*
Gines de Passamonte, alias Master of the Puppet-shew. *Peter.*	Mr. *Leo.*
Charlemain.	Puppets, designed to be acted by Children.
Marsilius.	
Orlando.	
Don Gayferos.	
Melisendra.	
Bishop *Turpin.*	
Guards and Retinue.	
Carter to the Lyon.	Mr. *Smeaton.*

WOMEN.

Quitteria, A young witty Virgin, Daughter to an old Gentleman of small Fortune, betrothed to *Basilius*, but forced by him to marry *Camacho.*	Mrs. *Finch.*
Dulcinea del Toboso.	Mr. *Smeaton.*
Teresa, Sancho's Wife.	Mrs. *Powell.*
Mary the Buxome, His Daughter.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Altisidora, Woman and Confident to *Quitteria.*	Mrs. *Cross.*

Clowns, Musicians, Dancers, and Attendants.

The SCENE,

A Pleasant Meadow, near a Village.

THE

THE Comical Hiſtory OF *DON QUIXOTE.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Diſcovers a Cage with a Lion in a Cart, Don Quixote *with his Sword drawn ſtanding over the Carter kneeling;* Caraſco, Baſilius, *ſtanding by, and* Sancho *upon a Tree near him.*

Don Quix. SLAVE, open the Cage, or die. *[Offers to kill him.*

Carter, Oh, Good Sir Knight be pacified.

Baſil. 'Dsdeath, Sir, are ye mad? d'ee know what you bid him do? Have you a mind to have us all torn to pieces?

Caraſ.

Caraſ. 'Dſlife, I have cry'd up Knight Errantry to ſu purpoſe, if I muſt ſtand by and ſee him and my ſe worried about it.

Don Qu. Oh! Good Sir Counſel-giver, if you fe that, put your ſelf in ſafety, and be gone——Sirrah, o pen quickly, or I'll open your Puddings with this.

[*Offers to run him thr*

Cart. Oh Lord, Sir, the Lion has not eaten all th day, and is ſo hungry that he'll make no more of u than of ſo many Kitlings——At three mouthfuls w ſhall be in his Puddings our ſelves, Sir.

Don Qu. Cowardly Villain——Dog, Dog, do it, or—— [*Offers again*

Cart. Well, well, Sir, I will, I will——Oh! Tha ever I was born! What will become of me?——

Baſil. Nay, if my Counſel has no better Effect, e'e let your Donſhip fight your Battle by your ſelf: If yo are for duelling of Lions you had beſt get an armed Rhinoceros for your Second; for my part, I'm for n Tilts with theſe four-footed ſharp-phang'd Antagoniſts ſo will prudently withdraw.

Caraſ. And I——This is no time for bantring.

[*Exeunt.*

Don Qu. Poorneſs of Spirit! How I look down upon 'em—Of all the Paſſions plaguing weak Humanity, the baſeſt ſure is Fear——Come, Fellow, haſt thou done?

Cart. Done! Yes, yes, Sir, time enough, Sir, time enough. Done!——'sbud, where ſhall I ſave my ſelf?

[*He unbolts the Cage, and runs and gets upon another Tree.*

Don Qu. The General of *Oran* ſends not this Lion, as thou haſt ſaid, to th' King; but ſome Enchanter ſends it to try me,——to prove my Courage and undaunted Soul——He ſhall be ſatisfied——*Sancho*, where art thou?

Sanc. Here, here, Sir, here, 'oons where [*Speaks out of the Tree,*] ſhould I be? I intend to be no Lion's meat to day, not I——And d'ye hear, Sir, pray take my advice for once, and let him alone; you ſee he ſays nothing to you, but as the Proverb ſays, tho the

Bear

Bear be gentle, don't bite him by the noſe——Sweet *Don*, let him be quiet, and come away.

Don Qu. Dull Inſect, that canſt imagine to knock manly Reſolution oth' head with a Proverb: Come away! Alas, poor Soul-leſs Wretch! What, from the Road of Glory, on which this third time I have made my Salley, to exerciſe the Function I was born for! No, no, *Don Quixote* ſtirs not from the Path of Honour, tho hemm'd with Lions fiercer than that fam'd one that in th' *Nemean* Vale was quell'd by *Hercules*——Let me ſee, where ſhall I beſt attack him? Lions, to me, to me, you Lions Whelps. Come all ye Inchanters, that have form'd this Monſter to try my Valour, beſtride your fiery Dragons, and behold me; behold this Hand tear from his hollow Trunk the bloody Heart, and daſh it in your Faces.

Cart. [*on the Tree.*] Hark ye me, Friend, now I have got my ſelf out of harms way, I don't care much if I ſpend another wiſe word or two upon ye: Therefore for your life, d'ye hear, don't meddle with his Throat, but get you packing if you intend to eat your Supper to night. Gadſlidikins, there are a pair of Portculliſes before it, that ſome Folk call Teeth, that will make no more to grind that Arm of yours than if 'twere a Black-pudding; therefore once more I ſay take care.

Don Qu. Come forth, thou miſcall'd Terror of the Foreſt, and try if thou canſt make me give thee ground. Men ſay thou art the King of Beaſts; come forth, and ſhew thy Royal Bravery; do it, and whet thy clawiſh Weapons keen to oppoſe my Force, and ſpeedily, or I ſhall believe thee not to have Courage proper for thy Bulk, but that like thy Diminutive, a Cat thou art only valiant in Confinement——Come, come forth, I ſay. [*The Lion turns his Tail to him.*

Sanc. Oh! For Heaven's ſake, Sir, don't go ſo near him; you ſee he turns his Backſide to ye, to let you ſee how much he minds what you ſay; therefore pray don't trouble your ſelf with picking his Teeth, nor challenging his Claws; for if one of thoſe crooked Nippers

Nippers should get hold on ye, the Lord have mercy upon ye for a Knight-Errant.

Don Qu. Hah! By *Dulcinea*'s Life, the Monster fears me, and dares not meet the Lustre of my Eyes——Ay——'tis so——'tis now shewn plain, his Back-parts tremble at me.

Cart. O Sir, pray hold your self contented; he only shakes his Tail in contempt——and if you are wise, stand farther off; for if he gives ye a thump with the bunch at the end on't, he'll knock you as flat as a Flounder.

Don Qu. By all my Fame, 'tis now as clear as Truth, my daring Courage has quite daunted him——*Sancho*, come down, and give him three Bastinadoes with a Cudgel to provoke him to come out.

Sanc. I give him three Bastinadoes——not for three Kingdoms Gadzooks, I——Come, Sir, too much Mettle is dangerous in a blind Horse; Content your self with the thought that he dares not come out to ye, and so the Victory is yours——And good Sir, put him to no farther Trial.

Don Qu. I have challeng'd him fairly.

Cart. Ay, ay, Sir, we are both Witnesses of that——I'll coakes in with him, it may be he'll leave off, and I may save my Horses by't. [*Aside.*] that else would certainly be torn to pieces.

Don Qu. Dar'd him, and boldly; and the Inchanter sent him.

Sanc. Ye have, ye have, Sir, and we'll both of us give ye a Certificate that he has refus'd to answer ye.

Cart. 'Sbud you have done wonders, Sir——and to stickle more in the business were only to tempt Providence, as one may say.

Don Qu. Fellow, thou'rt in the right, and I'm oblig'd to think my Honour satisfied: For as the Laws of Chivalry direct us, no Combatant is tied to do more than to defy an Enemy; if he refuse, he is discomfited.

Sanc. Right, right, Sir; Odsheartlikins you never argued better in your Life-time——He speaks a little Sense now; pray Heaven it hold.

Don

Don Qu. Come down then, Friend, and shut the Cage——And *Sancho*, descend, and call to those that fled——Come quickly——thou art so tardy in every thing. [*Carter comes down.*

Sanc. Hold a little, good Sir, and let me but see the Pin in the door, and I'll be as nimble as an Eell in your Service; for perhaps the Lion, tho he cares not to scratch the Hide of a lean Knight, may have a Fancy to chew the Cud with a plump Squire——Oh! Now I think I may venture. [*Comes down, and Exit.*

Cart. So, now all's secure again, and give ye Joy of your Victory, Sir Knight——for Gads-digs, little did I think to see that *Madrid* Face of yours look so cheerily by this time——But let it be as it is, you have done Wonders, as I said before.

Don Qu. 'Tis well, and there's a Ducket for thy Reward——Oh, the unvalued Virtue of true Valour! Well may Inchanters make me unfortunate, but of that Essence they can ne'er bereave me.

Enter Basilius, Carasco, *and* Sancho.

Basil. Tho *Sancho* has told us how the business was, yet let's resolve to cry up the Exploit.

Carasc. O, as much as if he had quarter'd the Lion and eaten him. May Wreaths of Oak, the Meed of mighty Conquerors, for ever flourish on *Don Quixote*'s Head.

Basil. Thrice worthy, and eternally renown'd, I congratulate your Victory. We hear the Lion trembled to behold you, nor durst accept your Challenge.

Don Qu. Both these saw it.

Cart. Yes truly, the Beast's hinder-parts shook like an Aspen Leaf, as the saying is.

Sanc. The truth on't is, he did wag his Tail very frightfully.

Don Qu. The Inchanters therefore have not now prevail'd: This is my hour, my Friends.

Basil. Still may it prove so, fortunate and happy. [*Embracing.*

Caraſc. Thou Soul, Heart-blood, and Genius of Knight-Errantry.

Don Qu. Go, Fellow, to *Madrid*, and tell the King Don *Quixote* did this Action, no longer now Knight o'th' *Ill-favour'd Face*, but with a new Title grac'd—— *Knight of the Lion.*

Cart. Very well Sir, Whene'er I've occaſion to drink a Flagon with his Majeſty, I ſhall make bold to do your Errand; and ſo Good by t'ye. Ha, ha, ha, tell the King, ſaid he——Ah Lord ſave thy craz'd Pate.

[*Exit. Scene ſhuts.*

Baſil. When I ſaw firſt the Lion's flaming Eyes, I could not think the Adventure was ſo eaſy.

Don Qu. Ah——to a valiant Heart and reſolute Will, nothing is hard.

Caraſc. I was confirm'd he would ſucceed——and do ſtill propheſy that more and greater things ſhall court his Valour——But now Friend, ſetting this Diſcourſe aſide, I think it proper to inform the noble Knight of the *Lion* your Suit to him, which is to make one in the Plot to morrow at *Camacho*'s Wedding, who is, by Compulſion of Friends, to marry with *Quitteria*, the Rich *Andrugio*'s Daughter. I ſuppoſe your Greatneſs has heard of the former Love between her and my Friend *Baſilius* here.

Don Qu. I have, thou Frog of *Aganippe*, thou Nurſling of *Parnaſſus*, perpetual Delight of the *Salamanca* Schools, I have; and am well known too in his Worth and Virtues: I've alſo heard *Camacho* is a Dolt, a ſordid Lump, a Glutton, that crams his Paunch, but neglects his Mind; laugh'd at and ſcorn'd by every Man of Senſe, nor prais'd by any one but *Sancho* there, whoſe Brains are in his Belly.

Sanc. Ay, ay, ſay what you pleaſe of my Belly, or *Camacho*'s either; he has refreſh'd me often with good Beef and Brewis——and as far as a good Word or a Compliment goes, my Paunch and my Brains too ſhall be at his Service: Beſides, he has ſent for my Wife and Daughter from home, and offers *Mary* a good Dinner, who is to be married to morrow, and ſo to let both Wed-

dings go as one. Come, 'tis an ill Workman that quarrels with his own Tools. I wonder when my Maſter would have done as much for her.

Don Qu. Why, *Sancho*, I did not think the Girl was prone to marry.

Sanc. Not prone! yes, and blown too; She's ſo ripe, ſhe'd have fall'n off the Tree with a little more ſhaking——Oh! yonder comes her Mother, and Gadzooks my Son-in-Law with her——I warrant they want me for ſomething.

Don Qu. Oh, 'tis likely, therefore we'll leave thee to her. And now worthy Sir, [*to* Baſilius.] be aſſured, That in any Action where Juſtice or Honour are concern'd, tho ne'er ſo dangerous, Don *Quixote* ſhall be foremoſt.

Baſil. Spoke like the Star of Gallantry.

Caraſc. Farewel *Sancho*: Whatever buſineſs employs us, we ſhall reſerve a Minute to wiſh *Mary the Buxome* Joy.

Baſil. Oh, that we muſt in courſe.

[*Exeunt D.* Qu. Baſ. *and* Car.

Sanc. Ay, you may wiſh her what you pleaſe; but I'm ſure I wiſh'd her hang'd this morning; my wife Son-in-Law that's coming yonder, will have a hopeful Bargain of her; ſhe's the plaguieſt Romp, the verieſt Hoyden, and, what's the miſchief on't, grows every day worſe than other. As I was looking up to the Sun-dial this morning, to ſee what a Clock 'twas, what does this heedleſs Queen do, but throws out of the Window a great Jordan full of Liquor lukewarm juſt into my Mouth; Gadzooks, I was over head and ears, like an Ache-bone in a Poudering-tub——But come, thanks to good luck ſhe's going; this Fool will venture on her, and much good may ſhe do him: He loves Mutton well that can dine upon the Wool. Marry your Son when you will, your Daughter when you can. And if Coxcombs went not to Market, bad Ware would not be ſold—— There's three Proverbs for her however; 'tis all the Portion ſhe's like to have, that I know of.

Enter Jaques *and* Teresa.

Teref. Come, Man, what have you been doing? I thought you'd have made more haste home, being you know to-morrow is to be so busy a day.

Sanc. Doing? Why, conquering Lions, challenging wild Beasts, getting Honour, crooked Rib——a whole Cartload full.

Teref. Lions! What Lions, Fool?

Sanc. What Lions, Fool! I won't tell ye, Fool—— Oh, Son-in-Law, good morrow, good-morrow.

Jaq. Good morrow Father-in-Law.

Sanc. Well, and how go matters?——How does your Spouse that is to be and you agree, humph?

Jaq. Why, by Conscience I like the young Woman well enough; she's a thought too thick and squat, but when she's married, that Belly of hers will come down with working.

Sanc. How's that? Gadzooks have a care what you say; why, she had rather her Belly should get up than down when she's married, Man: Not a word more of that, good Son-in-Law.

Teref. Gadslid, I would not *Mary* should have heard him for an hundred Pounds. [*Clapping her hands.* I know the Girl's humour so well, that if she had heard him say that, she would never have endured him after.

Jaq. Pshaw wagh, I did not mean jokingly, not I by Conscience; I warrant when she's my Wife, *Mary* shall have no cause to complain: And by Conscience I like *Mary* much the better, because I think she's a Maid; and for my part, I don't love a Pippin that other Folks have handled. Now, tho she be a little unsightly sometimes, yet I believe *Mary* is a pure Maid by Conscience.

Teref. As when I bound her head first with a Biggen, I'll be sworn for her; besides, the Girl is mighty meekly minded, she'll not speak for Money, Meat, nor Clothes ——she'll soon think she has enough, I'll say that for *Mary*.

Sanc.

Sanc. Ah the Devil's in that old lying Jade; 'oons the noiſe of 20 Powder-mills come not near her, if ſhe want but her Bread and Butter in a morning——[*Aſide.* Contrary to Woman-kind, Crooked Rib; for the Proverb ſays a young Woman, a Prieſt, and your Poultry, think they never have enough——Ha, ha, ha.

Teref. So old Sandy-beard, you have always ſome good thing to ſay of the Women ſtill—— But I'm ſure you have no cauſe to prate, for you have had a good one; and if you did not like me becauſe I was young when we married, you might have taken my Mother, ſhe was old enough, and we both liv'd in a houſe.

Sanc. No, No, Matrimony, not ſo neither; one had as good eat the Devil, as the Broth he's boil'd in: Beſides, you were both ſo like, there was nought to chooſe. She had a Tongue like Thunder——and I think, Spouſe of thine, yours is not always as ſtill as a Dormouſe: Like Mother like Daughter, faith——and if the Mare have a bald Face, the Filly will have a Blaze.

Teref. Humph, will it ſo, Good-man Garlick-eater——Hang ye, don't lie vexing me, but come your ways home, and help to fit out *Mary*; ſhe's not like to have her Shoes foal'd, and her blue Jacket edg'd with green, if you won't look after it, but ſtand idling here.

Sanc. Nay, pray be quiet now, by Conſcience I muſt have a word or two more with my Father-in-Law about *Mary*'s good Parts; for I confeſs I like her mainly, becauſe ſhe's a Maid: I was wiſh'd to a Widow a while ago, but I would not have her; for beſides that ſhe was no Maid, ſhe had four great Faults, ſhe had three Children, and a lame Leg.

Sanc. He that marries a Widow and three Children, marries four Thieves. You have ſcap'd a Scouring Son-in-Law.

Teref. Well then, ſince you muſt have another Cup of Prate, I'll leave ye, and get me gone to *Mary*; the Girl muſt have ſome Colberteen Lace ſet upon her Wedding Smock: Bleſs me! what ado has there been about that Smock? Mother, ſhe cries, are the Guſſets big e-

nough here? Is it ſloped enough at top, and wide enough at bottom? I've had above a hundred Queſtions about that Smock: I warrant that Smock has been bleaching in her head above this two Months. [*Ex. Ter.*

Jaq. So, now ſhe's gone, Vather, let's diſcourſe a little more; for I've a huge Inkling to know a few more of *Mary*'s good Qualities. By Conſcience I look upon *Mary* to have a notable Underſtanding, Vather-in-Law.

Sanc. Underſtanding! She can make a Pudding; that's as much Underſtanding as a Wife has need of.

Jaq. Now if ſhe be but virtuous——againſt which ſhe has one wicked ſign, your Noſe, Vather-in-Law; for, to quip you with a Proverb too, one may know by your Noſe what Mutton you love——I ſay, if ſhe be but virtuous, and has but an eye to her Honour, as Gentlefolks call it, then all's right.

Sanc. Virtuous! Ah, I warrant ſhe's as virtuous as the Skin between her Brows; but you muſt not give your ſelf ſo much to Jealouſy nor Doubt, Son-in-Law: He that's afraid of every Graſs, muſt not piſs in a Meadow; if you fear, why will you go to't, why will you marry?

Jaq. Why, Conſcience I don't know; I go to't as other folks do, I think, for ready Pudding: Beſides, *Mary* has ſuch a way with her, ſuch a jigging crumptious whim with her Backſide, that ſhe's as full of Temptation as an Egg is full of Meat; ſhe has a pure ſtroke with her ſackins——Then, to ſay the truth, *Mary*'s very well forehanded too.

Sanc. Forehanded——oons this Oaf makes a Mare of my Daughter.

Jaq. We ſhall do hugely together; I'll ſet her to weeding in the Wheat the next day after we are married; ſhe has curious ſpud Fingers to grub up the Charvil.

Sanc. Fingers! I think ſhe has, and the Nails of them are an Inch long for the purpoſe; ſhe has not cut them this Twelvemonth, to my knowledge.

Jaq. Then by Conſcience ſhe muſt help the Plough too a little now and then; You won't be angry if I documentize her, and make her a good Huſwife, Vather-in-Law.

Sanc.

Mary. Hoh, hoh, hoh, Did he faith —— Well, and good Mother, what ſaid Vather then? —— hoh, hoh —— Hold, but ſtay a little —— Icod you'll make it too narrow at bottom here; I ſhan't have half room enough, if you pinch it ſo in this place; —Odſlidikins, if it b'ant wide enough here, Mother, you ſpoil all.

Teref. I think the Girl is betwattled —— why, prithee do but ſee now —— where's the pinching?

[*Stands up, and ſhews the Smock.*

odſdiggers 'tis wider than mine was, by a Foot and half.

Mary. Well, let me ſee now, I can tell to a Barly-corn if I meaſure; look here, from my left Thumb to my Nofe is juſt [*Meaſures the Smock*] a Yard —Humph, Icod; I thing 'tis pretty well —— ay, ay, 'tis well enough —— So. And now Mother pray go on: What ſaid Vather then —— ha?

Teref. Phoo, Pox take him, he ſtood choaking himſelf with laughing at his own Proverbs, but ne'er a one of 'em on our ſide; I had like to have pull'd him by the ears three times, as I'm a Chriſtian.

Mary. Well, I think the Devil's in my Vather for that; he makes no more of a Woman, Icod, than of a whiſp of Hay, he loves nobody but *Dapple*; on my Conſcience and Soul he's civiler to that Aſs, than to you, Mother.

Teref. Ah! 'tis e'en too true, *Mary*; this plaguy Knight-Errantry, a murrain take it, crams his head ſo, that the Man is, as I'm a Chriſtian, I know not how beſotted —— ſo that he never thinks of Family-matters, not he —— I've had no Comfort from him this half-Year, Lord help me.

Mary. Icod that's very hard —— There, come, now let's ſet on the Lace.

Teref. And a married Woman's but a ſolitary thing without Comfort, *Mary*; if I had married *Diego* of our Town, as I might have done if I had not been a Fool, for he caſt many a loving Sheep's eye at me, I had had Comforting enough, I had had my Belly-full of Comfort then, as I'm a Chriſtian.

Mary. If my Husband don't comfort me when I've occaſion, I'll make him a Cuckold faith——I'd do my ſelf Reaſon, Icod. Hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh.

Teref. Ay, *Mary*, in another Country now that might be; but in *Spain* here, the more's the Pity, a Woman can't do her ſelf Reaſon if ſhe would; if a Woman does her ſelf Reaſon here, her Husband confines her preſently ——ſhe's under Lock and Key the next minute.

Mary. O Lord I underſtand ye; and that's a plaguy thing Icod.

Teref. Ah! well fare little *England*; odſlidikins, they ſay there a Farmer's Wife, or ſuch a one as I now, may have leave of her Husband to be ſociable if ſhe can make any advantage on't; ſhe has no Confinement upon her; all things are open there; they lock up nothing there, but the Cupboard.

Mary. Why, that's a pure place then, I'll ſwear: but hold ye, what d'ye think, Mother, ſhall I put any Lace at bottom or no? you know I'm to be a great Lady before I die: And now we are talking of *England*, I've heard there was one at *London*, near the Court I think they call it, that wore Lace thus long, and always took care to have it ſeen coming down Stairs, or going out of a Coach; and that the Fool her Husband——

Teref. Knew nothing of the matter, *Moll*; he never came ſo near my Lady, he knew nothing of the Lace, I'm ſure.

Mary. No, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh, Icod that's good: he know nothing on't! why who ſhould then?

Teref. Who, Fool! Why, ſome young Blade with long powder'd curl'd hair, and a Patch on's Noſe, that watch'd her motions——Why, Husbands have the leaſt to do with their Wives there, Fool, of any folk; either to lie with, or to lead 'em there, is unfaſhionable and unmannerly.

Mary. Hoh, hoh, hoh——Well Icod, then that's a cromptious place I ſay again——and then Mother, there's a ſort of Cattle they call Citizens, hoh, hoh, hoh; Icod, they ſay they don't get their own Children neither.

Teref.

Teref. Why no, if they'll drive a ſubtle Trade, no more they muſt not, ye ſilly Jade; if they intend to be rich and be Aldermen, the Courtier muſt cuckold the Citizen in courſe, then in courſe he gets into Debt, and then the Citizen gets his Eſtate for Satisfaction in courſe.

Mar. Hoy day! Why, this is Whirly-curly-murly, round about our Coal-fire, hoh, hoh, hoh, hoh——— Icod, this is driving a ſubtle Trade indeed.

Jaques within whiſtles.] Holloa, Mother-in-Law, and my Fleſh that muſt be, where are ye?

Teref. Odſlidikins ——— 'tis *Jaquey*, he's come to call ye to Church, I'll be hang'd elſe; I'll go and make an end of my Work within, and get things ready: In the mean time, be ſure to coy it, and ſtand off, and niggle him purely, doſt' hear, *Mary?* [*Exit Tereſa.*

Mar. Ah! Icod, I'll niggle him ſo he was ne'er ſo niggled ſince his Mother bound his head, hoh, hoh, hoh ——— Go, go, I warrant ye, Mother, let me alone with him.

Enter Jaques.

Jaqu. Why, how now, Fleſh of mine, what no farther yet? Good Lord! Now how comes this——— Why, the what d'ye call't, [*Scratching.*] the Can——— the Can——the Canondrical Hour will be paſt by Conſcience; come, good now, d'on thy Jacket lightly, good Fleſh of mine, d'on thy Clothes.

Mar. I can't d'on my Clothes.

[Mary *turns away and ſeems coy.*

Jaqu. Gadſdiggers, Maſter *Camacho* and his Bride, and the Man, in the Black, tarry for us; good now, *Mary*, go dizzen, and come away and be married lightly; good now do, *Mary*.

Mar. Piſh, I can't abide to be married——I'm alter'd.

Jaqu. Gadſdiggers, that's a good one by Conſcience; not abide to be married! Was there ever one of thy Age that could not abide to be married——Pſhaw, you muſt not ſay ſo, *Mary*; come buſs, come buſs.

Mar. Piſh, I can't buſs.

Jaqu.

Jaqu. Pſhaw, you can buſs, and you muſt buſs; 'sbub, ſhe makes me as hot as a Toaſt——What a devil ails her tro? Come, good honey Fleſh o' mine, buſs now.

Mar. I can't buſs, I won't buſs.

Jaqu. Not buſs!

Mar. No.

Jaqu. Not Buſs me at all!

Mar. No, no, no, no.

Jaqu. Not at all? [*Sings out of tune.*]

Mar. No, no, no, no.

Jaqu. Nor go to be married?

Mar. No.

Jaqu. Gadſdiggers, nor lie with me to night?

Mar. No——I'm aſham'd.

Jaqu. Ah, dear ſweet honey *Mary*, don't ſay No ——By Conſcience I ſhall hang my ſelf if th'art in earneſt: Look here, I'll give thee this pure white Turnip, if thou wilt but buſs and [*Pulls out a great Turnip.*] ſay I——Odſdiggers, you muſt go.

Mar. Nay, piſh, I won't go.

Jaqu. You ſhall go.

Mar. Nay, fye——be quiet; O Lord, I can't go.

Jaqu. Maſter *Camacho* will laugh me to death; I would not but be married to day for a hundred Pound.

Mar. Nor I neither, Icod, for all my fooling. [*Aſide.*

Jaqu. Therefore, Gadſdiggers, come along, for I muſt buſs, and I will buſs: I muſt marry, and I will marry, and there's the Reſolution of— [*Pulls her out.*]

Mar. Well, I will, I will, I will, I will——What a-dickins ails the Man? Icod, you won't be ſo ſharp ſet ſeven years hence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Don Quixote, Carasco, *and* Sancho.

Don Qu. Sir Batchelor, I have with care consider'd on each particular of your discourse; nor shall this Sword ever keep back its Aid, when Beauty, Wit, or injur'd Love's in danger——I am my self a Lover, learned Batchelor, and therefore doubly will assist Basilius. [Sancho *starts, and stares at him.*] *Sancho* shall be my Second; he shall fight too, if there should be occasion.

Caraf. My Friend and I are doubly yours, heroick Sir.

Sanc. I fight! With whom must I fight, I wonder? Good Sir, don't let your head run so much upon this Fighting Work: We are going to a Wedding now; and I see no Monsters that I should be engaged a Second to attack there, unless it be an Ox that's roasting yonder;——And I'll attack that presently, with all my heart, if you please.

Don Qu. An Ox——A Calf——Ha, ha, ha——*Sancho*'s a Droll, Sir Batchelor, you'll excuse him——But at a dire Adventure, brave as *Hercules.*

Sanc. A Plague of your Commendations——[*Aside.*]——'sbud, I never knew him praise my Fighting, but some damnable Drubbing or other happen'd presently after.

Don Qu. But are you sure the Virgin has her Cue? Is she resolv'd? Will she assist your Friend?

[*To* Carasco.

Caraf. Most vigorously; 'tis the morose Compulsion of an Uncle has brought the thing so far——She hates *Camacho.*

Don Qu. No more then to be said, Sir; if your Plot fails, this Arm shall do her Justice.

Caraf. Triumphant Voice! How I adore its Author! Now, by *Apollo* and the sacred Nine, that dip in *Helicon*

licon to write of Glory, you ſeem, great Sir, an Emperor already.

Sanc. Ah! The Emperor of Darkneſs take thee—— art thou putting him in mind of being an Emperor again? Gadzooks, I begin to find this tongue-padding Fellow is a very Rogue: They ſay he's a Scholard, and can tell by his Art how many pound of Candles are ſet up in the Sky from one years end to t'other; and that he can expound Dreams——I was ſuch a Fool to try him, but nothing came on't but Folly that I know; ſee, they are complimenting ſtill:——Ah! Go thy ways for a Dream-teller.

Caraſ. Who talks of Dreams there?——Then, Sir, if that Title ſound too weak for your high Reliſh, to be Emperor of *Conſtantinople*——is moſt grand.

Don Qu. Ye've hit it, Sir; that Place I muſt renown, ſince one of our beſt Knights Patrons of Chivalry, the Star of Arms, great *Palmarin d'Oliva*, reign'd there long ſince.

Sanc. They have made a quick Voyage on't; they are got as far as *Conſtantinople* in two Minutes—— This plaguy Conjurer, I lay my life, is interpreting a Dream for my mad Maſter too.

Don Qu. What doſt thou mutter about Dreams, *Sancho*?

Caraſ. Oh, Sir, his head runs ſtrangely on that Topick; I late was his Interpreter. *Sancho* dreamt he was at Sea, very much toſs'd in a Ship, but amongſt the reſt, had three great Toſſes, that ſhook him ſo, he wak'd—— I told him the firſt ſignified Preferment——which ſo happened; for in two days after, he was toſs'd—— into his Government.

Sanc. And in two days after that, I was toſs'd out again——that was the ſecond——But now, where was the third, good Mr. Conjurer? How was I toſs'd the third time?

Caraſ. In that, indeed *Sancho*, the Stars are cloudy.

Don Qu. Oh Sir, that falls within the Verge of my ſmall Underſtanding. *Sancho* was, juſt before that——

toſs'd

toſs'd in a Blanket; and I ſuppoſe the Stars meant that the third.

Sanc. A plague on your ſuppoſe——have you found it out?——Yes, if that were the third Toſſing, I was toſs'd with a Vengeance, and you were the Cauſe, I thank ye——for quarrelling with the Carriers at the Inn——But come, look not too high, leſt a Chip fall in your Eye; and don't ſcald your Lips in another Man's Porridge——I ſhall take Warning one day, and ſo perhaps ſcape a fourth Toſſing, I ſhall, Gadzooks.

Caraſ. But that I know *Sancho*'s a Virtuoſo, I ſhould imagine theſe were marks of Choler.

Don Qu. He is angry——Which Paſſion, as others do expreſs by Oaths and Curſes, he always does by Proverbs——But hark, I hear the Marriage-Inſtruments are ſounding, and the Proceſſion coming.

[*A noiſe of Pipes and Rural Inſtruments are heard within.*]

I'll ſtand by; and when you give the Sign——

Caraſ. Great Sir, I'll ſoon inform you——how to have your Head broke. [*Aſide.*

Enter, firſt, Muſick playing; then Camacho *led like a Bridegroom between two Maids; after him,* Quitteria *like a Bride, led between two Men: After them, Shepherds, Shepherdeſſes, Dancers and Singers, Men and Women. They place* Quitteria *in a Bower on a Bank of Flowers.*

Camac. Come Neighbours, merry be your Hearts all: And now, let's ſee ye ſing your Songs, and foot it rightly for the Honour of *Camacho* and *Quitteria*. I have got her at laſt, d'ye mind me: What, muſt every poor Fellow think to out-ſuitor me——A Sneak, a Mortgaging Rat; No, I'd have bought his Head off, Boys, but I'd have had her——What, I have Money enough, d'ye mind me?

1 *Shep.* Ay, ay, Couſin, I am glad ſhe's ſo well beſtow'd.

2 *Shep.* I wonder what ſhe could ſee in t'other, to like him; he could joincture her in nothing but Fidling and Poetry: And her good Uncle left her too well to give it away all to nothing.

1 *Shep.* Beſides, he has been always bred in th' Town: I'll warrant him as rotten as a Medlar——as ſlim too as a Lath; and his Legs ſtand as if they were ſet on the wrong end upwards——Now yours, Couſin, have ſome Subſtance.

2 *Shep.* Ay, ay, they'll carry him out o'th dirt; thoſe Legs are fit for buſineſs now——Ah, the Bride ſhew'd her Underſtanding in her Choice, I'll ſay't.

Camac. Oh, thank ye, thank ye, this is kind, faith——Come, where are theſe lazy Rogues——Is Dinner ready? Quickly, quickly there——let me be ſerv'd, ye Knave——What, I have Money enough, d'ye mind me?——Let me have two Sir-loins in one Diſh, a dozen of Capons in another, for my firſt Courſe at my own Table. Then let the Ducks ſwim in a River of Sawce, and the Pigeons be ſtuft with Parſley till they crack again: Quick, quick, I ſay; and y'are all welcome, Boys——What, I have Money enough, d'ye mind me?

Omnes, A *Camacho*——a *Camacho*, hey.

[Sancho *leaps for Joy.*

Sanc. Two Sir-loins! Humph——and a dozen of Capons!——Royal Fare, Gadzooks:——And I've a Stomach as ſharp as Heart can wiſh;——I ſhall claw thoſe Capons off.——Give your Worſhip Joy.

Camac. Oh, honeſt *Sancho*, welcome: What! Thou art hungry, I warrant; hoh, hoh, hoh. Well, thou ſhalt ſuck at the Horn of Plenty preſently, thou ſhalt. Eat, Rogue, till thy Guts can hold no more. Where's thy lean-jaw'd Maſter?

Sanc. Mum, mum, Sir; within-Ear ſhot.

Camac. What, he's too proud to dine with us, I warrant, without the Ceremonies of the Great Mogul

to

to uſher him in, tho he be half ſtarv'd.——Hoh, hoh, hoh; How I laugh at theſe poor Scoundrels!

Don Qu. Sancho.

Sanc. I come, Sir.——Pray Sir, [*To* Camacho] don't turn your Grin that way; for if he ſees it, Lord have mercy upon your two Sir-loins, and your Capons: Your Spits will be poking in our own Bellies, and the Bleſſings of your Porridge-pots be ſhower'd in Carves on our own Pates.

Don Qu. Sancho, I would not have thee, for I find thee prone, to hold too great a Correſpondence with theſe People, becauſe I know not yet whether they are Friends or Enemies.——And one thing more I tell thee as a Secret: Give me thy Ear——Here's an Adventure coming——we ſhall have Action ſuddenly.

Sanc. Action! What——Dinner you mean, Sir, I ſuppoſe. Why, Troth, Eating is a very pretty Action, I muſt needs ſay; and I am prepar'd, Sir; you need not put me in mind.

Don Qu. Nor do I, *Sancho*; and therefore thus I charge thee, by the unqueſtion'd Homage that thou oweſt me, not to dine to day.

Sanc. Not dine, Sir!

Don Qu. No, unleſs on Thoughts of Honour, as I do: Dinner will ſtrangely dull thy Animal Spirits, which I ſhall preſently have occaſion for.——Once more thy Ear; mark me attentively: Within this Hour one more and thou and I muſt fight with all this Company.

Sanc. The Devil we muſt! Oh——that ever I was born.

Don Qu. Conquer 'em——and do an Act Ages to come ſhall ſtory.

Sanc. Conquer 'em——'Oons, what d'ye mean, Sir? They are tame enough, I think; here's no Striſe amongſt 'em, that I ſee; and to provoke 'em to fight——not I, faith, Sir. He goes too ſoon to that Market where nothing's to be bought but Blows.

Don Qu. Wilt thou not fight then?

Sanc.

Sanc. Not a Stroke, Gadzooks: Beſides, to forbid me eating too, when my Belly has rung all-in above this two hours——Sir, I'm your Vaſſal; but to think I won't Dine at my Daughter's Wedding, is ſuch a Tyrannical Whim, that I muſt rebel, if you were forty Emperors.

Don Qu. Scoundrel——Thou ſhalt not have it in thy power to eat——So: No more Words for this time. ——I ſee the Sports begin.

Here follows an Entertainment of Muſick and Dancing; which ended, Camacho *riſes at the ſound of ſome Shrieks and Cries without.*

SONG.

Sung by one repreſenting JOY.

VErtumnius, Flora, *you that bleſs the Fields,*
Where warbling Philomel *in Safety builds;*
And to the Nymphs and Swains
That revel on theſe Plains
Diſpoſe the Joys that Heav'n and Nature yeilds:
Call Hymen, *call him from his merry home;*
Bid him prepare his Torch, and come,
To ſing and drink full Bowls; Call loud, I ſay:
'Tis Beauty's Feaſt, Quitteria's *Wedding-day.*

The Second SONG,

By one repreſenting *Hymen*, or Marriage.

I.

HERE is Hymen, *here am I,*
Some Mens grief, and ſome Mens joy:
Here's for better and for worſe,
Many Bleſs and many Curſe.

II. *Tender*

II.

Tender Virgins ſoft and young,
They that to be Mothers long,
By my Aid Love's Raptures try,
Save their Bluſhes and enjoy.

III.

But none muſt Love's Banquet taſte,
Tho 'tis dreſs'd, till I ſay Grace;
Till I licenſe ſo to do,
Maids that wiſh, muſt not fall to.

IV.

The vaſt Univerſe I ſway,
Humane Kind my Laws obey:
By a Power that equals Fates,
I give Honours and Eſtates.

V.

Thouſands me a Pillory call,
Mouſe-trap, Stocks, the Devil and all:
For who tries how I can bind,
Is for all his Life confin'd.

VI.

But if any honeſt Swain
Ask if I am Joy or Pain,
I am both, the truth to tell,
Sometimes Heaven ſometimes Hell.

The

The Third S O N G,

By one repreſenting *Diſcord*:

CEASE Hymen, *ceaſe, thy Brow let Diſcord awe,*
Thou Yoke, where Fools with toil and trouble draw;
I am ſworn Foe to all thy Law does bind;
Marriage from firſt Creation was deſign'd
A Curſe, intail'd on wretched Human Kind.
'Tis noble Diſcord, generous Strife,
That gives the trueſt taſte of Life;
Marriage firſt made Man fall,
Had I been in the Garden plac'd,
The Woman ne'er had made him taſte,
'Twas fooliſh Loving damn'd us all,
Had I been in, &c.

Joy. *Happy Mortals, you from me,*
Shall have all felicity.

Hymen. *I'll beſtow, to raiſe your Joys,*
Charming Girls and Lovely Boys.

Diſcord. *And to quell each fond Delight,*
I will make you ſcratch and bite.

Chorus of all. *Let Mortals then know,*
Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know.
Let us by reflection ſhew
What attends the Marriage Vow,
And what Joys and Troubles grow;
Let Mortals then know,
Let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know, let 'em know.

[*Here follows a Dance of ſix or eight Men and Women, repreſenting the Happineſs and Unhappineſs of Marriage.*]

Firſt

First Man within. A Surgeon, a Surgeon, help, help for Heaven's ſake.

Second Man within. He faints, he faints, keep the Spirit to his Noſe, Oh help, help.——

Enter Caraſco *as frighted.*

Caraſ. Oh unfortunate Accident! Oh dreadful Miſchance! Make room there; Where's the Bridegroom, where's the cruel Bride?

Cam. What are ye mad, d'ee mind me; here we are, what's the matter? How now, what buſineſs have you here, Friend?

Caraſ. Baſilius, my dear Friend *Baſilius*, Oh, if you have any pity, let him come in and ſpeak to the Bride.

Cam. Baſilius——ſbud, what my Rival?——No, no, no ſuch matter, he comes not here, d'ye mind me.

Caraſ. O poor *Baſilius*, he's paſt being your Rival now, Sir; for no ſooner had the Frier told him, that he was to marry *Quiteria* this morning, but in a deſperate Frenzy, with a ſharp Tuck he run himſelf thro' the Body, and there he is without, weltering in his Blood, nor will be Confeſs'd, do what they can, till he ſpeak with the Bride; and ſhe conſents to hear his dying Words.

Cam. What——has he run himſelf thro' the Body, d'ye ſay?——

Caraſ. Oh! Ay, Sir, ay——he has kill'd himſelf, he has kill'd himſelf, he can't live half an hour.

Cam. Nay, look ye, d'ye mind me, if he has kill'd himſelf, I care not much if I do let him come in and tell his Tale——What ſays *Quixty*?——Let the hot-headed Fool come in, he can't prate long, if he has run himſelf thro' the Body.

Quix. Oh, Sir, believe not I will hinder him; the Man that ſacrific'd his Life for me, if in my Boſom lives a generous Thought, muſt certainly have there a large Poſſeſſion.

Cam.

Cam. Well, bring him then,——and d'ye mind me, tell the Cook we'll ſend him word when the ſimple Fellow's dead, and then we'll go to Dinner.

Enter Baſilius *carried between two, a Sword ſtuck thro' his Body, which appears all Bloody——with him a Frier.*

Firſt Shep. Bleſs us, what a Wound's there, the Sword comes above five inches out at his Back.

Second Shep. Ah, he has taken occaſion for the Sun to ſhine thro' him, Neighbour.

Baſil. Oh! [to *Quitteria*] Thou to whoſe fair but relentleſs Eyes, I ſacrific'd my Youth's entireſt Duty, behold the lateſt Tribute Love can offer, my Life paid to appeaſe the cruel Fates; who would not grant that I ſhould live with her, for whom I only thought Life worth enjoying.

Quit. 'Twas the effect of both our rigid Fortunes—Alas! I was not in my own diſpoſe, my Heart ne'er had the power to make amends for your true Love ſince 'twas confin'd by Friends.

Cam. The ſhort and the long on't is, Friends did it, d'ye mind me; I had Intereſt with her Uncle, and you had none: What! The thing is plain enough, you loſt her, becauſe you were poor; and I had her, becauſe I was rich——What! I had Money enough, d'ye mind me.

Baſil. Live happy, Sir, and long, as you can enjoy her; I only beg of you for my Soul's ſake, to grant me one requeſt before I die.

Cam. Requeſt? Well, what is't, let's hear, let's hear.

Baſil. That whilſt I live, which is but till this Weapon be drawn out of my Body——for then 'tis certain my very Soul flows with it——that you'd reſign *Quitteria* to me, and to confirm it, ſubſcribe here this Paper.

Cam. How! Subſcribe, I don't underſtand that, d'ye mind me.

Baſil.

Baſil. Alas, Sir, 'tis but for a wretched minute.

Frier. Come, good Sir, mind your better Part, your Soul; leave theſe tranſitory thoughts, and prepare for your Confeſſion.

Baſil. 'Tis for my Soul's ſake, Reverend Sir, I beg this; for I, alas, have raſhly made an Oath, that till ſhe's mine, I ne'er would be Confeſs'd,——and now am in a State of Deſperation. Madam, you may have Charity, tho no Love——Do you perſuade him; alas, you know a Soul's a precious thing.

Quit. I am given all to him; but yet, alas, Sir, whether my Intereſt be ſo much, as can aſſure the Grant of any Suit, I dare not yet affirm.——

[Don Quixote *beckons* Sancho.

Don Qu. Let 'em alone *Sancho*, ſtand Foot to Foot by me.

Sanc. What can be the meaning of all this? Sure this plaguy Devil, my Maſter, has not perſuaded this Man to kill himſelf, only to hinder me of my Dinner.

Frier. Your Charity ſhould exert it ſelf on this Occaſion, troth Sir; for, as the poor Man ſays——A Soul's a precious thing.

Cam. Why, I ſhould be well enough inclin'd, d'ye mind me, to take pity of his Soul, if it would be civil, and go from his Body in good time, and not hinder us too long from Dinner: But to be ſure of that now.——

Caraſ. That, Sir,——alas, it will be gone next minute; draw out the Sword, you draw out his Soul too: Beſides, Sir, you'll be haunted fearfully, if he ſhould die without ſhrift in this deſperate Condition——his Ghoſt will be glaring ye in the Face every minute.

Cam. His Ghoſt!

Caraſ. Ay, Sir, his Ghoſt in a bloody Shroud, with a pale Face and goggling Eyes—'twill come every day to Dinner t'ye; and to have a Ghoſt you know always dipping in one's Diſh, Sir.——

Cam. Humph, dipping in my Diſh!

Caraſ. Ay, Sir, with his cold ſcraggy Knuckles.

Cam.

Cam. Why, troth, d'ye mind me Friend, I ſhould not much like that, I confeſs——a Ghoſt is but an odd Companion at Meals.

Baſil. The ebbing Pulſe about my Heart grows weaker, and little Spirits skim before my Eyes, all gay and fine in party-coloured dreſſes, to catch my fleeting Soul——therefore conſent this Inſtant, or for ever——

Quit. You have, Sir, mine, and with it all my Heart; and were my Hand my own, I'd give that too.

Baſil. Fidlers, Phyſicians, Songs, and Gliſterpipes.

[*Staring as diſtracted.*]

Caraſ. He begins to talk idly; therefore if you love your quiet, Sir, ſubſcribe quickly, 'tis but for a minute you know——beſides, think on the Ghoſt, Sir.

[*Gives the Paper.*

Cam. Dipping his ſcraggy Knuckles in my Diſh——my Hair ſtands an end at the thoughts on't——There, Sir, [*Writes*] there's my Hand, and for the little time he lives I do reſign her to him, but not a jot longer, d'ye mind me.

Caraſ. No, no, Sir, longer, we deſire no longer——there Sir, there's a Balſam for your Wound, [*to Camacho*] and now, Sir, Bridegroom, welcome to our Comedy; ſtand up Friend—— [Baſilius *ſtarts up, and draws out the Sword*]

Baſil. When ſtately *Roſcius* on the *Roman* Stage
Was, like ſome valiant General, to die,
The Steel, not thro' himſelf he thruſt in Rage,
But ſlily thro' a Wooden Trunk cloſe by *;
The purple Stains, which were a Sheep's warm Blood,
Upon his ſnowy Linen ſprinkled were:
But, Oh! The Fools that nothing underſtood,
How they did wonder, Oh! How they did ſtare!

* *Throws away the Trunk.*

Ha, ha, ha, a Trick, a Trick, a Trick——Oh, my Dear [*to Quit.*] ſweet pretty Actreſs, this was a Scene indeed——Noble Sir, we have the Licenſe here to go about our buſineſs——We thank you for this prepara-

tion

tion——but we have another Entertainment elſewhere; and ſo ſweet Sir, adieu. [Takes *Quitteria.*

Quit. Oh cruel Man! Am I turned off at this rate? I ſhall cry my Eyes out, Ha, ha, ha.——

Caraſ. Ha, ha, ha, you may get another Wife, Sir, you have Money enough, d'ye mind me.

Cam. Odsbodikins, am I fob'd off thus?——It ſhan't do, Sir; I'll have her again with a Vengeance: Fall on, Friends, I'm abus'd; I'll give a thouſand Duckets for her again, fall on Boys.

Caraſ. Now, [to *Don Quix.*] Sir, this is your time, now ſhew theſe Raſcals your Heroick Virtue.

Don Qu. Ten Millions ſhall not fetch her back—— [Draw *Sancho.*] Raſcals go on and fight, or—— [here *Don Qu. Caraſ.* and *Sanc.* beat 'em off, and return:] So, Sir, now ſhe's your own in peace.

Baſil. Brave, brave *Don Quixote*, what Honour ſhall I pay him?

Caraſ. We'll have a Statue for him and for *Sancho*' we'll inſtantly to his Daughter's Wedding, and careſs him there.

Sanc. Ay, when you have taken away my Stomach with drubbing, you'll give me a Dinner.

Baſil. And now, dear Angel, let's to our own Happineſs.——

Thus let all Lovers that by Friends are croſt,
Thus let 'em be rewarded for't at laſt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Teresa, Mary, *and* Jaques, Mary *in her Wedding Clothes strutting.*

Jaques. WHY, here has been mad doings in the Meadow yonder, if all be true as Father-in-Law has told us; Master *Basilius* has whipt away the Bride, it seems, and by Conscience they have made a mere Fool of my Master *Camacho.*

Teresa. Ay, and there's a woundy many Stories about it already; some say the Weapon came out above a handful at's Back, and some say there was above eight or nine inches seen out at's Belly, and every body has a several Tale; but let it be how it will, *Mary*, since Master *Basilius* has offered thee thy Wedding Dinner, as well as t'other, he's as proper a Man as t'other, and deserves a good Wife as well as t'other, every whit, hah!

Mary. Ay, ay, Mother, so I can but be married, and you can but dine, we care not which way it comes, [*Aside.*] not we Icod; but stay, Codslidikins I had forgot, I must not be so rampish before *Jaques*, I'll set my Mouth in prim. [*He looks on her, she prims.*

Jaques. Well, Flesh of mine, Rumpsy, Plumpsey, how is't? Hah! Do's Heart thump yet? The hour's a coming, Chuffy Chaps——'tis a coming, Long Nose, ah—— Pinckaninny, are your Twinklers twinkling ifaith?—— Well, the *Domine* will have said Grace presently—— and then I'll fall to with a Tantararara, I've a swinging Stomach by Conscience.

Mary.

Mary. O Lord, what d'ye mean trō? Pray Man don't talk ſo. [*Setting her Face.*]

Jaqu. Ah——ye Bubbies you, I muſt talk ſo, ye little tempting Rogue, I will talk ſo; well, go thy ways, thou puts down all *Spain* for Bubbies, that's certain—— Hark, Mother-in-Law, [*ſhe goes back ſwily*] never believe me more, if *Mary* the Buxome's Bubbies there be not the making of us when I have made her milch once; ſhe will be ſent for to ſuckle all the great Dons Children about Court, ſhe'll yield a Pail-full a day by Conſcience.

Mary. Piſh——fye upon't, fecks now I can't abide ſuch talk; can't you let Bubbies alone I wonder.

Teref. Ah, ſplice ye for a cunning Carrion——the Jade ſimpers as if Butter would not melt in her mouth; but Cheeſe of three half pence a pound won't choak her, as the old ſaying is.

Man within. Come, where's the Bride and Bridegroom? [*Bagpipes within found*] here——Hollos, Hollos.

Jaqu. Hark now, by Conſcience our Friends are come to fetch us to Church; come *Molly*, come away Fleſh of mine, prithee come.

Mary. Fugh, I can't tell how to come, I'm ſo aſham'd. [*He pulls her out.*

Teref. Ah——cunning Quean——Ha, ha, ha, ha—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Baſilius, Caraſco, Quitteria, *and* Altiſidora.

Baſil. Thus far kind Fortune has improved our Joy, and when the Law has perfected the Work, then I ſhall call this Treaſure of my Soul, my own ſecurely, [Embracing *Quit.*] Oh, my beſt Brother, how am I bound to thee too? How ſhall I pay thee for thy friendly Service?

Caraſ. The Pay of friendly Service is the doing it, and I am glad at Heart it has ſucceeded: I knew the mad Knight's Aſſiſtance was authentick, and therefore blew him up with Praiſe and Flattery, which made him, when the brunt of the Buſineſs came, to lay about him ſo: Where have you left him, Madam?

Quit. I'th Garden, dedicating his fond Thoughts to his Romantick Miſtreſs *Dulcinea*; to divert him from whom, and to promote our Mirth, I have laid a Plot, That *Alty* here, my Niece, ſhall feign her ſelf paſſionately in love with him, meet him at every turn, and ſigh and languiſh as if ſhe were deſpairing.

Baſil. 'Twill make us excellent Sport——but ſhe muſt be ſure then to cry up Knight-Errantry——ſing amorous Dittys often, and humour him in his Romantick Vein.

Altiſid. Humour him, 'dslife I have got *Pariſmus* and *Pariſmenos* almoſt by heart, and am as familiar with *Don Bellianis* of *Greece*, as if I had been his Squire; and then for ſinging, I have got the moſt deplorable Matters, the moſt melancholy miſerable Madrigals, that being diſmally howl'd about twelve at night, would make all the Cats of the Pariſh come into the Conſort.

Caraſ. Ha, ha, ha, ha, the witty Rogue will mimick it better than any Actreſs in *Spain*, and the Knight will be puzzled damnably: But a Pox on't, we want him all this while——Oh, here he comes and *Sancho*.

Enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho.

Baſil. The Beauty of the Morning bleſs ye, Sir;—— and may the Rays of the Meridian Sun ſhine gently on the Head of the moſt fam'd of all Knights-Errant in the Univerſe.

Don Qu. Oh good *Baſilius*, generous young Man, ——you do me too much Honour,——good faith 'tis far beyond my mean deſervings.

Quit. No Flattery can reach *Don Quixote's* Head, he looks above it ſtill.

Caraſ.

Caraſ. As far as high *Olympus* does a Molehill.

Quit. Or Heaven the loweſt Earth.

Don Qu. Moſt beauteous Lady, happy I am above all other Knights, to have ſuch Praiſes from ſo ſweet a Mouth; and my moſt learned Sir, I thank you for your Goodneſs. [*To* Caraſ.

Baſil. Nor muſt my good Friend *Sancho* loſe his ſhare in our beſt Compliments——whoſe Service has been notable.——Well, my truſty Squire——to an Immortal Knight; Is *Mary* ſped yet? Are the happy Couple coming? You ſee we wait for 'em.

Sanc. Yes, yes, Sir, the Job is over by this time, the two Fools are hobbling hither as faſt as they can: I ſhould have had a new Jerkin on by right, my Maſter's Worſhip gave me an old Mantle to make me one, I thank him; but I have laid it up till another time, I love to be ſaving. [Sancho *ſpeaks as fluſter'd.*

Don Qu. I gave thee that as a Reward for the Bruiſes thou gotteſt in the late Skirmiſh: For tho thy Mettle, like a reſty Jade, ran back at firſt, yet with my ſpurring thou gott'ſt Honour afterwards; and Scars and Bruiſes that are got with Honour, all merit to be cover'd with a Mantle

Altiſ. Ah ſweet Man *, how ſweetly he talks!

[* Altiſidora *looks amorouſly on* Don Quixote.

Don Qu. What ſays the Nymph unſpotted?

[*Looks proudly on her.*

Altiſ. Ye ſweet Face——Ah ye dear Man, you.

Quit. Fie *Alty*, fie, did you not promiſe me to be more moderate? You muſt excuſe her, Sir the poor Girl can't hide a Paſſion for you, which you had known before, had not I fear'd the Charms of the bright *Dulcinea*——were ſo rooted in you, you could heed nothing elſe;——but now, ſince ſhe has broke the Ice her ſelf,——I can no longer forbear telling ye, you have bewitch'd my Niece.

Altiſ. Ah——thoſe alluring Eyes.

Quit. Fie *Alty*——

Don Qu. Prevailing Merit, Madam, is not Witchcraft——I cannot help my——influence; 'tis not my fault, you ſhould lock up your Siſters and your Nieces.

Altiſ. That Heart-ſeducing Noſe.

Caraſ. This is almoſt diſtraction, the young Lady is far gone.

Baſil. Ah poor young thing, this has been breaking out a great while.

Altiſ. That precious——

Don Qu. Prithee.

Altiſ. Graceful.

Don Qu. Nay——look off Maiden.

Altiſ. Honey-wording Mouth,
And that moſt charming Phillamot Complection.

A SONG ſung by Miſs *Croſs*, when ſhe makes Love to Don *Quixote*.

DAmon, *Feaſt your Eyes on me,*
Whither ſimply would you lead 'em?
Can you think another ſhe
Has more Charms than I to feed 'em?
He that leaves a Roſy Cheek,
Lips vermillion'd like a Ruby,
Blindly coarſer Fare to ſeek,
Pox upon him for a Booby.

If a Smile, the Lover's Joy,
Can delight, I'll do't divinely;
Or d'ye love a ſleepy Eye,
Here is one can ogle finely.
Charms would make another Man
Gaze an Age, I'll ſhew to win ye;
And when I've ſhewn all I can,
If you go the Devil's in you.

——Oh Flower of Knights, Don *Quixote de la Mancha.*

Don Qu. Oh! *Dulcinea del Toboſo*, guard well the Caſtle of Conſtancy——The Foe is ſtrong, the Nymph is

is wondrous lovely. Oh I hear Muſick——now I ſhall get Breath. [*Muſick within*] The married Couple's coming——this was lucky.

Altiſ. He ſhuns me——then break Heart, I'll go and cry my Soul out. [*Exit* Altiſ.

Don Qu. Very ſtrange this——

Sanc. Ay, here comes *Mary*, the Jade toſſes her Head like the fore-Horſe of a Team; ſhe has made me almoſt drunk with *Aqua Vitæ* this morning——and will be fox'd her ſelf before night, ſhe's ſo crank upon the matter.

Muſick plays: Then Enter Jaques *led by two Maids; and then* Mary *led by two Men*; Gines de Paſſamonte *and* Lopez *diſguis'd*; *Then* Tereſa *follows, and Singers and Dancers.*

Curaſc. A very jolly Troop; their Faces too look merrily.

Quit. A ſign their Hearts are tun'd: This is their time, a Wedding Day's the Jubilee of Life.

Baſil. Welcome, welcome all; and I wiſh you Joy my Friend——your Spouſe there is well pleaſed I ſee by her looks.

Jaq. Ay, I'll make her look nine ways at once before I have done with her, by Conſcience.

Curaſ. Take heed of threatning, Friend; *Mary*'s a Girl of Courage.

Mary. Ay, Ay, let him threaten, 'tis all he can do to hurt me,——I'll deal with him well enough I warrant ye: Odſlidikins, what d'e think I can't deal with him? When I was a Maid, and under ſubjection, I prim'd and ſimper'd, and was meally-mouth'd as they call it; but now I am a Wife Igad I'll talk what I pleaſe——and be Maſter too in my turn, old Rock.

[*Gives* Jaques *a thump on the Back.*

Baſil.——Why well ſaid, Mrs. Bride——give her a Buſs for that Friend.

Mary. How now, What, do as you are bid? every Fool does as they're bid, Lobcock.

[*He rumples her to kiſs her, and ſhe gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Teref. Ha, ha, ha,——'tis a plaguy mettled young Quean, but 'tis no wonder; for at her Age I was juſt ſo my ſelf. This Jade puts me in mind of a pure Proverb, that ſays, Honeſt Men marry quickly, but wiſe Men not at all.

Sanc. Nay, *Mary*,——Gadzooks you'l balk my Son-in-Law if you fight upon your Wedding-Day; that's a little too ſoon——your Mother and I did not go to Cuffs in a fortnight after at leaſt, Child.

Caraſ. Oh! 'tis nothing: ſhe intended perhaps to entertain him as the famous *Spartan* Ladies us'd to do at their Marriages, where a good Box on th' Ear given by the Bride to her new Husband, was held a ſpecial favour.

Sanc. 'Tis a ſpecial favour that ſhe'll entertain him with then, as often as any *Spartan* of 'em all, I'll ſay that for her.

Don Qu. A Blow may be a ſign of over fondneſs, as Mothers ſometimes kiſſing bite their Children.

Baſil. Ay, ay, 'twas a Jeſt, they play the Play together: I warrant they're as fond of one another as two Kitlins.

Jaq. Nay I meant no harm not I,——it came a little ſour tho upon my left Ear, by Conſcience——but come, we won't fall out for all that, *Mary*.

Mary. Fugh, I care not for falling out nor falling in——Icod I won't be buſs'd but when I pleaſe ——What d'e think I'm a Fool, to be ſlopt and ſlopt every time you are bid do't? Icod I won't be ſlopt but when I've a mind to't my ſelf; nay, look as you will—— I won't be meally-mouth'd not I, I'm married now, mun.

Baſil. Faith, Mrs. Bride, and nothing but reaſon; and now to end the difference in Mirth——let's have ſome Muſick; the great Don *Quixote*'s melancholy: Come, let the Wedding-Sports go forward, and bid the Servants get Dinner ready in the Lodge next to the Grove.

I've

I've heard the Bride dances and ſings her ſelf too, my Dear [*To* Quit.] and I hope to pleaſure us will add to the Entertainment upon her Wedding-Day.

Quit. I hope ſhe'll be ſo kind; and to encourage her, there's ſomething towards Houſe-keeping.

[*Gives her a Purſe.*

Mary. O Lord———'tis Gold——Fackins——thank your noble Ladyſhip.

Jaq. Give your Honour many Thanks.

Mary. Hoy, What do you thank her for?——Look here *Preſto*, you are like to ſee no more on't.

[*Puts up the Purſe, and makes Mouths at him.*

Baſil. Nay here's another for the Bridegroom too, we muſt not be kind by halves.

[*Gives another Purſe to* Jaques.

Jaq. Heaven bleſs ye, by Conſcience, you are a noble Gentleman. Now Fleſh of mine.

[*Shakes the Purſe, and ſhe ſnatches it away.*

Mary. What now——Why now, 'tis where it ſhould be——nay, ſtand away, Icod I'll keep it——I'll make it in my bargain, I'll keep all the Money.

Sanc. So———the Jade begins already———ſhe'll ſhew him rare Pranks ere long.

Jaq. Odsbodikins that were wiſe work.

Caraſ. Ah, let her have it, let her have her Humour till night, you know then you muſt ſtrip her of all.

Baſil. Oh by all means; and beſides, 'twill hinder our Mirth, ſhould you croſs her now. Come begin there.

The Clowns Song at the Marriage of *Mary* the Buxome, in Eleven Movements, ſung to a Diviſion on a Ground-Baſs: The Words implying a Country-Match at Stool-Ball.

Ground Baſs. *COME all, great, ſmall,*
Short, tall, away to Stool-Ball.

Firſt Movement. *Down in a Dale on a Summer's day,*
All the Lads, and Laſſes, met to be merry;

A Match for Kiſſes at Stool-Ball play,
And for Cakes, and Ale, and Cyder and
Perry.
Will, *and* Tom, Hall, Dick, *and* Hugh,
Kate, Doll,
Sue, Beſs, *and* Moll, *with* Hodge, *and*
Bridget, Ned, *and* Nanny;
But when plump Siſs *got the Ball in her*
Mutton Fiſt,
Once fretted, ſhe'd hit it farther than any.

Third Movement.

Running, Hairing,
Gaping, Staring,
Reaching, Stooping,
Hollowing, Whooping.
Sun a ſetting,
All thoughts ſitting,
To ſit-down and reſt 'em.

Fourth Movement.

Hall *got* Sue,
And Doll *got* Hugh;
All took by turns
Their Laſſes and buſs'd 'em.

Fifth Movement.

Jolly Ralph *was in with* Pegg,
Tho freckled like a Turkey Egg;
And ſhe as right as is my Leg,
Still gave him leave to touze her.

Sixth Movement.

Harry *then to* Kitty.
Swore her Dugs were pretty,
Tho they were all ſweaty,
And large as any Cows are.

Seventh Movement.

Tom *Melancholy was*
With his Laſs;
For Sue, *what e'er he cou'd do,*
Wou'd not note him.

Eighth

Eighth Movement.

Some had told her,
Being a Soldier,
In a Party
With Mackarty,
At the Siege of Limerick,
He was wounded in the Scrotum.

Ninth Movement.

But the cunning Philly
Was more kind to Willy,
Who of all their Ally
Was the ableſt Ringer:

Tenth Movement.

He to carry on the Jeſt
Begins a Bumper to the beſt,
And winks at her of all the reſt,
And ſqueez'd her by the Finger.

Then went the Glaſſes round,
Then went the Laſſes down,
Each Lad did his Sweet-Heart wun,
And on the Graſs did fling her.

Ground Baſs. Come all, great and ſmall.

Now Mrs. Bride.

Mary. Icod I'll ſing my Song then of the Miller's Daughter; Come give me the Trenchers.

A Song ſung by *Mary* the Buxome.

THE old Wife ſhe ſent to the Miller her Daughter,
To grind her Griſt quickly, and ſo return back:
The Miller ſo works it, that in eight months after
Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack.
Young Robin *ſo pleas'd her,*
That when ſhe came home,
She gap'd like a ſtuck Pig and ſtar'd like a Mome;
She heyden'd, ſhe ſcamper'd, ſhe hollow'd, and whoop'd,
And all the day long,
This, this was her Song,
Hey wee wee Maiden ſo Lerrico Peep'd?

Oh Nelly, *cry'd* Celie, *thy Clothes are all mealy,*
Both Backſide and Belly are rumpled all o'er.
You Mop, Mow, and Slubber, why what a Pox ails ye,
I'll go to the Miller, and know all you Whore.
She went, and the Miller ſo grinding, did ply
She came cutting Capers a foot and half high;
She wadled, and ſtrodled, and hollow'd, and whoop'd,
And all the day long,
This, this was her Song;
Hey, were e'er two Siſters ſo Lericom Poop'd?

Then Mary *o' th' Dairy, a third of the number,*
Would fain know the cauſe they ſo gig'd it about;
The Miller her Wiſhes, long would not encumber,
But in the old manner, the ſecret made out.
Thus Celie, *and* Nelly, *and* Mary *the mild,*
Were all about Harveſt-time all big with Child:
They danc'd in a Hey, and they hollow'd and whoop'd,
And all the day long,
This, this was their Song;
Hey, were e'er three Siſters ſo Lericom Poop'd?

Baſil. Moſt excellently perform'd, I ſee the Bride's an Artiſt at it.

Quit. Her Motion quick and graceful, her Voice good too.

Teref. Nay, at our Wake *Mary* us'd always to carry away the Garland, I'll ſay that for her: Bleſs us, how the Hilding ſweats; here take my Muckender Child.

[*Takes out a Clout.*

Jaq. Do Fleſh of mine, and wipe Bubbies.

[*He throws it to her.*

Mary. I won't now, becauſe you bid me.

[*She throws it in his Face.*

Caraſ. Oh, her Spirits are warm, you muſt not thwart her now, Mr. Bridegroom.

Don Qu. This excerciſe of Dancing is of uſe; it is, as one may ſay, a kind of Vaulting, and Vaulting ever was held very uſeful, a proper Science in the Art of War; when

when I was young I had it in perfection, and can now without Boots come over *Rosinante.*

Basil. Sir, you excel in every thing.

Gines. Let's in amongst 'em, [*To* Lopez.] now is the proper time; save ye Gentlemen.

Jaqu. O Lord, here's Master *Peter* come, and has brought his Motion with him, I warrant: Oh Sirs, if ever you'll see a fine thing whilst you live, let's see Master *Peter*'s Poppet-Show: by Conscience, this is the purest chance that he should come to set out our Wedding too.

Mary. Oh Gemini Vather, the Poppet-show; Icod I am glad of this, for I have long'd to see a Poppet-show, as much as ever I did to be married, I'll swear.

[Mary *jumps and Dances about.*

Sanc. Well, well, don't make such a noise, don't be such a Hoyden.

Teres. And I too iffecks——

Jaqu. There we shall see Kings and Queens, and Moors, and Jews, and Bulls, and Bears, and Ladies, and Bishops, and Barbarians, and all the World by Conscience: Oh rare Master *Peter*, are you come Isaith.

Quit. Ha, ha, ha,——how the Fool has mixed 'em! Bears and Ladies, and Bishops and Barbarians.

Basil. Ay I minded it——Well honest Friend, and what new matters have ye, hah?

Gines. Of all sorts, Sir: I have Motions proper for all kind of Stories. First, Sir, I can entertain ye with a pretty Piece, call'd the taking of *Namur*, with the utter routing of the Confederate Army; you'll say 'tis very fine when 'tis performed.

Basil. Ay, that will be a very fine Piece indeed.

Caras. Ay marry Sir, these are notable things indeed.

Jaqu. Did not I tell ye what a pure Fellow he was? Well, by Conscience, there is not the like of this Master *Peter* in all *Spain.*

Gines. Then I've another, and please ye, upon an *English* Plot, 'tis call'd *English Men Satisfied; or, the Impossibility:* 'Tis plaguy satirical, it makes 'em the veriest Maggots, the merest Shatterbrains; for it shews,

that

that neither Monarchy nor Commonwealth, nor Pope nor Proteſtant, nor War nor Peace, nor Liberty nor Slavery, nor marrying nor Whoreing, nor Reaſon nor Treaſon, can ſatisfy a right Engliſhman.

Baſil. Humph——theſe are ſhrewd Matters, Friend.

Gines. Then, Sir, if you pleaſe to ſee any Mimickry, here's my Comrade ſhall divert ye better than any one in *Spain*: He ſhall mimick a Cat in a Coal-Basket; a Maſtiff Dog in a Court-Yard; a Shoulder of Mutton upon a Spit; and a hundred things beſide: all ſo naturally you would ſwear it was real.

Sanc. Pox take him for naming a Shoulder of Mutton, the Rogue has ſet my mouth a watering at it—beſides, this plaguy Aquavitæ works ſo much in my Head, that if they don't make haſte to Dinner, I ſhall ne'er hold out till Night, Gadzooks.

Don Qu. Peace, *Sancho*, but d'ye hear, Friend——What Tracks of Hiſtory can your Motion perform? I am for that now: Can you ſhew nothing about Knight-Errantry?

Gines. Oh, the fineſt Piece in the World, Sir: I can ſhew you the Hiſtory of the diſaſtrous Loves of Don *Gayferos* and *Malliſandra*.

Don Qu. Hah!—Canſt thou?

Gines. Yes, Sir, how he freed *Malliſandra* from a ſtrong Caſtle in *Sanſuena*, where ſhe had been cloſe lock'd up by the Mooriſh King *Marcilius*.

Don Qu. Ay, that, that, Friend for my Money; methinks I long to ſee how the valiant Knight-Errant, Don *Gayferos*, behaved himſelf in that dangerous Adventure.——What, ſay Gentlemen and Madam, ſhall we ſee this noble Hiſtory?

Quit. Oh, with all my Heart, Sir, I am a great Admirer of 'em.

Baſil. That ſhall be our Evening-Diverſion——Now let's in to Dinner, I warrant the Bride and Bridegroom are hungry; beſides, we muſt have a Rowſe or two to their Healths: Come, Mr. Bridegroom, manage your Spouſe, and Noble Knight, pray follow.

[Jaques *leads* Mary, *and Don* Q. Quitteria.

Sanc.

San. Ay, ay, come——a Rowſe, a Rowſe, let's Sing, and let's Bowſe; Gadzooks my Maſter muſt Squire himſelf to day, for I muſt tope a Bruſher or two more, now my hand's in, come what will on't.

[*Exit* Sancho.

Manent Gines, *and* Lopez.

Gines. So, thanks to good Luck, thus far I'm undiſcover'd; little does this whimſical Knight think that I am that famous *Gines de Paſſamonte*, that amongſt the reſt of my Brethren Gally-Slaves whom he freed, beat him ſo dampably in the Mountains of *Sierra Morena*——My Diſguiſe here, and falſe Name of *Peter*, has, I find, ſecur'd me from his knowledge: Adventures on the High-way was my noble Function then, but ſome time after cunningly cheating a poor dull Fellow of his Motion, I have ever ſince ſet up for Maſter of the Poppets my ſelf, under the umbrage of which Profeſſion, I have play'd Pranks innumerable, no Man ſcaping my nimble Hand or ſubtle Brain, that I knew had either Money or Moveable——The two Purſes, Comrade, that were given to day, are too weighty to ſtay long in the Poſſeſſion of thoſe Fools, therefore are mark'd for ours——This fooliſh Don and Clodpate Squire have Beaſts to ride on too; this muſt not be, Brother, whilſt Men of Brain and Action go on foot——therefore in reaſon likewiſe are for us too.

Lopez. Say but how this is to be done, Brother, and I'll warrant I'll play my part.

Gines. Why eaſily, as eaſily as you may ſteel a Hen: As thus now, When all theſe here are gaping at the Poppets, which I'll take care to hold 'em by th' Ears with, the Purſes careleſsly put in ſome Box or Cupboard in the Lodge there; then thou, like *Mercury*, gliding thro' the Doors, may'ſt ſnap 'em in a moment.

Lopez. I'll do my beſt endeavours.

Gines. Then with what pleaſure at a private hour ſhall we laugh at theſe Fools? Ah, of all Trades a Rogue is the moſt pleaſant: They may talk of Merchants with

with their ſubtle Bargains; of Shopmen with fallacious Weights, and Meaſures; of Gameſters with falſe Dice, Lawyers with Lying; but for the Wit and Pleaſure of Myſtery, the ingenious, the right true modell'd Thief, is the delightful function in the World——Come Brother, firſt let's to the Stable——they are too buſy within about themſelves to take care of their Beaſts without——but hold I think here's ſome coming out,——d'ſdeath, 'tis the Knight and Squire,——and leading the Aſs with them——let's ſteal cunningly in behind 'em, there's the Horſe left ſtill,——and I've a cloſe private place to ſecure him in——let 'em ſearch how they can. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Quixote *and* Sancho *drunk*, Don Quixote *leading the Aſs.*

Don Qu. Sancho.

Sanc. ——ugh——well [*Hiccoughs as drunk.*

Don Qu. Fixing juſt now an Eye of Obſervation, I found in the Oeconomy of thy Behaviour, ſomething opprobious to the Character of him that is my Squire; thou took'ſt thy Cups at a too laviſh rate; a thing offenſive to our ſober Order: and tho I ſix times call'd thee to make ready *Roſinante* for an Adventure I had juſt then thought on, thou anſwered'ſt not; which conſidering my Greatneſs, and what I am to thee, is a prodigious fault.

Sanc. Why looky——ugh——tho 'tis true, you did call me ſix times,——yet I was juſt then drinking ſix Bumpers in a hand——which I think, ugh, was another-gueſs Adventure than yours——And as to your Greatneſs, ugh; why looky, I am, ugh, ſix times greater than I was too.

Don Qu. Ah, ſhame on thee, thou art now leſs than ever——A Flea's a Creature of much larger Soul, nay and much larger Merit——thou great! no, ſordid Fool, the Man that's drunk——

San. Is as great as a King, Gadzooks.

[*Hiccoughs like one drunk.*

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Ceaſes to be all, thou Soul-leſs Inſect—— Heaven——what affront is this to Chivalry——what ſcandal to thy Office!

San. Ugh——hang my Office, 'tis a paltry louſy Office——an Office that, ugh——Gadzooks I am aſham'd of.

Don Qu. How's that, Brute?

San. And as for Chi, Chi, Chivalry, look ye—— the Man that, ugh, carries guts to the Bears, has a better Trade by half.

Don Qu. Oh Profanation! Oh monſtrous Scoundrel! This to my Face.

San. Nay, nay; look'ee, 'tis true, 'tis true: for my part, I ſpeak nothing but the truth; and ugh——now am I reſolved to ſpeak my Belly full. *When ye're an Anvil, hold ye ſtill; But when ye're a Hammer, ſtrike your fill.* Pop——there's a Proverb for ye too.

Don Qu. What am I bound to bear for being rational? Poor Slave! this is the Wine, not him.

San. And d'ye hear, Friend, ugh, to be even with ye for all the Counſel ye have given me, let me adviſe ye, d'ye hear, to leave your Errantry, and go home, ugh; for to be plain——look'ee, as ye are, they take ye for no better——than a Fool, Maſter of mine.

Don Qu. Oh Dog!——'Sdeath, I ſhall want Patience——Come, Sirrah, and mount preſently——I am your Squire for once, and will ſee ye ſafe to night—— but to morrow, Raſcal——

San. Mount——ay, come, with all my heart—— that I may ride away from——Chi, Chi, Chivalry. D'ye hear, Friend of mine, the Aſs thinks one thing, and he that rides him another. I'll get far enough from Chivalry, Gadzooks.

Don Qu. The Villain ſputters Proverbs, tho he is ſo ſleepy, that he can hardly [Sancho *gets on his Aſs.*] ſee to get up. I'll go now and fetch *Roſinante*, and then get him into ſome adjacent Grove or other, that the Company within mayn't ſee him. See the drunken Slave's faſt aſleep already.

Gines.

Gines. [*peeping.*] Ah pox on him, there's no way to get by him.

Lopez. I'll bark like a Dog, and try to fright him.

[*Barks like a Dog.*

Don Qu. Hah, what's this I hear? A Dog. [*Don Quixote ſtarts.*] a fierce one too, yet none kept here, nor in the Houſes round us; 'tis obvious now this can be nought but Magick: ſome curſt Inchanter here takes *Sancho*'s part, on purpoſe to diſgrace me. But Dog, or Devil, I'll not fear to attack him: Therefore come forth, thou triple-headed *Cerberus*, that with thy Heart's Blood I may quell the Charm, and prove the force of my undaunted Valour [*draws.*] Not yet; nay then I'll drag thee from thy Kennel, and dare thy ſharpeſt Phangs. [*pulls out* Lopez *ſtaring.*] Hah! What art thou? Can Dogs that bark turn Men?——O monſtrous Metamorphoſis! [Lopez *is going.*] Nay, ſhun me not, for I will ſpeak to thee, to know why thou aſſumeſt the Face and Shape of one I ſaw to day——If thou art Subſtance, I dare thee with my Sword; or if a Ghoſt, that perhaps wanteſt Revenge, I promiſe that too——What gone? Thou ſhalt not leave me thus; I'll follow thee, tho to the Centre.

[Lopez *goes out,* Don Quixote *after him.*

Enter Gines.

Gines. So, I ſee *Lopez* is got away, and the Knight follows, but muſt return quickly; for he can no more overtake him, than a paltry Village Cur can a light-foot Roe upon the Mountains——But hush, who have we here?—hah!—oons! 'tis the motly Squire, drunk too, and faſt aſleep. Humph, tho we have miſt our Deſign upon *Roſinante*, yet methinks that Aſs tempts me ſtrangely——Gad, I muſt have him, and I think I have a trick will do't——but I muſt go back to the Stable for ſome Engines I ſaw there.

[*Goes out and returns with ſtakes.*

So, he's at it ſtill, and gaping as if he were devouring Sleep by mouthfuls. Now dear *Morpheus*, let him but dream

dream that he's regaling with Buttock Beef, Bacon, Brewis, and ſuch like, and the Prize is my own. I think I have done it now; wheiwh, wheiwh——Come, *Dapple*, come. [*Props* Sancho's *Pannel up with Stakes, and ſteals the Aſs from under him, and Exit.*

Don Quixote *returns.*

Don Qu. I'm out of breath with running——the Inchanter has given him Wings upon his Feet to ſpeed him, left with my Sword I ſhould undo the Charm, and triumph o'er his Art. I'm ſtrangely embarraſſed, but muſt have Patience. Come, where's this Sot here? I'll firſt remove him to ſome private hole, and then recount the Miracle within. [*Sees* Sancho *aſleep on the Stakes.*] Ha! what's this I ſee? By all my Fame, a ſecond Metamorphoſis——the Aſs turn'd into Wooden Stakes. Hoa *Sancho*!

[*Shakes him, he falls to the Ground.*

San. Another ſlice of Pudding, good *Molly*.

[*dreaming.*

Don Qu. He's dreaming he's at Dinner. Wake, Dolt, Fool, wake.

San. Hoa, *Dapple*, hoa; not too faſt, good *Dapple*.

[*Scrambles up, and reels out.*

Don Qu. Thinks the Aſs is run from him too, inſenſible of what has befel by Magick. Oh Confuſion ſeize this Inchanter! what ſenſeleſs Tricks they play me; as if Aſſes transform'd, and Dogs turn'd into Men, could quell *Don Quixote's* Courage. No, ye Hell-ſearching Crew, if damn'd *Meduſa*, or Infernal *Circe*, ſhould round incircle me with *Stygian* Monſters, and Fiery Dragons threaten to devour me,

No Terror my undaunted Heart ſhould charm,
Or e'er abate the Vigour of my Arm. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Don Quixote, Baſilius, Caraſco, *and* Quitteria.

Baſil. OU tell us Wonders, Sir.

Don Qu. Sir, my Life is full of 'em. No day e'er paſſes me without ſome Accident worthy of Wonder——This laſt was but a Trial: my Enemies the Inchanters did but try what Metal I was made of.

Quit. And when they found you Proof againſt their Malice, ſhrunk back with Shame——Oh wondrous Power of Chivalry!

Caraſ. Againſt the Charm of whoſe Heroick Virtue, *Egyptian* ſharp-fang'd Dogs, nor *Ruſſian* Bears, *Tartarian* Tygers, *Lybian* Cat a-Mountains; tho one attack it with invenom'd Teeth, and t'other whisk about with Tabby Tails, can e'er prevail a Jot.

Baſil. But what ſaid truſty *Sancho*, whom this ſtrange Adventure did moſt of all concern?

Don Qu. A Sot, a Swine, drunk as a Bacchanal, paſt ſaying any thing, quite drown'd in ſleep, his Faculties all doz'd, nor could my Wiſdom open his ſeal'd Eyes, nor ſound Inſtruction penetrate his Scull.

Quit. A mighty fault indeed, Sir Knight, conſidering the Credit of Knight Errantry's at ſtake, amongſt whoſe Virtues cool Sobriety is ſtill plac'd foremoſt——I ſee it has a little troubled ye; but come, I hope, Sir, this Evening's Diverſion will drive it from your thoughts, the Poppet Show's preparing, the Mirth of that will mollify——And ſee here comes the Bride and Bridegroom, Meſſengers I warrant from *Don Gayferos* and *Malliſandra*, to invite ye to't.

Enter

Enter Mary, *and* Jaques.

Mary. Gadſlidikins, come away Gentlefolks, the Motion's ready. Maſter *Peter* hath been ſo buſy within yonder, he has almoſt ſweated himſelf away with ſetting on't up; Icod there's the pureſt fine things that ever were ſeen, there's a curious fine Poppet with a long Train, that's in Yellow——and another curious fine Poppet that's in Carnation——and then there's one with a little round Pearmain-face, full of Patches——with a what d'ye call it, a Commode cocking——as 'twere any Lady, or Dutcheſs, Icod.

Jaques. Ay, and then there's a crumptious fine little Gentleman with a long Peruke, and a long Sword,——and about five inches long himſelf; ſo gliſtering and brave, that if he were in another place, he'd be taken for a Lord by Conſcience——Odsbodikins, pray come away quickly.

Quix. What ſays your Greatneſs, are your thoughts at leiſure t'imploy themſelves upon this Sport?

Don Qu. Madam, your Beauty's Servant ſhall wait on you this moment; and the rather, becauſe I think I ſee *Sancho* coming yonder, whoſe odious Metamorphoſis from Man to Beaſt, is more horrible to me, than what I ſaw to day from Beaſt to Man.

Mary. Icod, and there's my Mother with him too; get away Maſter Knight, if you love your hearing, for ſhe's in ſuch a plaguy fuſſe about loſing the Aſs to day, that ſhe'll be as loud as a Storm; I'll warrant you may hear her forty mile, if the Wind ſit right.

Baſil. The Bride's in the right, Sir, therefore let's dodge 'em, 'tis no matter if they follow to the Poppet Show, there they'll be quiet——and perhaps cauſe more diverſion, for they're both now in admirable humours for't. [*Aſide to* Caraſco.

Caraſ. I'll ſtay behind a little, and blow the Coals; we ſhall have the comical effect on't another time.

[*Aſide to* Baſilius.

[*Exeunt all but* Car.

Enter Tereſa *and* Sancho *drunk.*

Ter. Don't let him tell me of Inchantment, and I know not what, the Aſs is gone by a mere trick, 'tis plain; and you, like a drunken Sot as ye are, to put it up thus: odsbores, I'd have pinch'd his lockram Jaws till I had made him bray again, but I'd have had my Aſs again, or Money.

Sanc. No noiſe, Crooked-Rib, no noiſe, as you hope to ſcape Correction. [*Reels.*

Caraſ. I have ſome inkling——of your Affair, Miſtreſs——and truly am of your Opinion too——the Aſs was gone by a Trick, and not inchanted.

Teraſ. Inchanted, odsbores, no more than I am, Sir——which my Swine there ſhall underſtand when he's ſober, or he ſhall have ſuch a din about his Ears ſhall make him weary on't.

Caraſ. Harkee, the Knight's at bottom on't; I heard him ſay t'other day——*Sancho* was too well mounted——and that *Dapple* far out-ſhin'd his *Roſinante.*

Teraſ. Why look there now, odsbores were I a Man, he ſhould have heard on't at both Ears, I faith——but you ſee what I am yoak'd to there, Sir. [*Weeps.* You ſee what a Condition he's in——he could pour whole quarts to day down his ungodly Throat——but could not ſpare me ſo much as a Knipperkin to wet my Whiſtle, as the Saying is.

Sanc. Reaſon,——Iniquity, Reaſon——I muſt not let my Mouſe-Trap ſmell of Cheeſe; he that lets his Wife drink of every Cup, ugh, and his Horſe at every Water, ſhall be ſure to have neither of 'em good for any thing.

Caraſ. Ay, but to deny her a Knipperkin, friend, *Sancho*, ſhews that you love to be a little in the mode, and don't value a Wife very much; who, in troth, to me appears now to be a very comely Perſon, a handſom preſence, and very fair.

[Tereſa *ſimpers, and makes curſies.*

Sanc.

Sanc. Fair, ugh, ay, she's peerless Fair indeed; but d'ye hear, Sir, the fairer the Hostess, the fouler the Reckoning; she's a plaguy Devil for all her fair Looks.

Teresa. Too good for him that has her, Gravel-face.

[*Simpers, and makes curtsies to* Carasco.

Sanc. How the Jade smickers, and mops and mows at him.

Enter Mary *in haste.*

Mary. Good Lord, Mother, if you are not bewitch'd, come away presently; Mr. *Peter* is just sending out a little little Gentleman all in Gold, to speak the Pro—— Pro, Icod I can't tell what they call it; come away with me, good now, Mother, come away.

[*Pulls* Teresa.

Teresa. Will your Worship please to go first?

Caras. Oh no, I'll lead ye thither.

[*Exeunt* Teresa *making mouths at* Sancho.

Sanc. Hugh, she's very sweet upon his Worship; methinks——she gave me a scurvy look too, that was half as bad as calling me Cuckold to my Face.——Or does the scraggy Queen design to give me Horns to make her self fat? I believe the Jade has read the Proverb, that says, Change of Pasture makes fat Calves; humph—Zooks I'll go in and watch her water. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Poppet-Show *discovers one Poppet dress'd like the Emperor* Charlemain *seated, another like* Orlando Furioso, *and a third like Arch-Bishop* Turpin *standing by. On both sides of the Stage without, are seated* Don Quixote, Basilius, Carasco, Quitteria, Altisidora, Jaques, Mary. *Then enters* Sancho, *who sits down by* Gines, *who stands with a Rod in his hand to explain the Motion; then* Don Gayferos *enters as Prologue.*

Gines. Gallants, and noble Auditors, in the first place, be pleas'd to observe, that before I discover who

thoſe Noble Perſons are that appear yonder in motion—I muſt inform ye that this is the valiant *Don Gayferos*, who reſpectfully introduces himſelf by way of Prologue. Come, Noble Knight, make your Honours and begin.

[*The Poppet bows to the Company, and* Don Quixote *riſes up, and bows to the Poppet.*

Don Qu. A Noble Preſence, and by my Profeſſion of Arms, looks like the Character is given of him.

Quit. The very ſhape and air of a Knight Errant I warrant he'll fight for his Miſtreſs briskly.

Baſil. Oh like a Fury no doubt, his Whiskers declare as much.

Mary. Look Mother, look; there's a fine little Man! there's Clothes! Oh Lord, there's a Sword!

Jaques. By conſcience that's he I told you of, and he that ſits within yonder, is a Pope I warrant.

Teref. A Pope,——a Fool, prithee let's hear a little.

Caraſ. This muſt be a very noble Knight——his very Looks are valiant.

Sanc. Looks, oons—he looks as if he juſt came from the Sucking-Bottle,——he a Knight Errant!——why he can fight with nothing but a Frog, nor that neither if it has e'er a Bulruſh in's Claw.

Don Qu. D'ye hear that Raſcal——that filthy Firkin there, Gentlemen, will do nothing but ſtink, and diſturb us: Pray give me leave to roll him out.

Baſil. Oh! 'tis below ye, Sir, we conſider *Sancho's* condition. [*Aſide.*] I ſhall laugh out.

Ginet. Silence, Silence, pray Gentlemen——Come, once more your Honours, Don, and then begin.

[*Poppet bows again, and* Don Quixote *returns it.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

You'll find by the enſuing Matters,
That I'm a Cuckold, kind Spectators;
Reſolv'd, for th' honour of our Houſe,
From Huckſter's hands to free my Spouſe:
For tho I'd wink at a ſmall ſhame,
A Cuckold's ſuch a kind of Name,
A Scandal ſo againſt the hair,
Our Spaniſh *Punctio cannot bear:*
No more than you can, that ſit there.
Beſides, tho Female Plagues are common,
Yet there is ſomething ſtill in Woman;
Some ſweet alluring Jen' ſcay quoy,
Some pleaſing pretty tickling Toy;
Will make us venture without fears,
Thro' Dangers——over head and ears:
'Tis this that ſends me to the Moors,
To fetch her from thoſe Sons of Whores;
And ſpite of all their Guards, d'ye mind me,
To make her gallop home behind me;
As faſt as ere my Horſe can carry,
I've given my word,——ſo ſit ye merry,

[*Exit* Prologue.

Gines. This——now, Gentlemen and Ladies, is ſatirically merry, as moſt alluding to the preſent Cuſtom of writing Prologues.

Mary. Icod, he ſpoke it purely: When ſhall we hear him again, I wonder?

Don Qu. Patience, patience, prithee go on Friend.

Altif. Oh! let me warm me by his fair Eyes——let me ſit by him, his very Touch will charm me.

[*Ogles* Don Quixote.

Quit. I vow now I'll lock you up, if you are thus unruly——pray ſit ſtill, Sir, I'll keep her from you, ſhe'll ſit in your Lap elſe.

Gines. Be pleaſed to obſerve now then, courteous Spectators, that he that ſits there with a Crown on's head, and a Scepter in his hand, is the Emperor *Charlemain*, the Father of the Princeſs *Meliſendra*.

Teref. Look there now, he's an Emperor, d'ye hear—I thought he was no Pope.

Mary. Odsheartlikins, that ever I ſhould live to ſee an Emperor! But hold, let's hear more.

Gines. And he that ſtands by him there, with that fierce Look, and Beard of Martial Overture—is the very Scare-Crow of *France*, and Flower of Knight-Errantry, *Orlando Furioſo*, Couſin-German to *Don Gayferos*, who would fain have tickled the Intellects of the Emperor's youngeſt Daughter *Angelica*; but ſhe, as great Ladies have their Fancies, rather thought fit to take up with *Medoro* her Page.

Don Qu. No more of that, good Friend——Her Quality is too great to be jeſted with——And is that then, that moſt fam'd and moſt excellent of all our Order, *Orlando Furioſo*?——He was one of the twelve Peers, Gentlemen, the only Scourge of *Redomont* and the Pagans, till he fell mad for Love of the bright *Angelica*. Oh moſt Heroick and Immortal Knight! I reverence thy Shoo-lappets.

Gines. And now pray obſerve, Gentlemen, the moody Countenances that both the Emperor and the Knight have, becauſe *Don Gayferos* makes no more haſte to releaſe the Princeſs *Meliſendra*, who was raviſh'd away by *Marſilius* King of the *Moors*, and kept in a ſtrong Caſtle in *Sanſuenna*. And pray note how *Don Gayferos* enters, wearing his Couſin *Orlando*'s Sword *Dirundina*, which he had ſent him to fight, and to free his Wife with. Pray likewiſe mark with what Submiſſion he excuſes himſelf to the Emperor, and with what Courage he reſolves upon the noble Enterprize. Come *Don Gayferos*, where are ye?——Pox upon ye, why don't ye enter?

Don Qu. No curſing, Friend; no curſing——Here the Noble Knight comes.

Baſil.

Baſil. His Boots were not greas'd, I warrant; without doubt 'tis that has made him ſo tardy.

Enter Poppet Don Gayferos.

Caraſ. Ay, or ſwift-footed *Bayard* might want ſhooing.

Teref. Odsbores, here he comes again; now we ſhall hear him claw it away. *Mary.*

Mary. Ah, ah, ſo we ſhall——Icod, 'tis the littleeſt tineſt thing for a Husband——Icod, if he were mine I ſhould not tell what to do with him, unleſs 'twere to carry him about with me in my Pocket. But come, now let's hear what he ſays.

' P. *Don G.* Great is my Sorrow, high and mighty Sir, [*To* Charlemain.
' That I this Journey did ſo long defer:
' But this a little may excuſe the ſame,
' My ſelf have had the Stone, my Horſe was lame.

Caraſ. Ha, ha, ha—that was ſad indeed.

Don Qu. Oh! and by my Honour a very ſolid Excuſe, and very reaſonable.

Quis. Extremely reaſonable; for to have undertaken ſuch an Enterprize in ſuch a Condition, and on foot too, might have very much hazarded the happy Succeſs.

Don Qu. Right, Madam; it may be ſo indeed.

Mary. O Lord, d'ye hear, Mother, he ſaid he had the Stone——Icod, I'm ſorry for that with all my Heart.

Jaques. He would have but ill riding by Conſcience. He ſaid his Horſe was lame too.

Teref. Well, well; I heard what he ſaid well enough. Hark! he's going to ſpeak again.

' P. *Don G.* But now all things are ſuiting to my mind,
' My Horſe is well before, and I behind;
' I'll free my Spouſe, ſpite of what-e'er retards,
' From the curſt Mooriſh King, and all his Guards.

' For her *Dirundina* I thus unſheath,
' And ſpeedy Death to all oppoſe, bequeath.
' She ſhall behind me be on Courſer plac't,
' And if ſhe by the Pummel but hold faſt,
' I'll fetch her ſpite of Bars or Iron Lock;
' And you to morrow, Sir, by Five a Clock,
' Shall find her in my Bed without her Smock.

[Bows, and Exit.

Gines. Shall find her in Bed without her Smock! Very well, Sir Knight, and a very good Concluſion that.

Mary. Icod, that's pure; hoh, hoh, hoh——Did ye hear that, Mother?

Teref. Did I?——I think I did——'Dſlid, I begin to like the Man a great deal better than I did——Tho he's but little, there's Mettle in him, I ſee.

Sanc. Oons, what plaguy Stuff's this!——Ugh, I can't underſtand a word on't, not I—I'll take t'other Nap, Gadzooks.

Baſil. Now——What thinks the Noble *Don Quixote?* Does not your Brother Knight promiſe very fairly?

Don Qu. Faith, yes; I like his Promiſe well enough: But to tell the Emperor her Father, that he ſhould find her in Bed without her Smock, that methinks wanted a little Decency——He ſhould have allowed her a little clean Linen to be ſeen in.

Quit. I confeſs I'm of the great *Don Quixote's* Opinion clearly; nay, it ſhould have been very fine Linen too, to ſhew her Quality.

Caraf. Ah, 'tis all one for that, if the Emperor own'd her: A Princeſs is a Princeſs as well without a Smock as with one.

Mary. Come now, Mother——I wonder what's to be next, hah.

Teref. Piſh, hold your Tongue; Maſter *Peter* will tell us preſently.

Gines.

Gines. Now, Gallants, be pleas'd to obſerve, how the Scene changes to a ſtrong Caſtle in *Sanſuenna*, where the beauteous *Meliſendra* is impriſon'd by *Marſilius* King of the *Moors*; and caſt your Eyes a little farther, and you ſhall ſee him with her upon the Terras Walk, firſt making Love, then threatning her with Torments, if ſhe reject it; which ſhe, reſolv'd on Conſtancy to her dear Spouſe, contemns. Pray note 'em, here they come.

Enter Poppet Marſilius, *and Poppet* Meliſendra.

Teref. Oh Gemini! here's two pure fine things more.

Mary. Oh Lord, but one of 'em's a black thing tho; I warrant he's to eat the t'other for being ſo fair.

Gines. Obſerve how he ſeats her, and now commands ſome Perſons of Art of his Retinue to entertain her with a Song and a Dance.

SONG.

Perform'd by two Poppets, one repreſenting a Captain, and t'other a Town Miſs. To the Tune of a Minuet.

Pop. Capt.

DEar Pinkaninny,
If half a Guinea
To Love will win ye.
I lay it here down:
We muſt be thrifty,
'Twill ſerve to ſhift ye,
And I know fifty
Will do't for a Crown.

Duns come ſo boldly,
Kings Money ſo ſlowly,
That by all things holy
'Tis all I can ſay.
Yet I'm ſo wraps in
The Snare that I'm trapt in,
I, as I'm true Captain,
Give more than my Pay.

Pop. Miſs Sings.

Good Captain Thunder,
Go mind your Plunder,
Odzounds! I wonder
You dare be ſo bold.
Thus to be making
A Treaty ſo ſneaking,
Or dream of the taking
My Fort without Gold.

Other Town Miſſes
May gape at Ten Pieces;
But who me poſſeſſes
Full Twenty ſhall pay.
To all poor Rogues in Buff
Thus, thus, I ſtrut and huff,
So Captain Kick and Cuff,
March on your way.
To all poor Rogues, &c.

'P. *Marſ.* Since your bright Eyes and Beauties of
'your Face
'Have ſcorch'd my Heart like any burning Glaſs,
'Think not that I will longer bear your Scorn,
'Or cheriſh theſe ſtrong Flames without return.
'If becauſe I am black retards my Joy,
'I'll come at Night, and not offend your Eye.
'But if you ſlight my Love without Remorſe,
'Rather than periſh for you, I muſt force.

'P. *Meliſ.*

' P. *Melis.* My Love long ſince lockt up is given away,
' And of that Lock my Husband has the Key.
' P. *Marſ.* But for that Casket I a Picklock have.
' P. *Melis.* A Picklock ſuits a Thief, Sir, not the
' Brave.
' P. *Marſ.* We all are Thieves in Love's free Com-
' monweal,
' And know the Treaſure ſweeteſt when we ſteal.
' P. *Melis.* I know not what by ſtealing you may
' win,
' But thro' my Will you ne'er ſhall enter in.
' *Don Gayferos* my Heart muſt only have;
' A fam'd Knight Errant, valiant, bold, and brave.

Don Qu. Ah——Well ſaid, ſweet Lady——Now by Knighthood thou deſerv'ſt him richly.

' P. *Marſ.* I ſcorn Knights Errant, and ſuch ragged
Imps;
' Your's is a Fool, and all the reſt are Pimps.

Don Qu. You're a black Son of a Whore, and ye lye; and by the Life of *Amadis du Gaul*, were you and I together on a Mountain——

Gines. Oh good Sir Knight be patient——Good lack, Sir, the Poppet does not mean any thing to you, Sir; he only ſpeaks the Words as they are writ.

Don Qu. Such words as thoſe are odious and offenſive.

Baſil. That Jeſt was rarely tim'd, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Mary. Icod, I'm cruelly afraid for all this, that black Devil will ſwallow up that dear white pretty Creature.

Teref. No, no, Fool; I tell thee there's no harm in him; he only means to raviſh her a little, or ſo.

Jaques. Ay, ay——that muſt be all; my Mother-in-Law has hit it by Conſcience.

Don Qu. Go on then, Friend——I ſhall ſee how he behaves himſelf.

' P. *Marſ.* Since then for Diet Conjugal you moan,
' I'll teach you how to chew the Cud alone:
' In yon ſtrong Caſtle you ſhall guarded lie,
' And to refreſh ye no one come but I.

[*Exeunt, he dragging her.*

Tereſ. Look'ee there now; he ſays he'll only refreſh her, I told thee, he would not eat her—

Mary. Nay, then 'tis well enough.

Don Qu. That Mooriſh Tyrant, Mr. *Peter*, is very barbarous; I have hardly Patience with him.

Gines. Patience—'Dſheart, this is ridiculous enough—He takes Poppets for real Perſons, ha, ha, ha, ha—Well, thus far you ſee how much the poor Princeſs is in Diſtreſs; but now chear your Hearts, and liſt your Eyes to behold the valiant *Don Gayferos* come prancing to *Sanſuenna*, to releaſe his Love and deareſt *Meliſendra*——You muſt ſuppoſe it now to be Night, and that by Inſtinct he has found her Window the North ſide of the Caſtle; and ſee how ſhe appears there with a Taper, as ready to receive him.

[*Poppet* Meliſendra *comes to the Window.*

Enter Poppet Don Gayferos *on Horſeback.*

Mary. Icod, here he comes; this is pure now; I hope he'll get her down, Faith.

' P. *Don G.* Look down, bright Star, if Love has guided right,
' With glittering Beauty gilding gloomy Night,
' Appear, and bleſs thy amorous weary Knight.
' P. *Meliſ.* Who calls with Voice as ſweet as Morning Lark?
' P. *Don G.* 'Tis I, my Love, who come from *France* in th' dark,
' My deareſt *Pinkaninny* to ſet free.
' P. *Meliſ. Don Gayferos* my Husband! Is it thee?
' P. *Don G.* 'Tis I, 'tis I, the trueſt kindeſt Spouſe
' That ever Marriage Mouſe-trap did incloſe.
' P. *Meliſ.* Ah me! what ſhall I do?
' P. *Don G.* Rouze up thy Wits,
' And thro' the Window ſlide down by the Sheets;
' Tie faſt the Knot, and when thou haſt done ſo,
' I, thy dear Spouſe, will Horſe thee here below:

' P. *Meliſ.*

' P. *Melis.* I'll venture Bones and Neck; for who
' is she
' My Dearest Lord, would not be hors'd by thee?

Don Qu. Brave Lady, upon my Honour, her Love and Constancy! Move me so, that it brings the tears into my eyes, I could weep for her:——Oh vexation——is that Teazer——still there to plague me? [Altis. *makes Love-signs to him.*

Quit. This was a very passionate Scene indeed;——pray observe *Altis.* the little Rogue acts it rarely. [*To* Basilius.

Basil. Ha, ha, ha,——I see her, she makes the rarest faces at him.

Mary. Hey Boys, hey Boys——she's coming Mother, she's coming down faith.

Teref. Ay, and if the Sheet be but ty'd fast now, she'll be hors'd in a twinkling.

Jaques. The Gentleman's Nag stands very quiet too; I warrant he knows who he is to carry behind him.

Gines. But now, Noble Spectators, to shew Fortune's Mutability in Love-Affairs, and to shew ye withal, the regular Ingenuity of the Piece we present——here is to be a Turn——which is held by all to be a Beauty in Dramatick Writing; the Turn therefore thus explains it self. Come beauteous Lady *Melisendra*——open your Window, and come out.

Here Poppet Melisendra *coming out of the Window to get down by the Sheet, is hitch'd by a Tenter-hook, and hangs half-way.*

' P. *Melis.* Oh! Fortune, Fortune, still unkind to
' Love,
' I neither can get down——nor stay above.

Gines. There's the Turn now, she was just falling into his Arms, and now is hang'd half way, upon a Tenter.

P. Don Gayf. Why ſighs my Love?

P. Meliſ. Alas! I'm hung i'th Air.

P. Don Gayf. I'll cut thee down——with a ſwift Lover's care,

P. Meliſ. Ah, Sir, not for the World, my Knees are bare:

And ſomething may undecently be ſhown,
You muſt not peep upon, tho 'tis your own.

P. Don Gayf. In ſuch diſtreſs, we the beſt means muſt prove;
To ſave your Modeſty, I'll wink, my Love.

Gines. Here you may obſerve the modeſt Candor of the Lady *Meliſendra*'s nice Character, who would not ſuffer her ſelf to be unhitch'd, till *Don Gayferos* had promis'd her upon his Honour to wink: D'ye mark that?

Caraſ. That was nice truly, and conſidering ſhe's a married Woman too, very rare.

Mary. Icod, I'll lend her my Muckender——here Friend, pray give her this to cover her Knees a little; tho 'tis coarſe, 'tis clean.

Teref. Piſh, nay, prithee *Mary* let her alone.

Mary. What, and let every body ſee all——Icod but I won't tho; don't you ſee how her Legs hang ſprawling there? Here Friend, take it, I ſay.

[*Holds out her Muckender.*

Gines. Oh thank ye, Miſtriſs, thank ye; but you ſee the Knight has done the buſineſs without——and now there's joy on both ſides: Get up, get up——quickly, ſweet Lady, get up.

[*Here Poppet* Meliſendra *gets up behind Poppet* Don Gayferos, *and he gallops off with her.*

Mary. Hey Boys, hey boys, he has got her, he has got her; hogh, hogh, ſhe's gone, ſhe's gone, faith.

[*Stands up, and jumps.*

Gines. But for all this good Succeſs, you muſt now hear the fatal Cataſtrophe; for by this time ſome malicious Spies have inform'd the *Moriſh* King ſhe's fled, who preſently conſults his Chancellor, Secretary of State,

State, and Principal Officers of his Houſhold and Army to fetch her back——To perform which, ſee on a ſudden how they and all his Guards are ready, and he at the head of 'em, foaming with Rage. Hark, hark, pray hear what he ſays.——And ſee how the Emperor *Charlemain* and his Party are, tho far inferior in number, yet to aſſiſt *Don Gayferos*, have march'd a Journey to meet 'em.

Here Poppet. Marſilius *appears at the head of the reſt on Horſeback, and* Charlemain *and the reſt on t'other ſide.*

' *P. Marſ.* Follow me, Sirs, I'll fetch her back again,
' And ſpite of th' feeble Power of *Charlemain*,
' And all his reſty Knights, the Wench enjoy.

Don Qu. Ye noiſy bluſtring ſooty Fool——ye lye!

[*Here* Don Quixote *riſes up in a rage.*

For as a Brother of her Husband's Order,
And to revenge me on your Pagan Inſolence, I, the renown'd *Don Quixote*, will defend her, and ſo have at ye all.

Here Don Quixote *draws his Sword, and fanſying he is to fight with Armed Men——cuts, ſlaſhes, hacks and demoliſhes the Spectators: All run out but* Caraſco, *and* Sancho.

Gines. Hold, hold, why, Sir Knight——mercy on me, are ye mad? Why theſe are but Poppets, they are not real——Oh! Undone, undone——why hold, hold——they are but Poppets, I tell ye.

Sanc. What's the matter now? Hey——what, more fighting work? Gadzooks, I'll get out of harms way. [*Exit.*

Don Qu. Poppets, ay Pigmys too,——and would be Giants preſently, if the Inchanters pleaſe——But I think I have maul'd 'em, and the Lady's at home by this time.

Gines.

Gines. Ay, you have maul'd 'em, oh that ever I was born——my Motion ſpoil'd, my Livelyhood loſt; Oh, undone, undone, oh! [*Howls out.*

Caraſ. Bleſs me, what a Maſſacre is here?——What have you done, Sir?

Don Qu. Done, Sir!

Gines. Done, Sir? Ay, and undone, Sir——Oh Lord! Was there ever ſuch a mad Prank?

Don Qu. Why, have I not aſſiſted the Noble Knight *Don Gayferos?*

Caraſ. 'Sdeath you have aſſiſted nothing, Sir——the Figures were not real, you have only confounded the Motion, ſpoil'd the Poppets, and undone the poor Fellow here.

Don Qu. Humph——why then by my Renown I thought 'em all in earneſt, and being very angry with that black King there for his Inſolence, gave my Relief accordingly.

Gines. You thought——ay that's fine amends for me indeed——Will your thought mend my Motion?——Oh unfortunate hour, oh! [*Howls.*

Caraſ. Peace, Friend, the generous Knight will conſider on't, and pay thee for thy Loſs.

Don Qu. 'Tis I confeſs againſt my Order to do wrong ——therefore go, Fellow, gather up thy Fragments, and put rates upon 'em, I'll make thee ſatisfaction.

Gines. Why, look ye, in the firſt place, here's the Emperor *Charlemain* with his Head off: Oh poor Emperor, [*Takes up the Poppet.*] I ſhall never get ſuch another, it deſerves a Piſtole as well as one Penny deſerves another——but Six and Eightpence I muſt have for him, that's the loweſt.

Don Qu. Is this that Noble Emperor that ſo boldly held *Paris* againſt the Pagans? Oh, I heartily beg his Pardon, and am aſham'd to ſee him thus diſmember'd: Thou ſhalt have Six and Eightpence, Friend.

Gines. But then, oh diſmal to behold!——Here's *Orlando Furioſo* without an Arm, and his nether Jaw ——here's a *Furioſo* for ye, here's a Knight-Errant, a router

a router of Giants, and killer of Dragons, ſee how he looks——oh diſmal to behold! [*Shews the Poppet.*

Caraſ. Sirrah——hold that up at a good rate, Knights-Errant are worth money.

Gines. I know't, I know't—— [*Aſide.*] As for him, conſidering his Chivalry, I look upon him to have twice the value of the Emperor, a Piſtole is the leaſt, the leaſt that can be, and cheap too.

Don Qu. 'Tis ſo indeed——but prithee take him from my ſight Friend, for I cannot look on the brave Knight thus hack'd without remorſe of Conſcience——and by his Fame I cannot help confeſſing, that I deſerve for thoſe two blows I gave him, to be ſerv'd ſo my ſelf: But prithee go on Friend.

Gines. Then here's Arch-Biſhop *Turpin*——pox on't, I go to Church ſo ſeldom my ſelf, that I don't know how to value a Biſhop.

Caraſ. Ha, ha, ha, what would I give *Baſilius* were here!

Gines. Then here's——the Chancellor——and Privy-Counſeller to the black King——Gad forgive me, one without a Noſe, and t'other an Ear ſnipt off, and three Fingers of his left Hand; let me ſee, a King's Chancellor and Privy-Counſeller——I ſhould have a Stateſman here now, to help to value theſe.

Don Qu. They ſhould be valu'd, 'tis true, by their own Peers——But come, make haſte Friend.

Gines. Why look ye then, nine Pence a-piece I think one with another; for you know one muſt rate them according to their Honeſty, and as they are true to their Truſt.

Caraſ. Very reaſonable, faith.

Don Qu. Ay, ay, 'tis ſo——but come, without praiſing more in particular, let's know what thou valueſt the reſt at in a lump, and come in and take your Money.

Gines. You have gelt the King's Captain here too, maim'd above twenty of the Guards, and hamſtring'd their

their Horſes; Oons you laid about ye like a Devil, ſo that between Turk and Jew, if you'll pay for them in the lump, I think forty ſhillings more will but juſt do.

Don Qu. That makes in all much about three Pounds; well, come in, and thou ſhalt have it Fellow.

Caraſ. Why this is Noble, like *Don Quixote*'s Character.

Gines. Why bleſs him I ſay, and ſend him to be a King as ſoon as poſſible. [Gines *makes mouths at him.*

Don Qu. All this now was for want of heed and patience. But we muſt do right, good Sir, we muſt do right, for here I was in the wrong unhappily.

Fate ſend me far from ſuch another broil,

Gines. And me more Motions, for ſuch Fools to ſpoil.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Basilius, Carasco, Quitteria, *and* Altisidora.

Basil. HA, ha, ha, has he paid the Poppet-Man?

Caras. To a Farthing, and is now retir'd there into that Closet to avoid the intolerable Passion, as he calls it, of your Niece *Altisidora*.

Quit. His sculking up so close shan't hinder our coming diversion; for we have a new Plot upon him, our new Dairy-Maid is to act Inchanted *Dulcinea*——and *Altis.* is ready here for a new Attack upon him.

Altis. I intend to teaze him now with a whimsical Variety, as if I were possess'd with several degrees of Passion——sometimes I'll be fond, and sometimes freakish; sometimes merry, and sometimes melancholy, ——sometimes treat him with Singing and Dancing, and sometimes scold and rail as if I were ready to tear his eyes out. Go you to your Peeping-place, and you shall see such a Scene.

Basil. And then I have given order to the Servants to supply *Sancho* with more Liquor——we must have a Combat Royal about the Ass too, or we lose half our sport.

Caras. Time enough for that anon. Let your Niece act her Whim first: Come, let's to our Peeping-Hole, I hear him moving within.

[*Exeunt all but* Altisidora, *who knocks at the Door.*

Don Quix. within.] What Boldneſs dares me from my Thoughts remove?
What art thou? Speak.

Altiſ. A Votary of Love;
Fond as the Lids that cloſe thoſe precious Eyes,
From whence, tho Sun be miſſing, Day does riſe.

Enter Don Quixot *undreſs'd in his Night-cap.*

Don Qu. Oh luckleſs Maid! Why doſt thou follow me?

Altiſ. I can't help it, ye ſweet, ſweet Honey Man you.

Don Qu. Thou talkſt erroneouſly——I am not ſweet; none of our buſtling Order can be ſo——nor am, nor ever was, a Honey-pot: I've not a drop of Honey, Child, about me. Man's but a bitter ſort of Animal——If he be brave and honeſt, he may ſmell——in Virtues ſweet, tho he's himſelf not Amber——

Altiſ. Ah——me——Muſt I ne'er hope then to find Grace——in thoſe ador'd black Eyes?

Don Qu. Grey, grey——Another notorious Miſtake——my Eyes are grey as *Grimalkin*——Bleſs me! How blind is Love?

Altiſ. Grey let them be then; they are twinkling ſtill, and in their Sockets, like two farthing Candles, burn out themſelves, and leave poor me in Darkneſs.

Don Qu. Ha!——there's another ſign now, how much the poor Creature's Senſe is diſturb'd——her defect in Simile; ſhe would elſe have put in Tapers of Four in the Pound——For to ſay my Eyes are like Farthing Candles, is but a diminutive Compliment.

Altiſ. Death, Dungeon, Darkneſs, Furies, Fate, and Fire! What's in him that can cauſe this Wrack within me? For now I conſider better, and look on him, he's not handſom a bit; nay, by my Virginity [*Here ſhe ſtarts into her freakiſh Fit*] not tolerable, nor ſo ſweet as a Dock-leaf, nor ſo cleanly as a Radiſh new pull'd——his Shape aukward and ghaſtly.

Don Qu.

Don Qu. So.

Altif. And his Face——ugly and abominable.

Don Qu. Very good——ſhe look'd Eaſtward laſt Minute, but now ſome little Cub Devil ſits upon the Vane of her Fancy, and turns it Northerly.

Altif. And then for his fooliſh Profeſſion, his Knight-Errantry——

Don Qu. Hah——

Altif. 'Tis the moſt abſurd, the moſt ridiculous, the moſt——hah! What am I ſaying? [*Here ſhe turns in a very Paſſionate Tone.*] O mighty Love, forgive me; I lye, I lye, I lye, I lye; he is handſom, he is ſweet, he is clean; his Wit is admirable, his Profeſſion glorious, his Shape adroit, and graceful as a Hero's; his Face ſerene, and charming as a Cherubin.

Don Qu. Hey——ſhew me, thou ſam'd and skilful Mariner, the Face of the unfathom'd Gulph of *Florida*, where Winds from all the Corners of the Globe, by fickle Nature change their Courſe each moment, and I'll ſhew thee this other Gulph of Woman——Young as ſhe now appears, yet right, right Woman——Woman, that like the Satyr in the Fable, can with the ſelf-ſame Breath blow hot and cold.

Altif. Ah——muſt then, *Dulcinea*——have ye all?——What Parts has ſhe——beyond me?——look in my face——Is it not pretty?——

Don Qu. Compar'd with hers, a Pebble to a Diamond——A Virgin indeed thou art like her, and——

Altif. Younger I'm ſure by far——Perhaps too young; but I'll ſo ſwell my Breaſts, and heave and fall, and mould 'em with my Hands to make 'em grow——pull down my Stays, that they may ſhew themſelves, and jett it up and down. [*Jetts up and down the Stage*] Pray mind me, Sir, to ſhew my Shape and Air; that, as the Loadſtone does the obedient Iron——ſhould draw by force to me all Hearts but yours——

[*Sighs, and looks amouroufly on him.*]

Don Qu. Thus will it be where-ever I reſide——If Women chance to ſee me: There is a Saying old and very famous, That when a Man's a Favorite of the Fair, he

he has been wrapt up in his Mother's Smock. Sure mine, to make me charm thus, ſlead her ſelf, and made me Blankets of her very Skin.

Altiſ. Has *Dulcinea* Legs? I'll lay ten Duckets that mine are ſtreighter; for if Fame lye not——ſhe had the Rickets once, and hers are crooked; her Feet too big and ſplay, as I have heard, and turn in like a Mawkin's at a Boarding-School. But look how ſmall mine are, like little Mice. [*Shews her Feet.*] And had I leave to ſpeak of other matters——ah, Sir——

Don Qu. By Fame, if I don't curb her, the Creature is ſo rapt, that ſhe'll talk Baudy.

Altiſ. She may boaſt of gaining ye by her rare Qualities; but, Sir, did I but ſhew——

Don Qu. No, Maid; no ſhewing——I will conceive things well of ye without it——'tis as I ſaid—— Oh ſtrong effect of Paſſion!

Altiſ. I mean ſome rare Perfections of the Mind, as well as Graces of the Body, Sir. Come now, you ſhall ſee me ſing and dance, and how far I excel dull *Dulcinea.* [*Here* Altiſidora *ſings.*

In Five Movements.

1. Movement. *FROM Roſy Bowers, where ſleeps the God of Love,*
Hither ye little waiting Cupids *fly,*
Teach me in ſoft melodious Strains to move,
Love. *With tender Paſſion my Heart's darling Joy.*
Ah! Let the Soul of Muſick tune my Voice
To win dear Strephon, *who my Soul enjoys.*

2. Movement. *Or if more influencing,*
By doing ſomething airy,
With a Hop and a Bound,
And a Friſk from the round,
I'll trip, trip like a Fairy. } Gayly.

As

As when on Ida *dancing*
Were three Celeſtial Bodies,
With an Air and a Face,
And a Shape and a Grace,
Let me charm like Beauty's Goddeſs.

3. Move. ſlow. *Ah! 'Tis in vain, 'tis all, 'tis all in vain,*
Death and Deſpair muſt end the fatal Pain;
Cold, cold Deſpair diſguis'd, like Snow and Rain,
Falls on my Breaſt: Bleak Winds in Tempeſts blow,
Melancholy. *My Veins all ſhiver, and Fingers glow:*
My Pulſe beats a dead March for loſt Repoſe,
And to a ſolid lump of Ice my poor ſond Heart is froze.

4. Movement. *Or ſay, ye Powers, my Peace to crown,*
Shall I thaw my ſelf, and drown
Amongſt the foaming Billows,
Paſſion. *Increaſing all with Tears I ſhed?*
On Beds of Ooze, and Cryſtal Pillows,
Lay down my Love-ſick Head?

5. Movement, Swift. *No, no, I'll ſtreight run mad,*
That ſoon my Heart will warm;
When once the Senſe is fled,
Love has no Power to charm.
Frenzy. *Wild thro' the Woods I'll fly,*
And dare ſome ſavage Boar;
A thouſand Deaths I'll die,
Ere thus in vain adore.

Don Qu. This I confeſs, another Heart might charm, but mine is conſtant as the Northern Star——and *Dulcinea* only muſt enjoy it.

[*She pauſes, and then frowns.*

Alif. Let her enjoy it then, and ſome ten Thouſand, ſome fifteen Hundred, fourſcore and odd Furys, take her for her pains; but I'll not die however——No, hear me, Don Bullet-head; thou Jack-a-lent, fit to hang on a Sign Poſt; thou Skeleton of *Barber-Surgeons-Hall*; thou Walnut-colour'd, lean-jaw'd Head of a Baſe-Viol——thou Baboon on Cock-Horſe, fit only to ride before the Bears; thou maim'd, miſerable, miſchievous, mouldy, mangy, Maggot-eaten Monſter; thou poor, paltry, pimping, putrefi'd, proud, Penny-leſs Puppy, hear me. *Merlin* is coming, he'll revenge all my Wrongs; I ſee him there in Viſion, and *Dulcinea* with him,

Who ſpite of thee, ſhall be enchanted ſtill,
And ſo thou wither'd Eel-ſkin ſtuft, farewel.

[*Exit in a Rage.*

[Merlin *and* Dulcinea *riſe out o'th' Stage.*]

Don Qu. Why, what a Hurricane of Extravagancy is there in Woman, when ſhe's once enrag'd——But hold, either my Senſes fail me, or *Dulcinea* greets my Eyes indeed——'Tis ſo, and the immortal *Merlin* with her. Cou'd then that little paſſionate Imp ſpeak Truth? O gracious Figures! What do ye intend?

Dul. To fricaſee thy Soul, thou dull Performer of Womens buſineſs, when there's moſt occaſion; and to dine upon thee, if I could get leave of my Reverend Keeper here, to have my Wiſh and Diet that I long for: Is this the Honour of Knight-Errantry, to promiſe and not do? Oh moſt diſhonourable! Was I not to be freed from my Enchantment by ſome few Laſhes laid on lazy *Sancho?* Yet to thy laſting ſhame, the Debt's not paid yet, when tho he might be reſty——yet a Lover, as thou pretend'ſt to be——might have engag'd him, or at leaſt have, from its Covering, ſtript thy own tough Hide, and with a Horſe-whip or ſtrong Bridle-Reins, have given thy ſelf five hundred Jerks by Proxy;

Proxy; this had begun a means for my Releaſement: but on the contrary, I have a Rival here; and *Dulcinea* is no more remembred than the old Boots are when they left off. Well, ſince 'tis ſo, farewel Ingrate for ever; I'll to my Cave agen, far under ground ——

Chaw Roots and Acorns, and inchanted lie,
Worm-eaten Knight and muſty Squire defy;
And wiſh they both were hang'd, and ſo goodb'ye.

[*Deſcends.*

Don Qu. Stay, Princeſs, ſweet ſurprizing Viſion, ſtay: I have been much to blame in not performing, by my Authority, dull *Sancho*'s Task——which when I meet him next, ſhall trebly make amends; and ſee bleſt Fortune ſets him before my Eyes this very moment, but in a vile Condition——Drunk——no matter; that may now chance to be convenient to make him bear his Whipping-Penance better.

Enter Tereſa, *and* Sancho.

Tereſ. Here he is, and I'll begin with him firſt my ſelf ——here's a foul Houſe as one may ſay in a twinkling, the whole Family is together by the ears already——the Aſs was loſt yeſterday, and Maſter *Caraſco* tells us your Worſhip can tell within a mile of an Oak where he is——and now the new-married Couple have loſt their Purſes that were given 'em, no one knows how, and they believe each other is the Thief; there's a foul Houſe within yonder.

Don Qu. Prithee Woman leave me, why prat'ſt thou to me of Purſes and of Aſſes? I cannot hear theſe vulgar matters now——*Sancho*, a word.

Tereſ. Vulgar Matters——nay, then let me tell ye, as vulgar as the matter is, your Worſhip is ſhrewdly ſuſpected to have a hand in't——and that the Aſs and you are not far off one another.

Don Qu. Alas I hear thee not, nor mind thee.

[*To* Tereſa.

Come hither, *Sancho*——I have had a Viſion juſt now of

of *Dulcinea*——has torn my heart in pieces——she complains *Sancho*——

Sancho. Look ye, Master, Ruin——ugh——let's divide things equally, ugh; *Dulcinea*——is your Friend, and *Dapple* is mine.

Don Qu. Still muttering about *Dapple*——what dost thou mean, why dost thou clog my ears with thy strange folly?

Teref. Your ears, Odslidikins I'll be drumming there this Month unless we have the Ass——you need not have put this trick upon us, my Husband has not got so much in your Service.

Sancho. Well said, ugh——Buttock——thou'rt in the right, and d'ye hear, Sir, as great as you are, remember this, the Nightingale and Cuckoo sing both in a Month, therefore let *Dapple* be produc'd——What, I am not grown so rich with being a Squire, but I can miss 'em, when any of my Goods are purloin'd——Better have a Mouse in the Pot, than no Flesh at all——*Dapple* was a considerable Moveable.

Teref. I am sure, if I had brought him forth——I could not have been more careful of him——and therefore Odstores, bring him again, and quickly, or——you shall hear such a noise——. [*Noise within.* I must be gone now to make peace between *Mary* and her Husband, whom I hear in a filthy squabble yonder——But if *Dapple* be not forth-coming against I come back again——the roaring Sea shall be nothing to me.

[*Exit* Teresa.

Don Qu. Was ever such a Couple join'd as these; one's drunk and dos'd, t'other bewitch'd, and mad?——But at this juncture I must bear with all——and as I was telling thee, *Sancho*, the beauteous *Dulcinea* complains——as well she may, of our remissness to her, that thou hast not yet given thy self the Lashes——nor I ungrateful have refresht thy memory——But come, five hundred I expect this moment——the Place is as it should be, still and proper, thy Doublet too unbutton'd seems consenting——and I my self will help thee to unstrip.

Sancho.

Sancho. Strip—yes, yes, you are good at ſtripping—my Wife ſays you have ſtrip'd me of my *Dapple* already——and if you can, ſtrip me of my Doublet too: gadzooks you ſhall ſtrip me of my Skin, and that will be pretty difficult.

Don Qu. No, fleaing will be over-doing it——ſome briſk, ſmart Laſhes to the blood or ſo, will ſerve to diſinchant the Princeſs, and thoſe thou haſt already given thy word for.

Sanc. Ay——ugh, that may be——but there's difference between a Word and a Blow, Seignor——Beſides, I promis'd for a Government worth ſomething——Now my Government happening to be worth nothing, my Promiſe is void in Law.

Don Qu. Come, I'll bear part with thee, to honour the Performance; I'll take off fifty from thee, and flaug my ſelf.

Sanc. That you may——and to honour——the Performance, as you ſay, I'll help you to unſtrip, if you pleaſe——but by thinking to have me curried, is a malignant deſign upon my Perſon; come, come, Sir, 'tis a hard Winter when one Wolf eats another: if *Dapple* had been here, and Promiſes perform'd——ſome Laſhes might have follow'd; but now——

Don Qu. What now, ungrateful?

Sanc. Why now I ſhall ſay unto my Buttocks——ugh, Friends of mine ſit ye down in a whole skin—for if flauging muſt do yours and the Princeſs's buſineſs——all that I can adviſe is, to flaug one another.

Don Qu. You ſhall be kick'd into compliance, incorrigible Raſcal.

Sanc. Hearkee Maſter of mine——not a Word more of kicking——A ſmall Sum, look'ee, will pay a ſhort Reckoning; I am not ſo much in your Debt now *Dapple*'s gone——to bear that; and therefore if you kick here, as the Song ſays, were you as good as *George a Green*, I ſhould make bold to kick agen.

Don Qu.

Don Qu. Oh Slave! What? Rebel againſt thy natural Lord! I'll pound thee into Aſhes.

[*Here they fight*; Don Quixote *falls, and* Sancho *gets aſtride on him.*

Sanc. Ay, ay, come on——many Words go to a bargain——Now have I great [*Enter* Baſilius, Quitteria, *and* Altiſidora.] mind to beat him from a Knight to a Squire, that we may be both upon equal terms.

Baſil. Wonder of Wonders! What's this I ſee? *Don Quixote* overthrown, and by his Varlet too——Why how now, *Sancho*!——d'ye know who you are pounding ſo?

Sanc. Why, he was for pounding me; and now you ſee the Dice are turn'd, I'm pounding him.

[*They take him off.*

Altiſ. What! the fam'd Knight ſwing'd by his Man. Oh! I ſhall die to ſee this——ha, ha, ha——

Don Qu. Have then my cruel Stars diſgrac'd me thus, Knight-Errantry avaunt!——forgot be *Dulcinea*——I'll never ſee the Sun ſhine forth again.

[*Riſes up, and runs out in a Rage.*

Quit. Ha, ha, ha, ha; this is *Caraſco*'s Trick upon him: I find he has been managing *Sancho*.

Baſil. Here comes the reſt of em, and brawling; never was Marriage turn'd to ſuch a Counter-Scuffle.

Enter Tereſa, Jaques, *and* Mary.

Mary. Come, come, ſay what you will, I'll have my Purſe again; Icod, I won't be chous'd ſo——What! take away your Wife's Money the firſt Week of her Marriage? Ah, Nicompoop.

Jaq. You chous'd——No, no, 'tis——I am chous'd by Conſcience. What? D'ye think I'm blind? D'ye think I can't ſee how things go between ye?

Tereſ. Between us——Come Son-in-Law, don't put your Afflictions upon me, you had not beſt; for tho I've had my Daughter's Concerns, I have never had your Concerns in my Hand, I'm ſure—And ſay what you will, you muſt have the Money, or no body; and truly, as ſhe

ſhe ſays, 'tis a Nicompoop thing to be ſo dirty the firſt Week——No body robs their Wives the firſt Week they are married, whatever they do afterwards.

Baſil. How's that? Robb'd d'ye ſay?

Quit. Of the Purſes we gave 'em, I warrant.

Mary. Ay, as true as you are there, Madam; and I never handled it but once ſince I had it.

Tereſ. Ay, and I'd have it again, and upon his Knees too, or he ſhould never handle me as long as he had a Noſe on his Face, if I were as *Mary*.

Mary. No more he ſhan't, Icod. [*Clapping her Hands.*

Jaq. 'Sbud, I think you are all mad——I know no more what's become of the Purſes, than I know what I did before I was born. And if I muſt not handle, nor have to do with my own Wife, Mother-in-law, by Conſcience, that's very hard——Come, I'll tell ye what we'll do, we'll go to the Cunning Man——he'll tell us which way 'tis gone preſently.

Tereſ. Do, do, *Mary*; ſince he's ſo crank about it.

Mary. With all my Heart——to the Cunning Man, faith——He'll ask the Devil, but he'll tell us what's become of 'em——And if I have but this, if ever thou geteſt any thing of mine in thy hands again.

Then tell among thy Friends once in thy Life.
Thou foundſt a Cuckold wiſer than his Wife.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Caraſco.

Baſil. How now Friend, thou look'ſt as if thou wert big with ſome new Event: what's the matter?

Caraſco. 'Dſheart, we have carried the Jeſt too far, the Knight is dying yonder——ſwooned twice at his Chamber-door, and is now got to Bed, and has ſent for a Notary to make his Will. He's troubled with delirious Fits too, for I hear him often mutter *Dulcinea*——but againſt *Sancho* he rails perpetually.

Quit. Nay, this laſt Miſcarriage muſt needs ſtick upon his Conſcience, if he has any, as long as he lives——Come let's go and comfort the Knight. See *Sancho*

looks wiſely now, this frightful News has made him ſober. [*Exeunt* Baſ. Quit. *and* Car.

Caraſc. To beat his Maſter——Oh incorrigible!

Sanc. Oh——Drink, Drink, Drink——thou deviliſh damnable Enemy, that doſt more to a Man's Brains in a Minute, than all the Good they can recompenſe in his Life-time: Thou *Jordan* of foul Juice, thou haſt undone me——I ſhall never get into favour again now——nor into his Will I'm ſure, and that's worſe —— Well, I'll go to him, fall down on my Knees, and if he does not pardon me——riſe inſtantly and hang my ſelf at the Window. Oh Drink, Drink, Drink! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Don Quixote *is diſcover'd in Bed,* Baſilius, Quitteria, Caraſco, *Notary, and Servants ſtanding by*; Sancho *enters cringing, and looking ſneakingly.*

Don Qu. Remove my Pillow——ſet me up a little ſo, [*Speaks ſqueaking and ſickly*] draw near, pray Gentlemen——What, *Sancho* too? Ah——thou ungodly——Vermin. [Sancho *cringes, and ſhakes his Head.*

Sanc. I'll hang my ſelf, Sir——I can do no more.

Baſil. No faith——that's pretty reaſonable ſatisfaction.

Don Qu. Egh, egh——you wonder, Sirs——at this ſudden Alteration; but this is nothing in the hand of Providence——Thouſands that are ſtruck ſo have dy'd ere this time——Therefore pray wonder not, but ere I go witneſs my Will——and ſo farewel——Are ye ready, Friend?

Notary. Yes, Sir, Yes; begin when you pleaſe.

Quit. Methinks his Senſe is very clear now.

Notary. For a minute or two, Madam——but then he falls to ſtrange Extravagancies——I am only here to humour him.

Don Qu. Well firſt then——egh, egh——without complimenting the Worms about my Carkaſe; for 'tis

ſo

ſo lean and ſcraggy, that they'll have but poor feeding ——give my chiefeſt Quality, my Knight-Errantry, to the veriеſt Idiot amongſt my Contrymen, that he may have it in his head to conquer Kingdoms; and that——may be heartily drubb'd about it as I have been—— Quickly, quickly, ſet it down, I ſay. [*peeviſhly.*

Notary. I do, I do, Sir. Now pray obſerve—— Now the Fit begins.

Don Qu. In the next place I bequeath my Valour, which in me was but a worſe ſort of Itch, to all the Cowards and Faint-hearted in the Armies abroad, that they may fight with one another to the end of the World, without knowing why or wherefore.

Caraſc. That is indeed——a very mad Legacy.

Baſil. Satirical tho, if you mind it.

Don Qu. Egh, egh——Set me a little higher——ſo ——my Conſcience and one half of my Brains—— I give to the French——that——they may learn to be contented with their own Country——and not leap like wild Horſes into other Mens Grounds, till they are ſecure their Neighbours are not ſtrong enough to laſh 'em out again.

Quit. Theſe are, I confeſs, more than common Legacies.

Baſil. Well ſaid again, Faith——

Don Qu. To all Stateſmen, Politicians, Privy-Counſellers, and ſuch like, I bequeath my Integrity of Soul to be an Umpire between their Gain and their Honeſty ——that whenever they chance to boil over in 'em, it may cool and allay, like a wooden-Ladle, when the Fire hath provok'd the Pottage into fury.

Baſil. A *Solon*——A *Solon*——I ſay ſtill.

Don Qu. To the great Clergy, and the ſmall——I give my Voice and Lungs, loud and ſound as they were at twenty——and a good will to uſe 'em often—— they preach ſo faintly now, as if they were aſham'd of their Trades, and the Prieſt dozes at Church as often as the Pariſh.

Caraſc. Good again, that was cloſe ſomewhere too.

Don Qu. To all Knights of the Curtain, Court-fol-

lowers, and ſo forth,——I generally bequeath——the Empire that I propos'd to my ſelf to get, to defray their reaſonable Expences, till they come to Preferment.

Notary. This is ſtrange, I expected he would have chang'd——before now.

Don Qu. Give me a Tun of Wine there——Bourdeaux, Burgundy, Sherry, Champaign, quick, quick, I grow thirſty. [*Starts ſuddenly into a Rage.*

Notary. Oh, now, Sir, mind him.

Don Qu. My Soul's upon a Spit alive——I feel it roaſting——hark, it ſqueaks like a Lobſter; ſome Wine, I ſay——ye Scoundrel,

[Sancho *gives him a Bottle, trembling he drinks.*

Hum——hum——your ears once more, my Friends. [*Mildly again.*

To all Old Batchelors, Drunkards and Amoretto's above Sixty Five and upwards——I give——humph——I give ——a Whore——and a Bottle.

[*Throws his Night-Cap at* Quittaria, *and the Bottle at* Baſilius.

that they may'nt loſe there Character at laſt, but die as they liv'd in their Calling.

Notary. I told ye there would be a turn,——ſee now he's calm again.

Don Qu. To all Loyal and Wiſe Citizens that are married, I ſoberly bequeath my hollow Eyes, and my hearty Patience, that they may never ſee the ſprouting of their own Horns, nor grumble at the payment of the King's Taxes.

Caraſc. That's ſoberly ſaid enough, I'll ſwear.

Don Qu. You too——that wait here to ſee my End, muſt have ſome remembrance; and firſt to you, Sir, that are newly married, I frankly give my lepid Age, and limber Experience, that by knowing the Folly you have committed now, it may prevent ye from conjugating a ſecond time.

Quit. How's that, Sir Knight?

Don Qu. Nay, nay, no noiſe, no noiſe, and ye ſhall all have ſomething——to you, Madam, I give and transfer, and much good may it do ye, my Chaſtity, to ſupport

ſupport your own; for a Woman of your Age and Conſtitution——has not ſingly enough to keep her honeſt, I'm ſure.

Baſil. Ha, ha, ha — the Knight grows merrier as he draws nearer the bottom.

Don Qu. To you, Sir, that are a great Scholar—— and Book-learned, I bequeath my Wit and gentile Air, to help your College-breeding; for ſearch the Univerſities, and you'll find this Saying true, *the greateſt Clerks are ſtill the aukward'ſt Blockheads.*

Caraſc. Oh, thank ye, Sir, I ſhould be loth to have been left out.

Don Qu. Laſtly, to *Sancho* there.——

Sancho. Ay, a ſmall Purſe, if you pleaſe, poor honeſt *Sancho*, Sir.

Don Qu. Dull, ſaucy, drunken *Sancho*, I do bequeath two Gallons a day of my Small-beer——to keep him cool from ſtate of Reprobation, during his Life.——

Sancho. Small-beer, Oons, that's ſmall Comfort; well, I'll go get the Rope ready, oh, oh, oh—— [*Weeps and goes out.*

Don Qu. This is all, Sirs, there's no great need of Executors, or Overſeers——the Will can walk alone, without Leading-ſtrings——and now methinks I would fain reſt a little.

Baſil. Do, Sir, and to divert your Melancholy, and cheer the fading Spirits, we'll treat ye with ſome Muſical Performance; you us'd to love it, let 'em begin there.

Here follows the laſt Entertainment of Singing and Dancing, which Ended, Don Quixote *ſleeps.*

A Dialogue Sung between *Lisis* and *Altisidora*, a Boy and a Girl, suppos'd to be Brother and Sister.

I.

Lisis. *AH my Dearest Celide,*
T'other day I ask'd my Mother,
Why thy Lodging chang'd must be,
Why not still lie with thy Brother?
Altis. *I remember well you did,*
And I heard too what she said.
Lisis. *Y'are a great Boy grown,*
Therefore now must lie alone.
To part us the Custom of Modesty votes,
Unless both had Breeches,
Altis. *Or both had long Coats.*

II.

Lisis. *Ah! what mischief can there be*
In these little tyny Breeches,
That can part me thus from thee?
Sure there's Witchcraft in the stitches.
Altis. *Or what Devil here resides,*
That my Petticoat thus hides;
Mother laughs an hour or two,
When I sometimes ask to know,
Lisis. *Why a He,*
Altis. *And a She,*
Lisis. *May not bed at our Size,*
Altis. *As well as two Girls,*
Lisis. *Or as well as two Boys?*

III. Lisis.

III.

Liſis. *I will ſince I'm kept from you,*
Get a Wife as ſoon as may be;
Altiſ. *And I'll get a Husband too,*
Three times bigger than my Baby.
Liſis. *Father to Mamma tells all,*
When in Bed they chatting fall;
Altiſ. *And when we are married too,*
We as much as they ſhall know.
Liſis. *The Secret will out,*
Altiſ. *In comparing of Notes;*
Liſis. *What's hid in theſe Breeches,*
Altiſ. *Or lies in theſe Coats.*

Chorus of both.

Let's laugh then, and follow our innocent play,
And kiſs, when Mamma is gone out of the way;
For I fear, I fear, we ſhall cry when we know,
'Tis all that a Brother and Siſter may do.

Baſil. He's fallen aſleep, remove him out there ſoftly, 'twill either eaſe or end him.

Quix. 'Tis pity he's condemn'd to ſuch Extravagance, the Man has excellent Parts.

Caraſc. And on all Themes, excepting his Knight-Errantry, is moſt ready and acute.

Baſil. Come, Sweet, let's take the Air.

Whilſt I amongſt all great Contentments known,
Looking on thee, am happieſt in my own.

[Curtain falls.

FINIS.

BOOKS printed for J. Tonſon *in the* Strand.

FOLIO.

Garth's Ovid's Metamorphoſis, with Cuts.
Row's Lucan.
Prior's Works.
Pope's Works.

QUARTO.

Milton's Poetical Works, 2 Vol.
Gay's Works.
Pope's Shakeſpear, 6 Vol.
Cibber's Plays, 2 Vol.

OCTAVO.

Milton's Poetical Works, 2 Vol.
Ben. Johnſon's Works, 6 Vol.
Beaumont and *Fletcher*, 7 Vol.
Gay's Fables.
——Paſtorals.
Seneca's Morals.
Plutarch's Lives, 8 Vol.
Fable of the Bees, 2 Vol.

TWELVES.

Pope's Shakeſpear, 9 Vol.
Steel's Plays.
Etheredge's Plays.
Sir *R. Howard's* Plays.
Southern's Plays, 2 Vol.
Otway's Plays, 2 Vol.
Dryden's Plays, 6 Vol.
Shadwell's Plays, 4 Vol.
Congreve's Plays, 3 Vol.
Montford's Plays, 2 Vol.
Vanbrugh's Plays, 2 Vol.
Row's Plays, 2 Vol.
Spencer's Works, 6 Vol.
Sucklin's Works.
Denham's Works.
Dryden's Miſcellanys, 6 Vol.
——Virgil with Cuts, 3 Vol.
——Juvenal.
——Fables.
Prior's Poems, 2 Vol.
Row's Lucan, 2 Vol.
Garth's Ovid's Metamorphoſis, 2 Vol.
Donne's Works.
Lanſdown's Poems.
Ovid's Art of Love.
——Epiſtles.

BOOK

BOOKS sold by J. Darby *in* Bartholomew-Close, A Bettesworth *in* Pater-noster-Row, *and* F. Clay *without* Temple-bar, *in Trust for* Richard, James, *and* Bethel Wellington.

THE Art of Pleasing in Conversation, both in *French* and *English*.

Mrs. *Behn*'s Novels, 2 Vol. with Cuts.

———Her Plays, 4 Vol.

Beaumont and *Fletcher*'s Plays, 7 Vol.

Brown's Roman History, for the use of Schools.

Bragg's Advice to young Gentlemen.

Boyer's *French* Dictionary.

Blunt's Law Dictionary.

Lord *Bacon*'s Essays.

Dr. *Bray*'s Lectures on the Catechism.

Dr. *Comber*'s Companion to the Altar.

Cibber's Play's, 2 Vol.

Congreve's *Incognita*, or Love and Duty reconcil'd; a Novel, both in 8vo and 12mo.

Cocker's Decimal Arithmetick, 5th Edition.

Collier's Dictionary abridg'd, 2 Vol.

Dryden's Plays, 6 Vol.

Erasmus's Works abridg'd in *English*.

———The same in *Latin*.

Fontanelle's Plurality of Worlds, translated by *Glanvil*.

The Comical History of *Francion*, translated by *Tho. Brown* and others, 2d Edition with Cuts, 2 Vol.

The Government of the Thoughts, with the Art of Patience.

Hudibras.

History of *Sweden*, by *Pufendrof*.

Hartman's Family Physician.

Hunt's Mathematical Companion.

Howel's Elements of History.

Archbishop *Laud*'s Devotions.

Lindamira, or the Lover's Secretary; publish'd by *Tho. Brown*.

Love

Love Letters betwixt a Nun and a Cavalier, 12mo.

——The ſame in 8vo, with *Hopkin's* Art of Love.

Laſſel's Journey thro' *Italy*.

Lee's Plays, 3 Vol. 12mo.

——The ſame in 8vo.

Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, and Regain'd.

Montaigne's Eſſays, tranſlated by Mr. *Cotton*, 3 Vol.

Mauger's French Grammar, 28th Edit.

——Royal *French* Grammar.

Dr. *Mead* on the Influences of the Sun and Moon.

Nurſe's Eſſays on the Nature and Faculties of Man.

Ovid Traveſty, or *Ovid's* Epiſtles burleſqu'd, by Capt. *Radcliff*.

Otway's Play's, 2 Vol.

Polybius's Hiſtory in *Engliſh*, by Sir *H. Shears*, *Dryden*, &c. 2 Vol.

Peachy on the Diſeaſes of Children.

Sir *Tho. Pope-Blunt's* Eſſays.

——His Remarks on Poetry.

Riverius's Practice of phyſick abridg'd.

Earl of *Rocheſter's* Familiar Letters, publiſh'd by *Tho. Brown*.

Rochefocault's Maxims, tranſlated by Dr. *Stanhope*.

Shakeſpear's Plays, 9 Vol.

Southern's Plays, 2 Vol.

Scarron's Novels.

Dr. *Sydenham's* Practical Works, 9th Edit.

Select Novels, 2 Vol. with Cuts; containing the Happy Slave, Princeſs of *Cleve*, Love in a Nunnery, Earl of *Eſſex*, and others.

Vertot's Revolutions of *Sweden*.

Vitruvius and *Vignola's* Architecture abridg'd, by Monſ. *Perault*, and Mr. *Jo. Moxom*, with 60 Copper-Plates.

Vanbrugh's Plays, 2 Vol.

Wycherley's Plays, 2 Vol.

Walker of the Education of young Gentlemen.

Whaley's Sermons: 1. On the power of Faith. 2. The Danger of a miſinform'd Conſcience. 3. The different Diſpenſations of Grace. 4. The Caſe of a Death-bed Repentance. 5. The certain Way

to

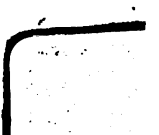
to Happineſs. 6. Growth in Grace. 7. Of Duelling and Self-murder. 8. Of the Shortneſs of human Life.

Single Plays in Twelves.

Albion Queens.
Ambitious Stepmother.
Anatomiſt, or Sham Doctor.
Country Wit.
Æſop.
Earl of *Eſſex.*
Hamlet.
Hiſtory and Fall of *Caius Marius.*
The Iſland Princeſs.
Julius Cæſar.
King *Lear.*
Love for Money, or the Boarding-School.
Mithridates, King of *Pontus.*
Macbeth.
Othello, Moor of *Venice.*
Orphan.
OEdipus.
Oroonoko.
Plain Dealer.
Provok'd Wife.
Relapſe, or Virtue in Danger.
Rehearſal and Chances.
Rule a Wife.
Rival Queens, or *Alexander* the Great.
The Rover or Baniſh'd Cavaliers.
Sir *Courtly Nice.*
Theodoſius.
Virtue Betray'd, or *Anna Bullen.*

Single Plays in Quarto.

Adventures of 5 Hours.
Ambitious Stepmother.
Albion Queens.
All miſtaken.
Alcibiades.
Cambyſes.
Cyrus the Great.
Chances.
Caligula.
City Heireſs.
Ceſar Borgia.
Conqueſt of *Spain.*
Duke of *Guiſe.*
Deſtruction of *Jeruſalem.*
Don *Quixot.*
Epſom Wells.
Empreſs of *Morocco.*
Friendſhip improv'd.
Faithful General.
Fond Husband.
Fairy Queen.
Grateful Servant.
Generous Conqueror.
Genérous Choice.

Gentleman

Gentleman Dancing Master.
Henry the Second.
Island Princess.
Innocent Usurper, or Death of L. *Jane Gray*.
Injur'd Love.
Limberham, or kind Keeper.
Love Triumphant.
Love in a Wood.
Lucius Junius Brutus.
Libertine.
Marriage Alamode
Married Beau.
Massacre of *Paris*.
Mithridates.
Maid's Tragedy.
Maid's last Prayer.
Othello, the Moor of *Venice*.
Oedipus, King of *Thebes*.
Oroonoko.
Orphan.
Provok'd Wife.
Philaster.
Psyche.
Princess of *Cleve*.
The Rover.
The Relapse.
Reform'd Wife.
Rehearsal.
Rinaldo.
Rival Queens, or *Alexander* the great.
Spanish Wife.
Soldier's Fortune.
Sir *Anthony Love*.
Tyrannick Love.
Theodosius.
Troilus and *Cressida*.
Tartuff.
Virtue betray'd, or *Anna Bullen*.
Virtuoso.
Unnatural Brother.
Young King.